Paul McCartney's Heather Problem • The Whitney's Tyco Problem

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SARAH BERNARD

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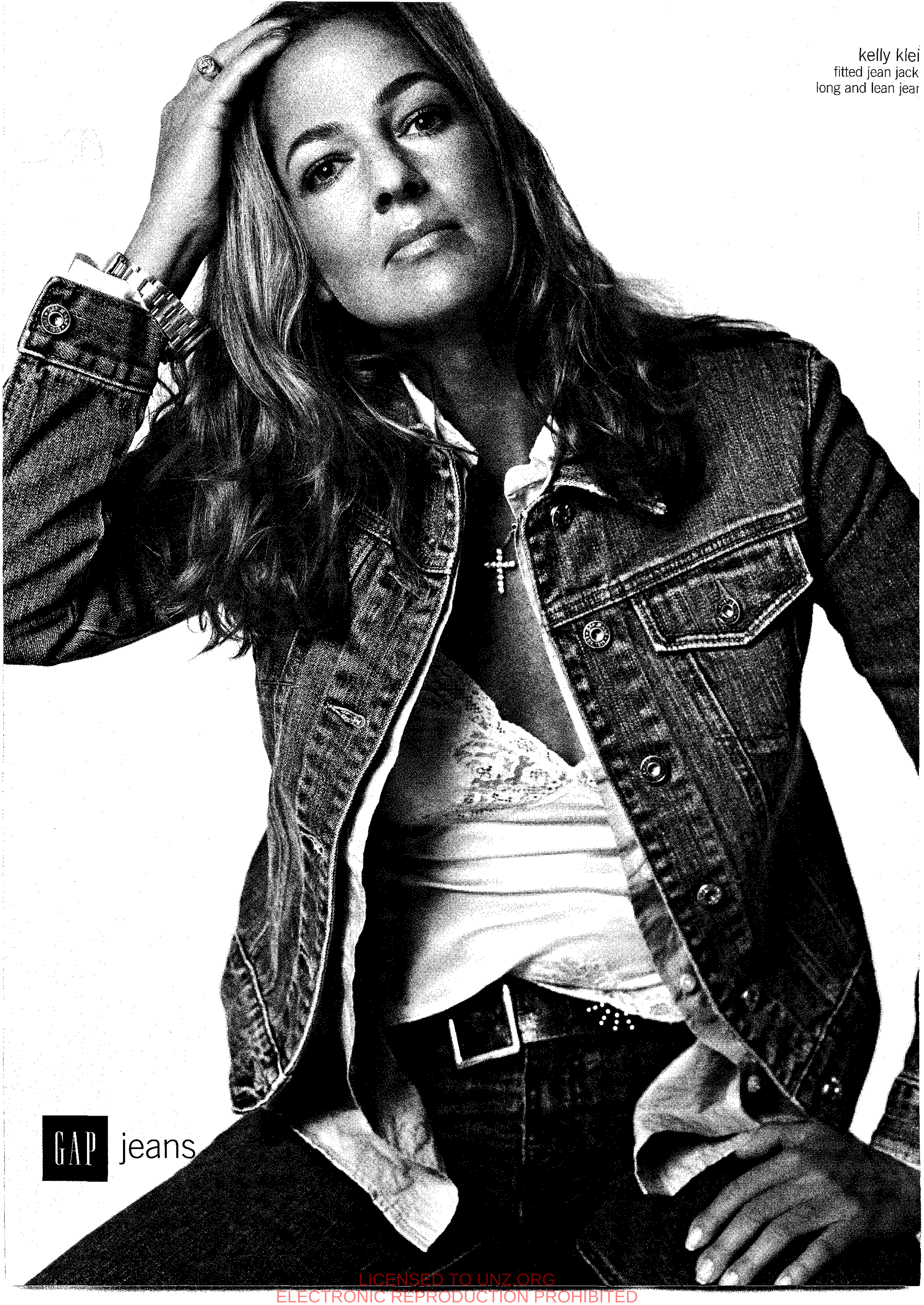
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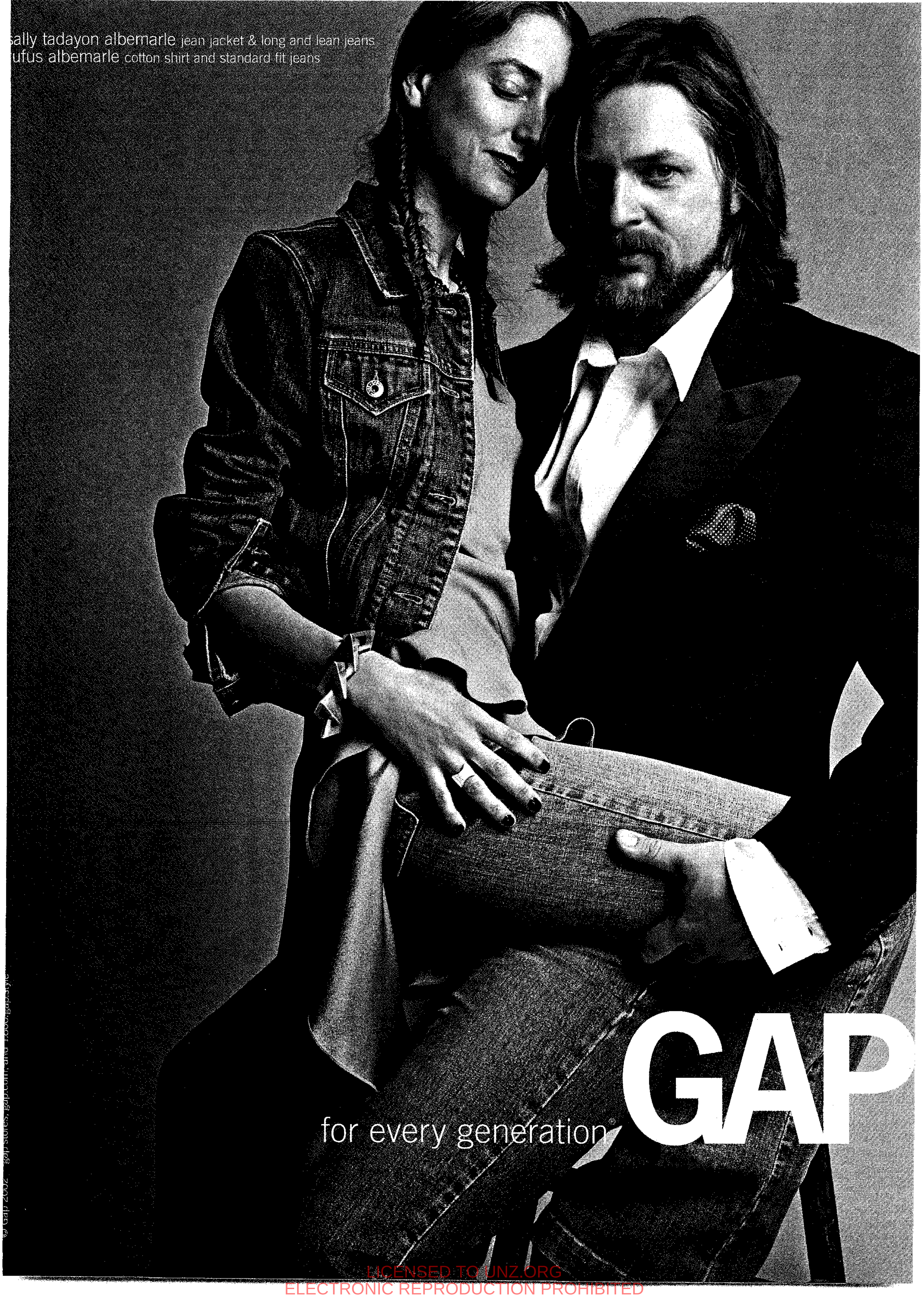
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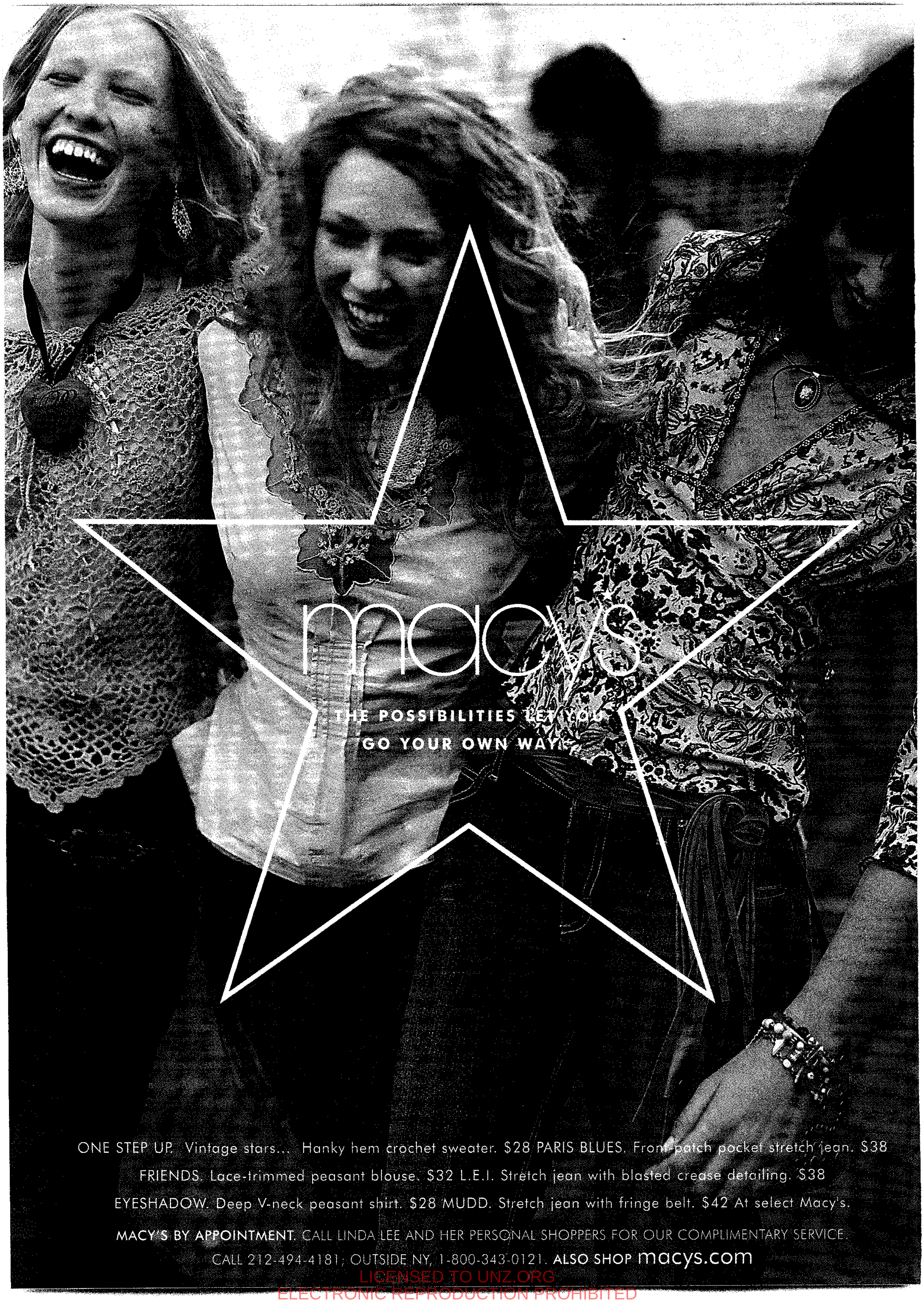
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'Guardian' Crossword

He's the Brad Pitt and Tom Cruise of the polo world. With his openness and willingness to smile and talk to everyone, **Nacho draws you into the sport.** —R. Couri Hay, page 20

20 **Game Boys** By Sarah Bernard
Forget Brazilian supermodels. It's the Argentine polo players—they only *look* like they jumped out of a Ralph Lauren ad—who have made the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge the Hamptons' hottest sporting-cum-social event. Behind the scenes with Nacho, Tincho, Mariano, and the obsessed East Enders who pay a king's ransom to play with them.

28 **First Among Piers** By Mark Jacobson
A half-century after Budd Schulberg immortalized the New York harbor in *On the Waterfront,* a recent bust of hoods with all-too-familiar names proves corruption never goes out of style. Now 88 and feisty as ever, Schulberg prowls the docks that made him more than a contendah and recalls the days of Brando and Sammy Glick—not to mention Joe McCarthy.

32 **Love Shack** By Wendy Goodman
As a rock icon and a thrift-store junkie, Fred Schneider of the B-52's needed a home that could comfortably house not only him but tens of thousands of records, collections of pottery, and all the other loot (gooney birds, first editions) he'd picked up on the road. The result? A surprisingly streamlined Chelsea loft as eclectic as the man himself.

ON THE COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN HUBA.

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Letters

> "If Kevin and Jeremy had had the option to legally marry, they could have avoided protracted legal battles and additional heartbreak."
>
> —Michael Adams

Tragic Consequences

I can empathize with the family of Kevyn Aucoin for losing someone so dear to their hearts ["Makeup Breakup," by Ariel Levy, July 22]. However, I think it is cruel to not allow his husband to have his tangible possessions. Is not allowing Jeremy Antunes to have the bed he shared with his life partner going to ease the pain of losing Kevyn? No. The family let Jeremy help Kevyn take care of Samantha, showing they trusted him. Blaming Jeremy is not going to bring Kevyn back. The family should ask themselves if Kevyn would want them to treat Jeremy in the fashion in which he's been treated.

Baria M. Abdur-Razzaq, BROOKLYN

After reading the story about Kevyn Aucoin several times, I started to wonder why his lover agreed to the interview. His tone of entitlement casts him in a rather poor light. Why would someone go to Paris when his lover was gravely ill? If Mr. Aucoin had wanted his estate to go to Mr. Antunes, he would have had a will. But Mr. Aucoin probably thought his parents, whom he had known for more than two years, were more deserving. The only victim in this story is Kevyn Aucoin.

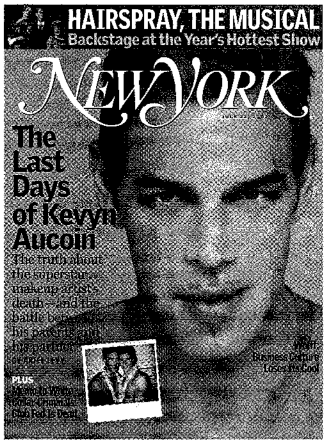
Paul Johnston, MANHATTAN

Whatever the facts behind the tragic death of gifted stylist Kevyn Aucoin and his relationship with Jeremy Antunes, one thing remains abundantly clear: If Kevyn and Jeremy had had the option to legally marry, they could have avoided the protracted legal battles and additional heartbreak that have occurred since Kevyn's death. Because they, like all other gay and lesbian couples, were denied that right, both Jeremy and the Aucoin family find themselves in the mess they're in. Until gay couples win the right to marry, it is crucial that they execute wills that clearly state what they want to happen in the event of tragedy.

Michael Adams, DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LAMBDA LEGAL DEFENSE AND EDUCATION FUND, MANHATTAN

I have worked closely with Kevyn Aucoin and Eric Sakas on Kevyn's makeup line and know Eric to be kind, dedicated, and selfless. I'm astonished that Jeremy Antunes, who claims to love Kevyn so much, would attack his family and loved ones so bitterly after Kevyn's death. Jeremy's tale sounds exactly like the old "poor me" story. We're all sick of it.

Linda Zucker, MANHATTAN


HAIRSPRAY, THE MUSICAL
Backstage at the Year's Hottest Show
NEW YORK
The Last Days of Kevyn Aucoin
The truth about the superstar makeup artist's death—and the
Business Culture Loses Its Cool
PLUS

When Pros Are Cons

I read with great interest the story revealing the incredible hardships now endured by white-collar prisoners ["You've Got Jail," by Jennifer Senior, July 22]. That a doctor who treated such a huge number of patients (more than 14,000) over the years, often without payment, should now have trouble getting treatment for himself would seem to be an instance of "cruel and unusual" punishment. While he is awaiting the outcome of his appeal, why can't he put his medical skills to good use? I fail to see the benefit to society of his making hats and scarves for other inmates.

Paula Roberts, MANHATTAN

Omigod! Black people! Noise! Lack of bathroom facilities! What's a poor white-collar criminal to do? That this article attempts to drum up sympathy for people who more than deserve to be in jail, considering the amounts of money they've stolen, is ridiculous. It's sad that even though these malefactors have been locked up, their sense of entitlement remains—witness the former inmate who felt so bad for his new black friends but has done nothing to ease their plight beyond being quoted for the article. I'm sure they are grateful now.

Tonya Pendleton, MANHATTAN

Thank you for the article by Jennifer Senior. A prison doesn't have to be a dungeon. It's not the unpleasant surroundings that constitute the punishment; it's the loss of freedom, being deprived of loved ones and family, and the disgrace of banishment from society. Biblical accounts of hell describe the greatest pain or punishment as the hopelessness of being deprived of the face of God. Prison is hell no matter how anyone perceives it.

Debbie Olivieri, KENHORST, PA.

For the Record

A most interesting article on "Hormonal Imbalance" ["Gotham," by Meryl Gordon, July 22]. I'm getting lots of calls from people sympathizing with me for having breast cancer. Just wanted to report that I don't have breast cancer now—it was effectively zapped by a brilliant surgeon at Sloan-Kettering four years ago.

Helen Gurley Brown, MANHATTAN

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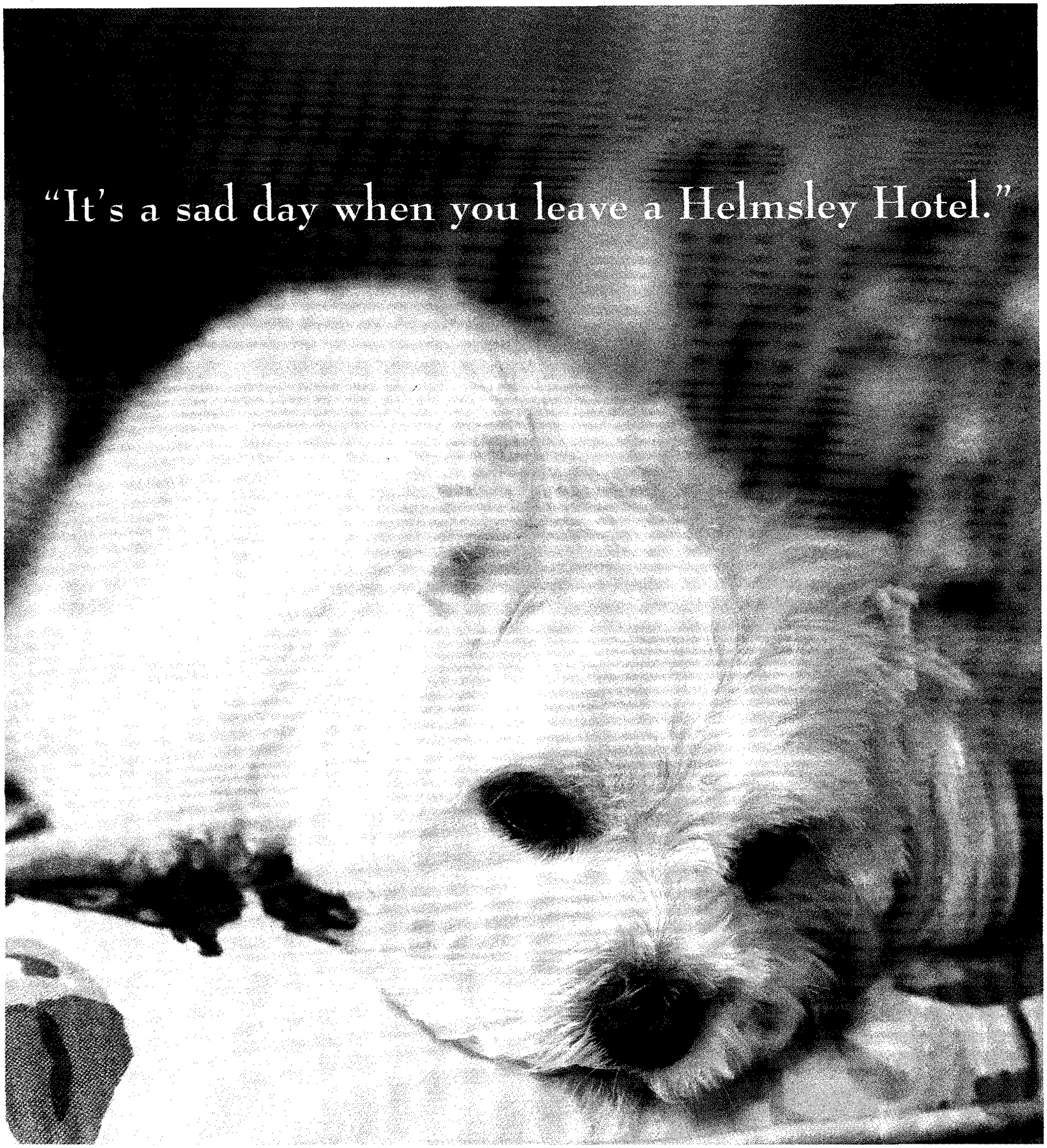
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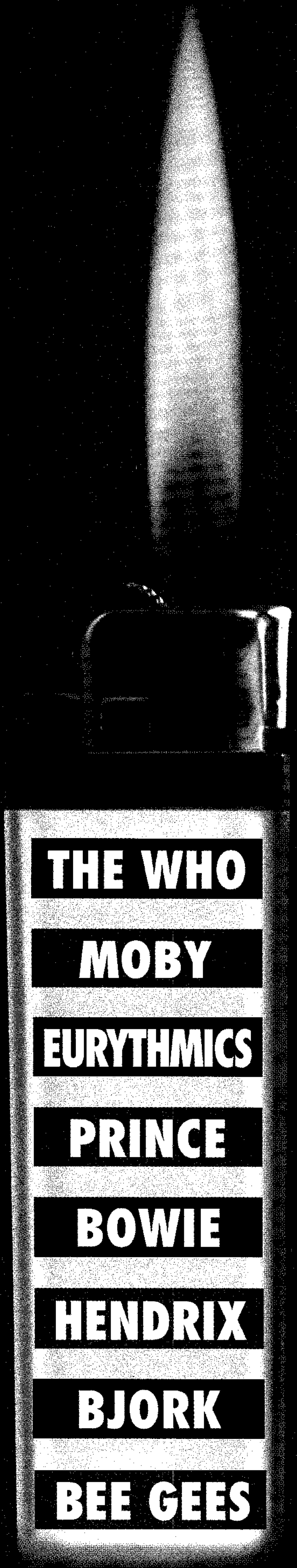
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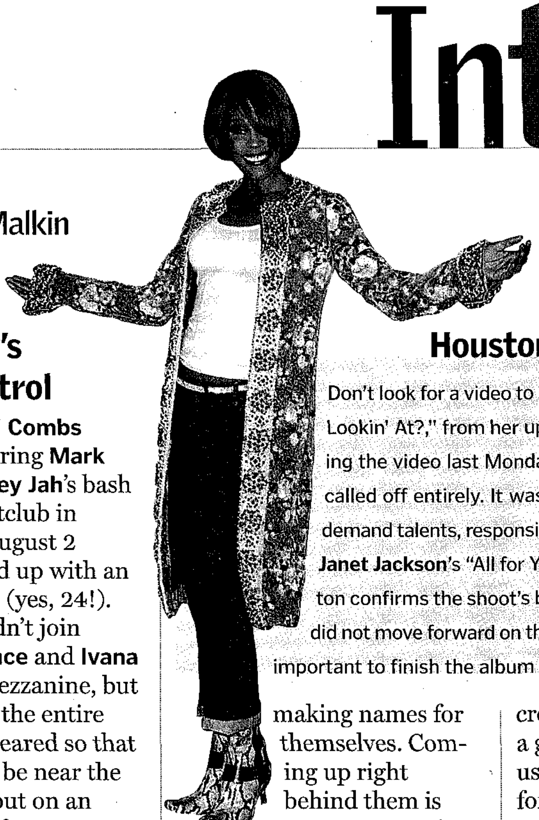


Houston: Let's Not Go to the Videotape

Don't look for a video to go along with **Whitney Houston**'s new media-bashing single, "Whatcha Lookin' At?," from her upcoming album. The Grammy-winning diva was supposed to start filming the video last Monday but postponed it until Wednesday. By Thursday, the production was called off entirely. It was to be directed by **Dave Meyers**, one of the music industry's most in-demand talents, responsible for **Enrique Iglesias**'s steamy "Escape" video with **Anna Kournikova**, **Janet Jackson**'s "All for You," and **Britney Spears**'s "Lucky," among many others. A rep for Houston confirms the shoot's been canceled and isn't sure whether it will ever be rescheduled: "Arista did not move forward on the video because the album wasn't finished, and they regarded it as more important to finish the album than the video."

Puff Daddy's Crowd Control

Sean "P. Diddy" Combs caused a stir during **Mark Baker** and **Jeffrey Jah**'s bash at the VIP nightclub in St.-Tropez on August 2 when he showed up with an entourage of 24 (yes, 24!). The Puffster didn't join **Donatella Versace** and **Ivana Trump** in the mezzanine, but demanded that the entire main floor be cleared so that his peeps could be near the stage while he put on an impromptu performance. When the mostly French crowd refused to leave, Combs doled out 30 bottles of Cristal for the room and began hopping from table to table while singing "It's All About the Benjamins, Baby." It wasn't long before he won them over, reports an onlooker: "The socialites ended up getting drunk and standing up to dance, so Puffy's people had room to sit."

Ally Hilfiger Is In the House

Ralph Lauren's kids aren't the only designer offspring making names for themselves. Coming up right behind them is **Tommy Hilfiger**'s 17-year-old daughter, **Ally**. She recently produced *Proudly We Served*, a $1 million indie film set in WWII, starring **Ossie Davis**, and now she's producing, directing, writing, editing, *and* hosting her own show for a local TV station in Nantucket. In the style of MTV's *Cribs*, the show will feature visits to the island's fab homes, where Ally will receive guided tours from the teenagers who live there. Ally's already told her folks she's not going to college. "They say, 'You're on a good road, you're a creative person, you have a good mind,' " Ally told us. " 'Do what you're comfortable with.' They never went to college, and they're doing okay."

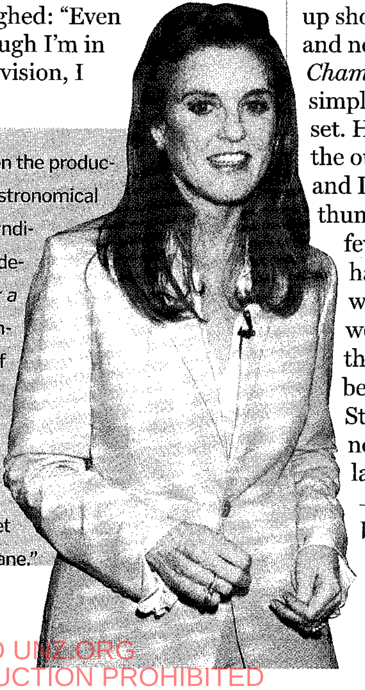
FULL MOONVES: When CBS president **Leslie Moonves** ran into Paramount Classics co-president **Ruth Vitale** recently, she invited him to last week's *Gourmet*-magazine-hosted premiere of *Mostly Martha*, a film about a well-known chef who suddenly finds herself taking care of a child after a tragic accident. "But I have to warn you," Vitale said. "It's subtitled." Moonves laughed: "Even though I'm in television, I can read, and I do have an attention span of more than twenty minutes." During the post-premiere party at Union Pacific, Moonves told CBS newswoman **Julie Chen** and Paramount Classics co-president **David Dinerstein**, "I got nervous when I heard it was about food and called *Mostly Martha*."

LIGHTS OUT: Carrie Fisher was recently interviewing **Jude Law** for her Oxygen show, *Conversations From the Edge*, at the Waldorf when the room went dark. Turns out the crew for **Jennifer Lopez**'s movie *The Chambermaid* was setting up shots on the same floor and needed more power. A *Chambermaid* crew member simply unplugged Fisher's set. He refused to give up the outlet, leaving Fisher and Law twiddling their thumbs for half an hour. A few days later, Fisher had more problems when she and her crew were forced to vacate their suite a day early because Secretary of State **Colin Powell** needed the space for a last-minute meeting.

With Catherine Townsend.

Duchess of York Gets the Royal Treatment

We hear that Universal Television Enterprises has already spent up to $1 million on the production of **Sarah Ferguson**'s upcoming talk show and has filmed only the pilot. An astronomical amount of money, considering that the entire annual production budget for a syndicated show averages about $5 million. Most of the show—which is supposed to debut in fall 2003—is devoted to viewer makeovers. "It's her version of *Queen for a Day*," cracks our source. "She brings folks in and does makeovers on them—including mind, body, and spirit!" A rep says that the makeovers are just one part of the show: "It's like a cross between *Rosie* and *Oprah*." We've also been told that Fergie demands that she gets put up in the Palace whenever she's in New York on behalf of the show, and if for some reason there's no room at the tony hotel, she gets an extra $500 added to her per diem. The show's rep declined to comment on the show's or Fergie's budget. But one insider isn't surprised: "It's so expensive just to get her around for one day—with all the security, the hair, the makeup people. It's insane."



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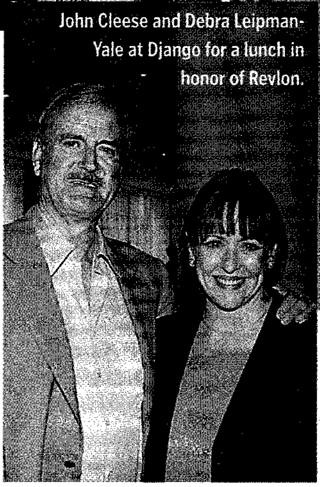
Scene

Lydia Hearst-Shaw, Stephen Dorff, and Annabelle Dexter-Jones at Bamboo for the Art of the Party, the junior benefit for Guild Hall.

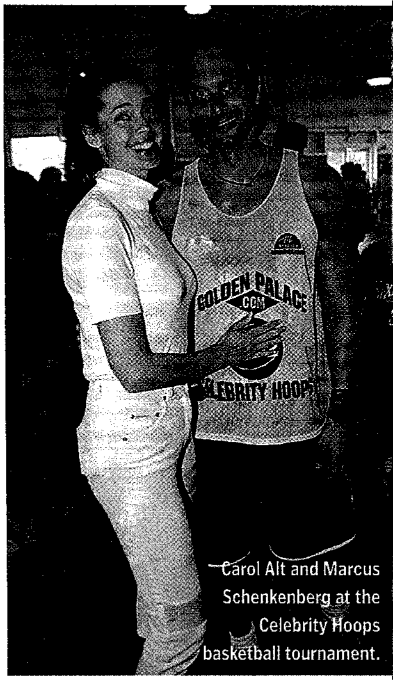
Gigi Mortimer and Tory Burch at a Champagne Veuve Clicquot dinner toasting the philanthropic works of Debbie Bancroft.

Frances Hayward, George Plimpton, and Luly Duke at Grey Gardens for a party in honor of New York Philomusica.

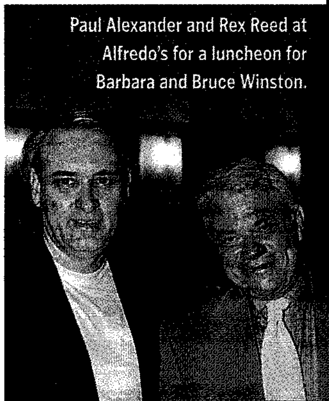


John Cleese and Debra Leipman-Yale at Django for a lunch in honor of Revlon.

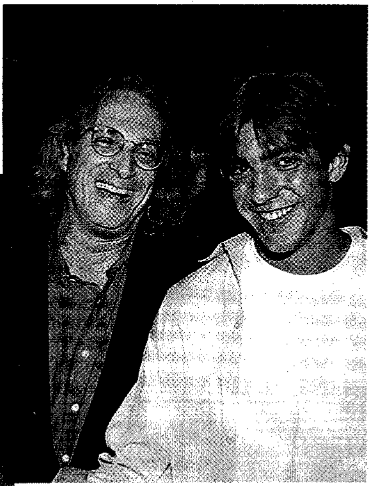
Aby Rosen and Peter Brant at the Bridgehampton Polo Club for the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge, sponsored by Cierge.



Carol Alt and Marcus Schenkenberg at the Celebrity Hoops basketball tournament.

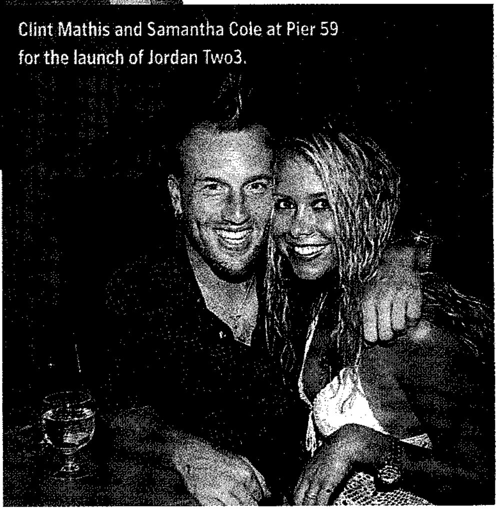


Paul Alexander and Rex Reed at Alfredo's for a luncheon for Barbara and Bruce Winston.



Morgan Entrekin and Nick McDonell at Fez to celebrate the publication of *Twelve,* McDonell's first novel.

Merce Cunningham and Susan Sontag at Lincoln Center for Cunningham's 50th Anniversary Season Gala.



Clint Mathis and Samantha Cole at Pier 59 for the launch of Jordan Two3.

Morris Reid, Marian Wright Edelman, and Jaci Reid at the Reids' East Hampton home for a benefit for the Children's Defense Fund.

Matt Blank with Gianna and Chazz Palminteri for the premiere of *Women vs. Men,* hosted by Showtime and the Creative Coalition.

Photographs by
Patrick McMullan

A great city to live in if you can afford to get out of it—William Rossa Cole

GOTHAM

Life in the New City

Trade Imbalance

By offering to swap ground zero for the airports, does Bloomberg risk giving the city's old nemesis too much Authority? By Robert Kolker

J F Kennedy
International
Airport
THE PORT AUTHORITY

When Mike Bloomberg first proposed a land swap with the Port Authority—you give me ground zero, I'll give you the land the airports are on—people on all sides (at least publicly) said, "Gosh, we can do this! We can work together." But if optimism quickly segued to suspicion, that's because in reality, this idea isn't about working together at all. It's the same old bad blood between the city and the Port Authority, just manifesting itself differently.

Back at the start of his second term, Rudy Giuliani looked at La Guardia and Kennedy—two of the most outdated metropolitan airports outside the Third World—and decided that they were attractive fixer-uppers. So, Rudy being Rudy, he launched a P.R. assault against the Port Authority, which runs them, for funneling airport profits into money-losing New Jersey operations like the PATH train. Having duly charmed his adversary, he put forth a modest proposal: Sell us both airports for $2.5 billion. The sale would have meant giving up the biggest cash cow the Port Authority has ever had. It was an offer they could, and did, refuse.

He wasn't the first mayor to despise the Port Authority. While city officials have fulminated at the authority for paying outrageously low rent on the airport land, the monolithic PA has barely blinked, indulging its expansionist whims unapologetically in New Jersey. Says Wilbur Ross, the financier who structured Giuliani's buyout offer, "Notice how there's a very good train to the plane at Newark, and the one being planned here is just a complicated Rube Goldberg thing."

Meanwhile, back in Manhattan, both Bloomberg and the PA are, naturally, worried about how their legacies will be affected by what takes place at ground zero. "If things continue the way they are," one Bloomberg aide threatens, "the Port Authority will lose the sympathy they've gained in the last year and once again be viewed as an obstructionist entity that doesn't care about New York City." One senior PA official has admitted that it would be a relief to be rid of ground zero—but he also sees the value (to the city) of having the PA as the politically bulletproof villain in the lower Manhattan saga. No matter what is built, someone's going to take a lot of heat from the families; why not someone who doesn't have to get re-elected?

Even if the swap ended up being good for ground zero, would it make New York a better place for people to fly? (There's a certain shortsightedness to the exchange: The airports represent our future, the twenty-first century's Ellis Island, while ground zero is largely about memorializing our past.) The mayor thinks he can wrangle not only a payment for the swap but also quality control over the airports even after the trade—"something like the MTA, where the mayor gets to appoint members," says one City Hall source. Of course, it's not like the PA is terribly motivated to help the airports now. "If I'm the Port Authority," says Ross, "and I worry about having to give up the airports when the lease ends in 2015, what incentive would I have to paint the place?"

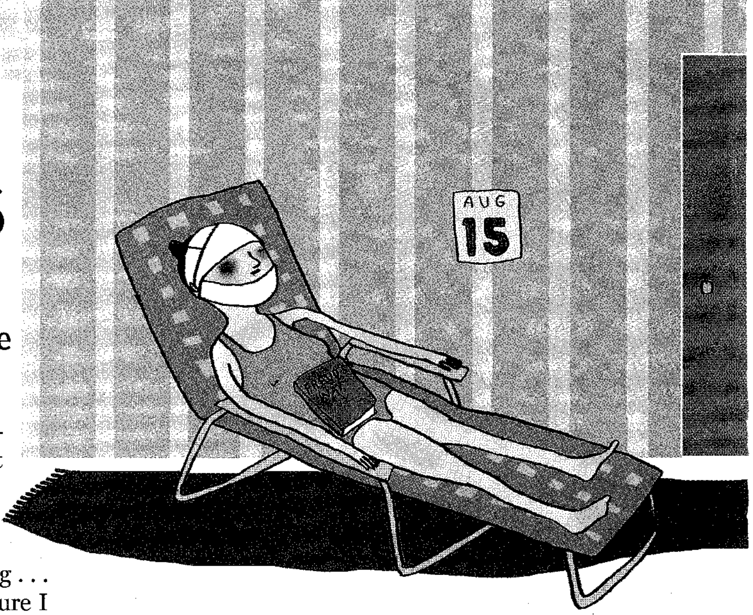
After September 11, people thought about working together more—even Giuliani and Pataki mended fences. But this proposal really represents the end of thinking about New York as a region, and the beginning, perhaps, of municipal isolationism. It could turn out to be the biggest civic divorce settlement of all time: In one fell swap, we could lose the airports forever.

There's a certain shortsightedness here: The airports represent our future, **while ground zero is largely about memorializing our past.**

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, SPENCER PLATT/GETTY IMAGES; SUSAN WATTS/DAILY NEWS.

Freudian Snips

Shrinks on break get "a little work done"—and hope patients won't notice. By Christine Muhlke



Think your therapist's off basking in Wellfleet? Don't be so sure. She may not be on the beach at all; she may, in fact, be under the knife.

Turns out that a surprising number of therapists use the off month to do something about their *own* self-esteem issues: get plastic surgery.

"I did it August 1st," says "Samantha," a Long Island analyst, of last year's eye-, face-, and neck-lift. "I take August off. Freud did"—giving her time to recover without her patients wondering about all those nasty bruises. "If not, I knew it'd be another year of being depressed."

And while most plastic-surgery patients don't mind coming back from "vacation" with a noticeably cuter nose, therapists are adamant about looking . . . the same. "Please make sure I look like myself!" is the most common refrain, says Dr. Z. Paul Lorenc, who does about ten therapists every August. They fear that looking *too* good could destroy the patient-analyst relationship.

"I really—and this could be my own self-deception—am hoping that people aren't going to notice," says "Sarah," a 51-year-old Manhattan psychotherapist. "It seems to fly in the face of what we're telling people: to accept yourself." The worst outcome, she says, would be "a complete loss of faith—patients will decide I can't help them."

Last August, one 48-year-old therapist got new glasses, changed her hair, and bought a new wardrobe to camouflage the fact that she'd had her eyes done: "I pretended that I went on vacation." The deception was necessary, she says, because "I'm supposed to be a mirror for patients to look at themselves—not me. Besides, it gives a really bad message. I don't believe in the world that makes women have to do this. It's sick."

According to cosmetic-surgery consultant Wendy Lewis, some surgeons refuse to operate on therapists. "They do tend to be more introspective," plastic surgeon David Hidalgo says with a laugh. He estimates that therapists make up one third of his August procedures—about twenty each year. "They want to talk about *every* aspect of it so they have a comfort level with the process. It's all about *process*."

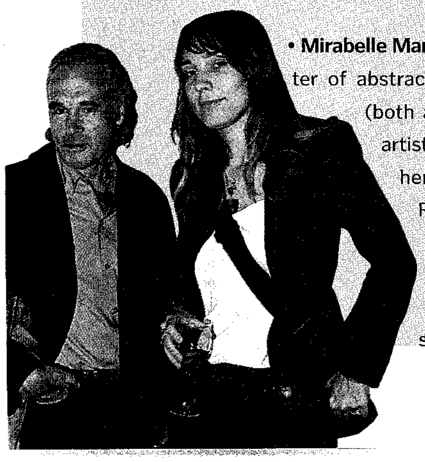
"I had one client who answered every question with a question," Lewis recalls. "I'd ask, 'How do you feel about your lower eyelids? Are they a little crepey?' "—as in crepe paper. "And she'd say, 'What do you mean by *crepey*?' They pay big attention to detail. They'll say, 'You told me. I've got it right here in my notes!' "

Luckily, therapists' attentiveness doesn't seem to be matched by their clients'. "I made up my mind that if people asked, I'd say I did," says Samantha. "If you lie to a patient, you're a bad therapist." But she hasn't had to worry. "*Nobody* has said a word—and I've been seeing some of these people for twenty years! Maybe they're so narcissistic that they don't notice."

Art Clans: Like Father, Like Daughter?

Being a hot young artist in New York used to mean being British (and having a bar stool with your name on it at the West Chelsea bar Passerby). But now it's all about being *related*—there's a wave of up-and-coming artists with very familiar names. Meet the families . . .

- **Sophie Crumb,** 20, daughter of Robert (pervy creator of Fritz the Cat). Sophie did the cartoons that Thora Birch's character draws in *Ghost World.* Currently has a piece in "Something, Anything," a group show at the Matthew Marks Gallery. Any anxiety-of-influence issues? "My parents are in a *totally* different world," she insists by cell phone from an Italian campground. "I'm not really with people who know my dad's stuff."



- **Mirabelle Marden,** 23, daughter of abstract painter Brice (both at left). Not an artist but a dealer—her new gallery, Rivington Arms, is devoted to young artists who have not shown elsewhere. Could not be reached because (in the great art-world tradition) she's spending August on a remote Greek island.

- **Lola Schnabel** (right), 22, daughter of the Falstaffian Julian. Paints and works on films and *loves* to go out (just like Dad). Also makes T-shirts. Her work popped up in an *InStyle* shoot of actress Annabella Sciorra's apartment—alongside a painting by her father.

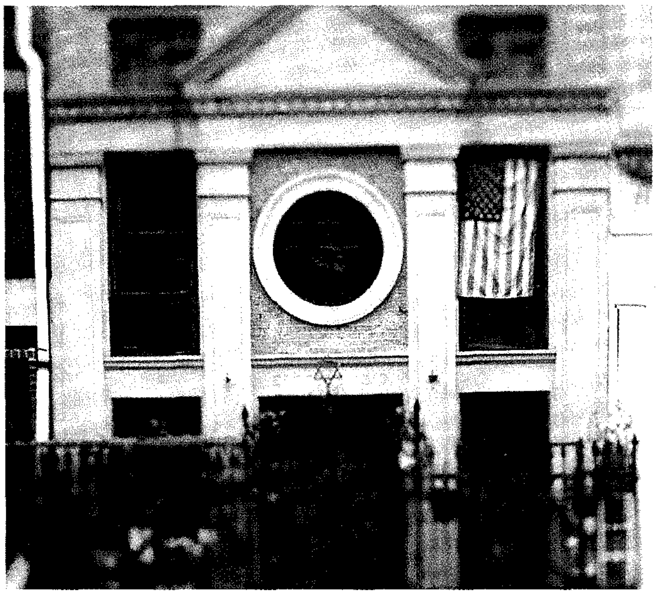
- **Isca Greenfield-Sanders,** 23, daughter of photographer Timothy, granddaughter of painter Joop Sanders, *and* niece of sculptor John Sanders. Compared by the *Times* to Gerhard Richter. "I started studying with my grandfather when I was 7," she says. Her June show at Lombard-Freid sold out three days before it opened. In February, all four Sanderses will have a group show in Miami. Could Isca outshine Papa? Eighties art operator Mark Kostabi writes that young artists looking to get ahead should sidle up to Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and "be happy that you've met the father of the great artist." AMY LAROCCA

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, HENRY MCGEE/GLOBE PHOTOS; ROSE HARTMAN/GLOBE PHOTOS. ILLUSTRATION BY ALLI ARNOLD.

Shul for Scandal

A Lower East Side rabbi tries to sell his synagogue—without telling the congregants. And the faithful are heading to court. By Geoffrey Gray

It's like something out of an Isaac Bashevis Singer tale. A beloved, frail 86-year-old rabbi contracts to sell his synagogue—without telling the congregation—to a Jesuit brother, for $1.2 million. Outrage (not to mention chaos) ensues. "Everyone has an opinion," says one congregant. "I have three opinions!" says another. "And all are right."



HOLY WAR: Congregation Bnai Jacob Anschei Brzezan, on Stanton Street.

The issue is whether the 1913 Congregation Bnai Jacob Anschei Brzezan synagogue, at 180 Stanton Street, can be sold. The synagogue is deeded as a religious corporation, run by a board of trustees. Joseph Singer, the rabbi, claims that the board voted to sell in March 2000.

Since then, the building's been padlocked three times, twice after the rabbi's family removed Torahs. Another lockout was meant to keep congregants—a mix of old-world butchers and a younger crowd of locals, one of whom brings his Venezuelan monkey to serve as Shabbes goy—from making a squatters' claim. "It's sad, that's all," says artist Allen Hirsch. "We all loved the rabbi. He and the building went together: old and crumbling. They brought the flavor of the old country. The battle over the sale woke us out of the sweet dream."

"We all loved the rabbi," says one congregant. "He and the building went together: **old and crumbling.**"

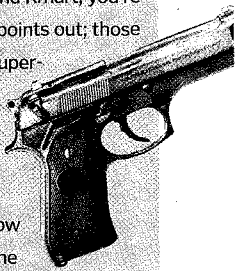
In court recently, the matter at hand was whether Singer's board of congregants was in fact the real board, and therefore had the power to sell. On the stand, the rabbi's son-in-law couldn't remember who'd attended the meetings. The rabbi's son listed three board members as present and voting to sell. Congregants respond that one was hospitalized at the time; another denies attending; and the third, then 96, was homebound with Alzheimer's. Rabbi Singer's testimony was no more helpful: Barely audible, he spoke in Yiddish to a translator. He said the congregants had conspired against him, but he couldn't really piece his family's own case together. (Sample Q&A: "Rabbi, what happened in 1972?" "A lot.") Nothing seemed to add up—and, in fact, the judge, perplexed, has handed the case to a "special referee," retired justice Martin Evans.

The litigation has scared off the buyer, Jesuit brother Rick Curry's National Theatre Workshop of the Handicapped. Rabbi Singer is rumored to have another candidate in the wings—his son, who's expected to flip the property. (The rabbi's lawyers declined to comment.) Meanwhile, the congregants fume.

"It's such a puzzler," says a man who's been coming to the temple since the twenties. "How does one man sell a building he doesn't own? He can barely even speak!" Adds Brian J. Burstin, the congregants' attorney, "This is like the God who failed. He lacked one strength: the ability to confront his own flock."

RAPTIONARY

Chris Gehringer and Will Quinnell have to keep up with the latest hip-hop slang, but you won't find them sipping Cristal with Nelly. They're mastering engineers at Sterling Sound in Chelsea, where, among other things, they clean up rappers' language. "If your record doesn't sell at Wal-Mart and Kmart, you're done," Gehringer points out; those stores sell only "super-clean" albums. So engineers must splice out all references to guns, drugs, and sex. How many ways can one say *pot*? Here are a few lyrics they've "jacked" recently. EVAN LERNER



"Got a chrome nina ross shined up for you baby Bling-blow"—Lil' Wayne, "Look At Me"

nina ross: 9-mm. pistol

"Since ya hair got wet, let's smoke some 'dro"—Big Tymers, "Pimpin"

dro: pot, as in *hydroponic*

"I probably push less weight than the trees I smoke"—Chink Santana, "Hold On"

push weight: deal drugs

trees: pot

"Gettin so much brains I'm startin to feel smart"
—Noreaga, "Grimey"

brains: oral sex

"I drop a dove on the inside"—Big Tymers, "Slick Talkin' "

dove: sack of marijuana (sometimes hidden inside car rims)

"Knowin dudes that's neglectin they seeds / Instead of takin care of 'em they spendin money on trees"—Nas, "What Goes Around"

seeds: children (not cut)

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT, JAY MUHLIN; DANIEL ARSENAULT/GETTY IMAGES; ERIC OCANNELL/GETTY IMAGES.

Landon Thomas Jr. THE BUSINESS CLASS

Board Stiffed

When the Whitney Museum's trustees convinced Tyco CEO Dennis Kozlowski to join their board, everyone thought they'd landed the richest prize in town. Careful what you wish for.

IN JANUARY 2001, THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE of the Whitney Museum of American Art met at the Manhattan offices of its chairman at the time, leveraged-buyout kingpin Thomas H. Lee. The committee included Goldman Sachs vice-chairman Robert Hurst (now president of the Whitney board) and J. Tomilson Hill, a senior managing director at the Blackstone Group, the advisory and LBO boutique. Heading the day's agenda was a topic familiar to nominating committees at all of the top cultural institutions in New York: where and how to find the next CEO with a yen for art. The bull market had created a new wave of multimillionaire corporate chieftains, many of whom were eager to smooth the rougher edges off their new money with a seat on the Met, Modern, or Whitney board. But the competition to corral these characters was stiff.

Global Crossing's Gary Winnick, for example, had been lured onto MoMA's board earlier that year by David Rockefeller and had responded with a $5 million pledge. The Whitney board had no Rockefeller, alas, but in Lee, Hurst, and Hill, it had three Wall Street players with a collective Rolodex of impressive proportions and something more as well: the competitive zeal and street wisdom to know where the big elephants came to drink.

More than its larger cousins, the Whitney, with its puny $45.5 million endowment (the MoMA has $400 million, and the Met $1.7 billion), has been beholden to the creative and financial energies of its trustees. That fact was underscored last week with the announcement that the Whitney's board had solicited the donation of 86 paintings, including works by Jasper Johns, Mark Rothko, Andy Warhol, and Roy Lichtenstein, a gift worth $200 million. Truly an example of what the combination of art smarts and money—board chairman Leonard Lauder and Lee also donated from their own world-class personal collections—can do for a museum.

The three executives in Lee's office that day perused a list of twenty or so CEOs. Then Hill proposed another name. "How about Tyco's Dennis Kozlowski?" He was a generous guy, Hill said, and he was establishing a presence in New York, plus—who knows?—he might even be interested in American art.

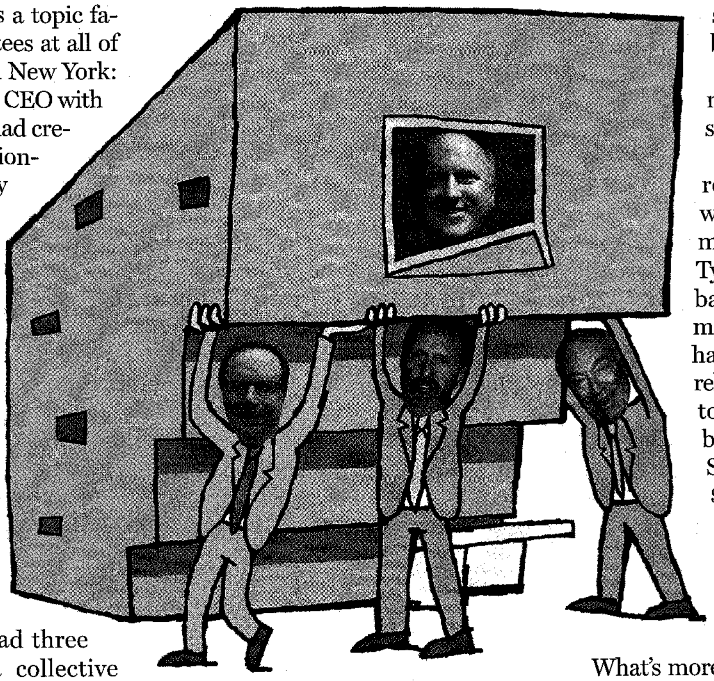


EXHIBIT A: Clockwise from top, Whitney trustees Dennis Kozlowski, Leonard Lauder, Robert Hurst, and Thomas H. Lee.

It was an inspired choice, all agreed. Kozlowski was well known on Wall Street for commanding a salary package so outrageous that it stood out even in such exuberant times. (Within one four-day period in early September 2000, he had cashed in $268 million worth of Tyco stock.) And here was the kicker: In the spring of 2000, Kozlowski had paid $18 million for a thirteen-room apartment at 950 Fifth Avenue, outbidding Michael Dell in the process. The seller? Hill's partner and boss Stephen Schwarzman, president and CEO of Blackstone (and a former Whitney board member himself).

For the nominating-committee members, this all seemed very propitious.

"I wish I had thought of that," remarked Hurst. Indeed, one wonders why he hadn't. Goldman Sachs had long been one of Tyco's primary investment banks, and Hurst, as the firm's most senior relationship banker, had cultivated a close business relationship with Kozlowski. Not to mention lucrative: Rival bankers estimate that Goldman Sachs has collected more than $100 million in fees from Tyco and the deal-driven Kozlowski over the years. "If Goldman needed to talk to Dennis, they would get Hurst," says a banker familiar with Tyco. What's more, Hurst was a resident of 950 Fifth Avenue, and as a member of the co-op board, he no doubt vouched for Kozlowski's bona fides when the Tyco chief presented himself to the building in March 2000.

The wheels were set in motion. A number of fellow board members say Hurst volunteered to broach the idea with Kozlowski—though Hurst declines to comment on the matter—and by July 2001, a meeting had been arranged whereby Hurst introduced Kozlowski to then-board president Joel Ehrenkranz and Lee. As with all incoming Whitney board mem-

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT MENCHIN. PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP, BLOOMBERG NEWS/LANDOV; ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES; ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES; BLOOMBERG NEWS/LANDOV.

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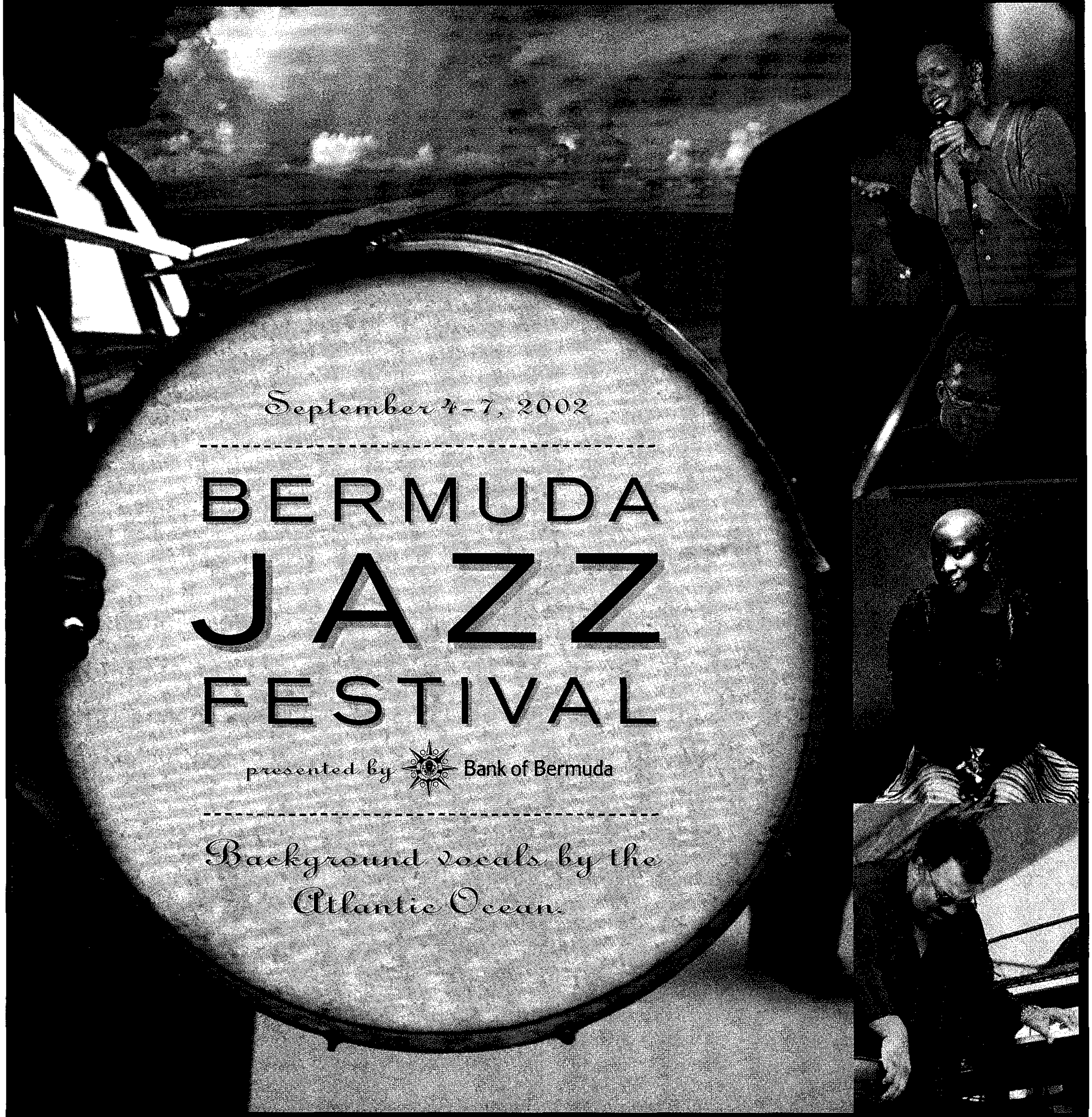

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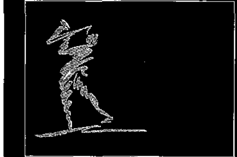

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bers, Kozlowski was apprised of the conditions: $100,000 in personal donations and, in Kozlowski's case, the expectation of much larger doses of corporate giving to come.

The fact is that the Whitney—if it is to accomplish its ambitious agenda of adding a building extension—will need to find a fresh batch of corporate and Wall Street patrons, beyond the Lauders and Lees, to support and sustain its grand mission. It is perhaps no surprise, then, that the museum's board has so aggressively courted some of the flashier and more unpredictable money in town—like that of Vivendi's Jean-Marie Messier, who is still a board member with Kozlowski, and Veronique Pittman, second wife to AOL Time Warner's Bob.

"You have to be realistic. This is not like putting together a cocktail party," says trustee and artist Chuck Close. "You are looking at the future of the museum. When you are the Avis in town to everyone else's Hertz, you do try harder. We cannot rest on our laurels in the same way that the Met or the Modern can."

"What is the motivation for these people to join the board, particularly if they are **not interested** in art?" said one trustee. "I'm not sure we need tainted money. We can work harder to raise it in more creative ways."

Indeed, there is a long history of Whitney trustees' trolling for larger-than-life corporate titans. Flora Miller Biddle, the granddaughter of museum founder Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney and board president from 1977 to 1985, cultivated financier Larry Tisch and a pre-Sotheby's Alfred Taubman. Bob Greenhill, an eighties-era M&A star at Morgan Stanley, was also lured onto the board in the late eighties.

On October 2, 2001, Kozlowski was voted in unanimously. And that would be the last time that most of the Whitney trustees would take up the name of Dennis Kozlowski until his sunbaked face and gleaming dome began appearing in all the papers earlier this spring. Yes, he was accused of being a tax cheat, but more galling still were the stories describing his $13 million art-buying binge—the purchases he tried to avoid paying taxes on. They all seemed to be second-rate, overpriced European offerings. Not a Johns or an Edward Hopper among them.

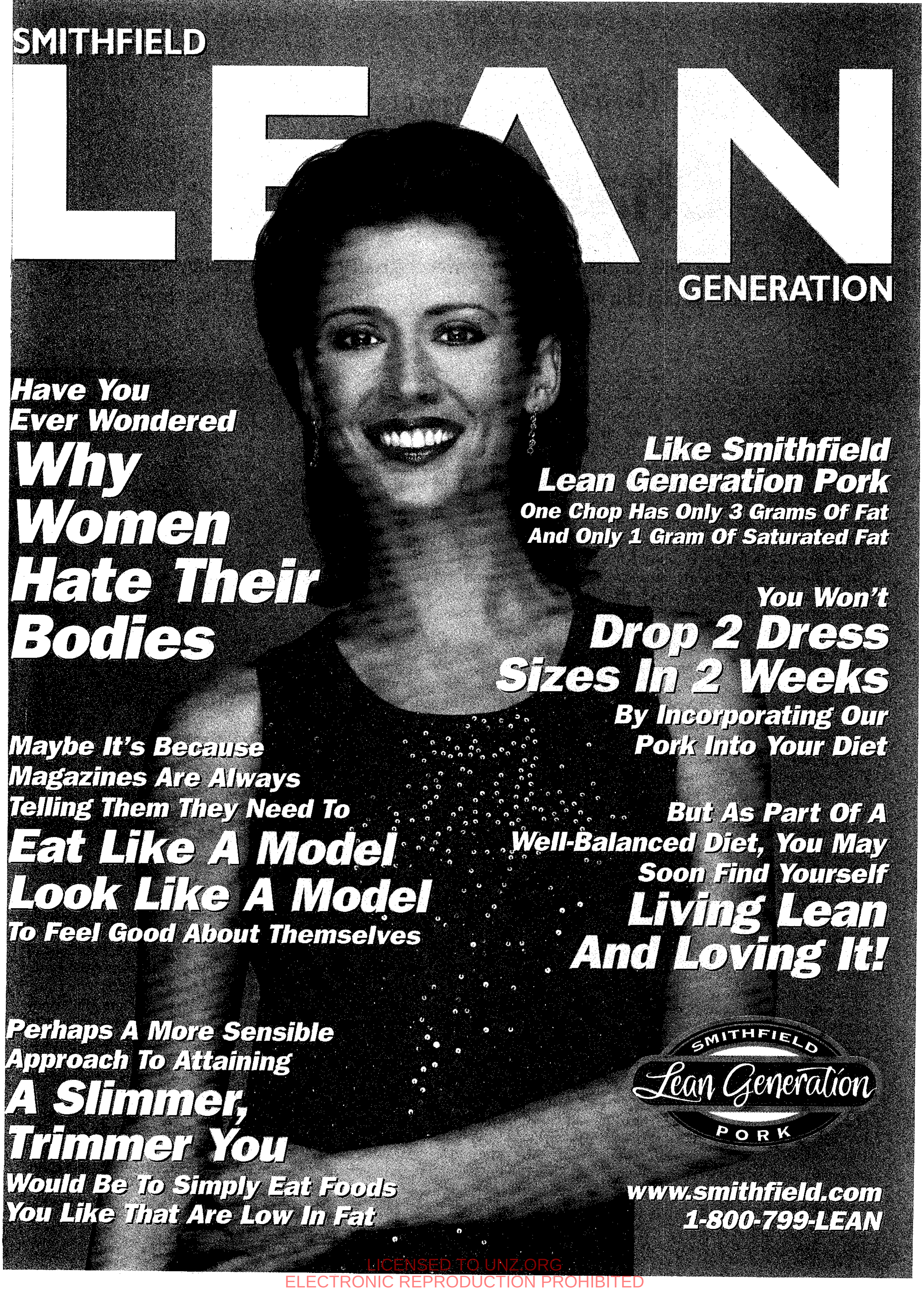
For Dennis Kozlowski, acquiring an art collection was—like most things he did—something to be done quickly, with price being no object. It was the summer of 2001, his stock was soaring, he was sitting on nearly $300 million in cash, and he had recently married his girlfriend of ten years' standing, Karen Mayo, a statuesque 40-year-old former ski instructor and tennis buff. It seemed like the right thing to do.

To find out where to start, he went to the people at Fine Collections Management, a West Palm Beach–based wine, fine-arts, and antiques consultancy run by the family that manages the extensive art and wine collection of billionaire collector and yachtsman Bill Koch. The Kozlowskis were put in touch with Christine Berry, a 32-year-old art director—and former assistant registrar at the Whitney—at Fine Collections.

That August, just a month after he met members of the Whitney board, the buying began. Later, Kozlowski was given a tour of Koch's private collection of Monets, Renoirs, and Cezannes at his house in Palm Beach. Kozlowski liked what he saw, and the paintings he went on to acquire—a $3.9 million Monet; $8 million for a Renoir, a Beert, and a Caillebotte—seemed, if anything, to ape the paintings in Koch's collection. Those close to the matter say that Mayo, in the process of a massive eighteen-month redecoration of the newlyweds' Fifth Avenue apartment, picked paintings on the basis of how the colors matched her furniture schemes. Back at the Whitney, people who heard about the new collection were not altogether impressed. "It was obvious that he was very proud and happy to have these paintings," says Whitney director Maxwell Anderson, who spoke briefly to Kozlowski about his collection. "Beyond that, I would not say that he was an active student of the arts. He was clearly someone who saw virtue in having them, and that was as far as it went."

In November 2001, Kozlowski was honored by the Christopher Reeve Paralysis Foundation. Standing arm-in-arm with Kevin Bacon, he mugged for the society photographers. With his new wife standing by his side, showing off her Florida tan, and his Columbia-business-school-student daughter smiling up at him from a nearby

(continued on page 74)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Andrew Goldman CELEBRITY CITY

Charity Case

As Heather Mills continues to preside over the transformation of hubby Paul McCartney into a self-promoting bon vivant, she's busy deflecting questions about her charity.

IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF A FEBRUARY MORNING, and Paul McCartney's famous sad eyes gazed out from the stage of the Louisiana Superdome, the New Orleans coliseum that was being prepped for Super Bowl XXXVI. The field was empty save for a handful of technicians, there to rehearse McCartney's flag-waving, game-closing extravaganza. The Beatles alumnus did a run-through of his song "Freedom," the would-be anthem he had composed following the World Trade Center attacks.

Clear on his cues, McCartney hopped off the stage to talk to an attractive blonde who had been intently studying his performance. It was Heather Mills, his new fiancée. The pair huddled for about five minutes, with McCartney listening and nodding his head.

Mark Steines, an *Entertainment Tonight* correspondent waiting to interview McCartney, imagined that what he thought he was seeing probably wasn't what he was seeing at all. So when McCartney finally strolled across the field to meet him, Steines joked that it looked as if Mills had been giving him notes. Steines says: "Paul said to me, in a corrective way, 'Yeah, don't be surprised, because she does. She knows music, and she has a good ear and she has input.' I said, 'You listen to it?' And he said, 'Yeah.' "

Yeah?

Lately, something odd has been happening to Paul McCartney. In his 40 years of celebrity, he has generally led his life with the quiet dignity one doesn't expect from a rock star. But now, three years after his beloved wife's death, McCartney is everywhere, often trotting in the wake of his 34-year-old model-activist-entrepreneur second wife. If he's not schmoozing backstage with Ozzy Osbourne at *Howard Stern,* declaiming his poetry on television with Larry King, or dancing on the bar at Hogs & Heifers, he's helplessly attempting to ad-lib on the subject of American football with Terry Bradshaw.

At 60, McCartney is beginning to look like the Elvis of 1968: intact, more or less, but teetering on the precipice of something unbecoming. And Mills, who seems to be cottoning to the role of McCartney's Colonel Tom Parker, may be the last person McCartney needs whispering in his ear.

Even before she became Lady McCartney—and before he was rumored to have thrown the $34,000 engagement ring out the window of their Miami hotel room and loudly threatened to call off the wedding—we began to have nagging questions about Heather Mills. Was she the plucky self-made model who took the loss of a leg cheerfully and spoke out bravely for amputees everywhere? Or the shameless self-promoter who turned her accident into a business opportunity? And is the charity work reported to have attracted Sir Paul as her suitor really, in part, a canny marketing device, a way to sell Mills as a sort of Mother Teresa–meets–the Spice Girls? Now, just as Mills prepares to release her autobiography in the United States—complete with new chapters about her romance with McCartney—doubts that have surfaced in the British press are following her to this side of the pond.

MAKING THE SCENE: McCartney and Mills at a *Vanity Fair* party, above, and at the Super Bowl, right.

ON A MUGGY AFTERNOON IN JULY, I GET MY chance to find out, when Heather Mills calls me. She's in New York for a photo shoot, and I arrange to meet her at Lotus, the aging nightclub on West 14th Street. I find her sitting cross-legged on a squat little leather stool; she's wearing black lacy bell-bottoms and a blindingly white blouse; two matching sets of toenails peek out from a pair of open-toed pumps. Her younger sister Fiona, who doubles as her personal assistant, sits next to her, glowering.

So why did her love affair with the British press turn bad just as her courtship with McCartney was igniting?

"It's jealousy," Heather snaps. Fiona nods supportively. "What else would it be?"

I bring up the name of one columnist in particular, Lynda Lee-Potter of the *Daily Mail,* who had been scorching in her suggestions that Mills was reeling McCartney in like an experienced trout fisherman. "In her youth she was a proven liar and thief," Lee-Potter wrote of Mills just before the wedding. "She's hugely vain, bloody minded, confident, combative and pushy."

Mills snipes: "Well, just look at a picture of her! She's probably an ex–Beatle fan."

Of course, the world couldn't have been happier when McCartney started going out with Mills. When Linda died, there was popular speculation that McCartney

PHOTOGRAPHS: THIS PAGE, ED GELLER/GLOBE PHOTOS; OPPOSITE PAGE, FRANK MICELOTTA/IMAGE DIRECT.

would while away his days as the shattered widower, growing old on the farm, with only his sheep and gold records to kiss good night. When Mills appeared at his side, there was a collective sigh of relief. The relationship, drawn broadly, had a pleasing symmetry: Two people with deep wounds nurse each other back to health. McCartney seemed smitten, reborn.

The romance made her an international celebrity, of course, but the creation of Heather Mills as a tabloid character began much earlier, on an August afternoon in 1993, when Mills stepped off a curb and was knocked down by a police motorcycle speeding to a call. Her lung was punctured, her pelvis crushed, but most ghastly of all, her left foot lay several feet from her body. But then, in the hospital, something clicked in Mills. As she later explained, she "went into business overdrive." She didn't see any reason the tabloids shouldn't pay her medical bills.

The first interview went to a downmarket tabloid called *The People*, which produced a series of stories of the inspirational-recovery variety: "LOOK AT ME . . . I'VE GOT TWO LEGS AGAIN AND YOU CAN'T SEE THE JOIN! IF MY LEG POPS OUT, I'LL POP IT BACK IN AGAIN," SAYS BRAVE HEATHER. When she broke up with her boyfriend, an Italian banker, readers were treated to HEARTBREAK FOR BRAVE HEATHER AS SHE CALLS OFF HER DREAM WEDDING; "YOU CAN MEND BROKEN LIMBS, BUT BROKEN HEARTS TAKE A LOT LONGER!" Happily, she was just as quick to share more cheerful news. In 1995, she told another tabloid that she had fallen "madly in love" with Marcus Stapleton, a tennis-tournament director she had met only a week ago but hoped to marry soon. Not long after, the tennis pro was out, and a BBC filmmaker in.

The ring-tossing incident? **"Absolute rubbish. We were messing about."** Resistance from the kids? "I am so close to the daughters you have got absolutely no idea. **Stella and I get on brilliantly."**

Capitalizing on her newfound notoriety, Mills produced *Out on a Limb*, her breezy autobiography, featuring a coquettish dust-jacket portrait of herself in riding gear, a prosthetic leg leaning on the wall next to her. Inside was everything anyone could ever want to know about her: the absentee parents, the topless modeling, the breast reduction, the arrest for nicking £1,000 worth of jewelry from a store she worked for. It appeared to be the work of a person grooming herself for a new level of fame and scrutiny. By divulging and spinning the sketchiest chapters from her past, she left little to dig up.

And then, in 1998, she met Paul McCartney—at a *Daily Mirror* dinner celebrating Brits with inspiring, mostly harrowing stories. Not long after the dinner, McCartney called Mills, ostensibly to talk about war victims. Then he called again. At the end of one of their first meetings, he wrote out a check for £150,000.

Meanwhile, her honeymoon with the tabloids was coming to an end. No longer interested in shilling Brave Heather's newest romance, they had indeed begun dredging up her past. Her ex-husband wrote a story warning Sir Paul that Mills should carry a BUYER BEWARE sticker, and grumbling that he ended up sending her to a psychiatrist to treat her for "her problems with the truth," as he put it. Next up was her stepfather, Charles Stapley, a former soap-opera actor, who told the *Mail on Sunday* that MY STEPDAUGHTER HEATHER IS JUST A CONFUSED FANTASIST. Mills, he wrote, had invented many of the more romantic details about her past, including her celebrated claim that she had been homeless among the bums under London's Waterloo arches.

When I bring up the accusations at Lotus, Fiona erupts. "Her stepfather is broke, he's a failed actor, and he wanted the money for the story!" she says. "And her ex-husband is the biggest asshole in the world. I used to work for him. He's a tosser!"

And on the subject of her penchant for invention, her publicist, Anya Noakes, offers this game defense: "I'm not pretending that she's never exaggerated stories. But I don't think it's ever been done with malicious intent or anything. What I find quite funny about it all is that when she was a little girl, because of all the horrible things that happened in her childhood, she lived in this slight fantasy world. And then what's happened is, it's all sort of come true for her: She's ended up with Paul McCartney!"

WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE PROJECT that attracted Sir Paul's attention in the first place: the Heather Mills Health Trust.

A charity, it turns out, that didn't exist—at least as far as the Charity Commission for England and Wales was concerned. The commission requires that any organization that collects more than £1,000 per year must apply for charitable status. But for all of Mills's purported business acumen, she neglected to make the trust official until after McCartney began calling.

Mills had been collecting money for her trust since May 1994, when she'd unveiled plans to start her own Bosnian relief effort. *The People* reported that it had already donated £2,000. "I give my personal guarantee to each *People* reader that every single penny you send will be used to buy false limbs and wheelchairs," Mills told the paper.

But soon, Mills's plans changed. Instead of spending the money on *new* limbs, she began to collect secondhand limbs from people, like herself, whose stumps had changed shape, rendering their old artificial limbs useless. In her book, she says that about 5,000 limbs were collected, dismantled into component parts, and transported to Zagreb. Mills claims that 22,000 mostly recycled limbs have been fitted, a staggering number considering that by her own count, there were only 63,000 amputees in all of Britain. Mills finally registered her charity in 2000—after a journalist inquired why it hadn't been registered.

A review of the first year's accounts of the Heather Mills Trust lists £102,219 in income, nearly £50,000 shy of McCartney's donation of late 1999. Mills's explanation is that the charity's annual returns only reflected a period after March 20, 2000, when the trust was officially accepted by the Charity Commission, and that by then much of the money had already been given away—but in the end, she declined to furnish *New York* with details on how the moneys were spent. (The commission also declined to provide *New York* with financial information relating to the trust before March 20.) Also unclear is when royalties from the dance single "Voice"—which she cut with McCartney, promising that all proceeds would go to the charity—would actually be paid to her trust. Though the record was released on December 13, 1999, no royalty revenues appear in the trust records through December 31, 2000.

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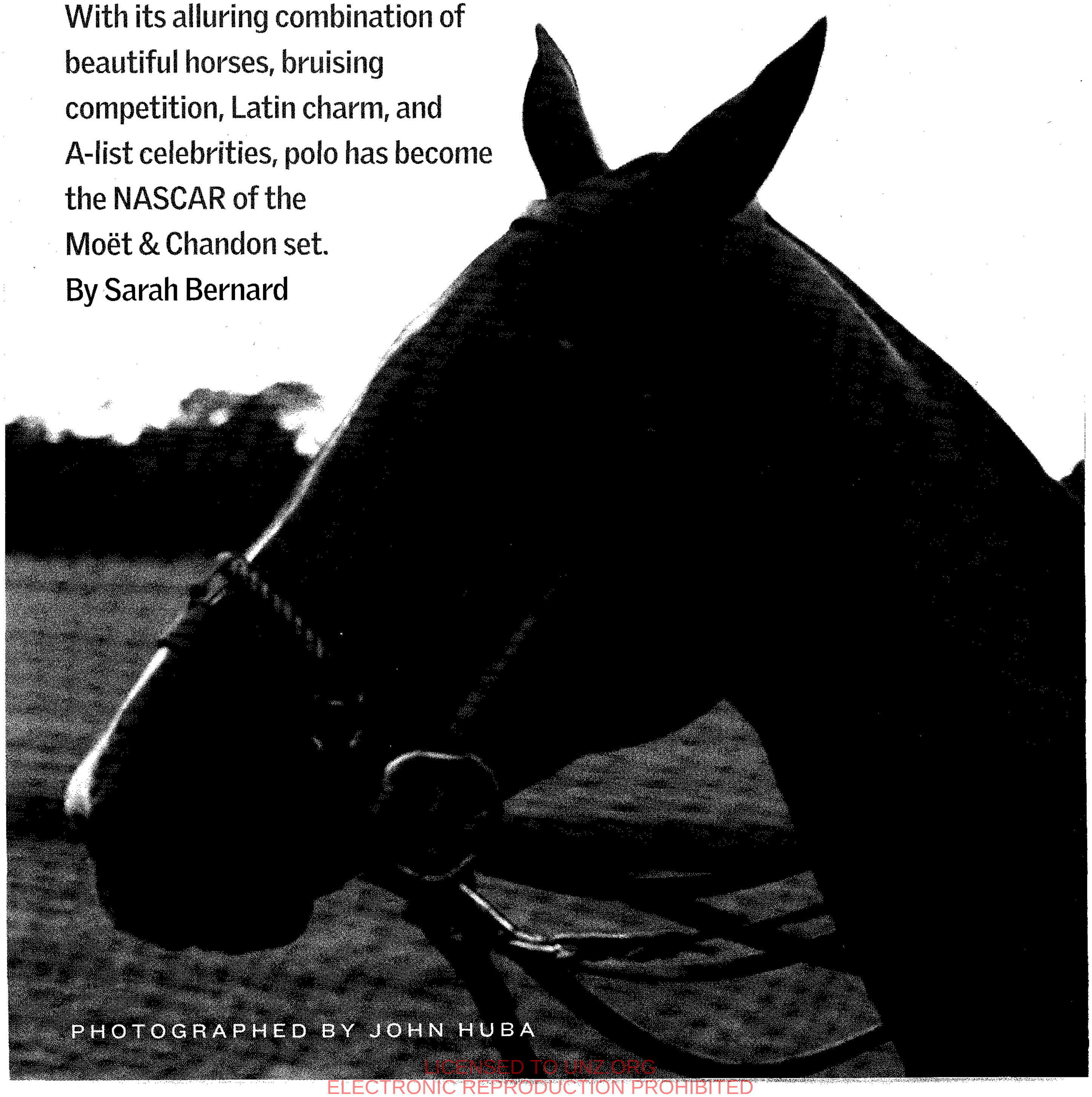
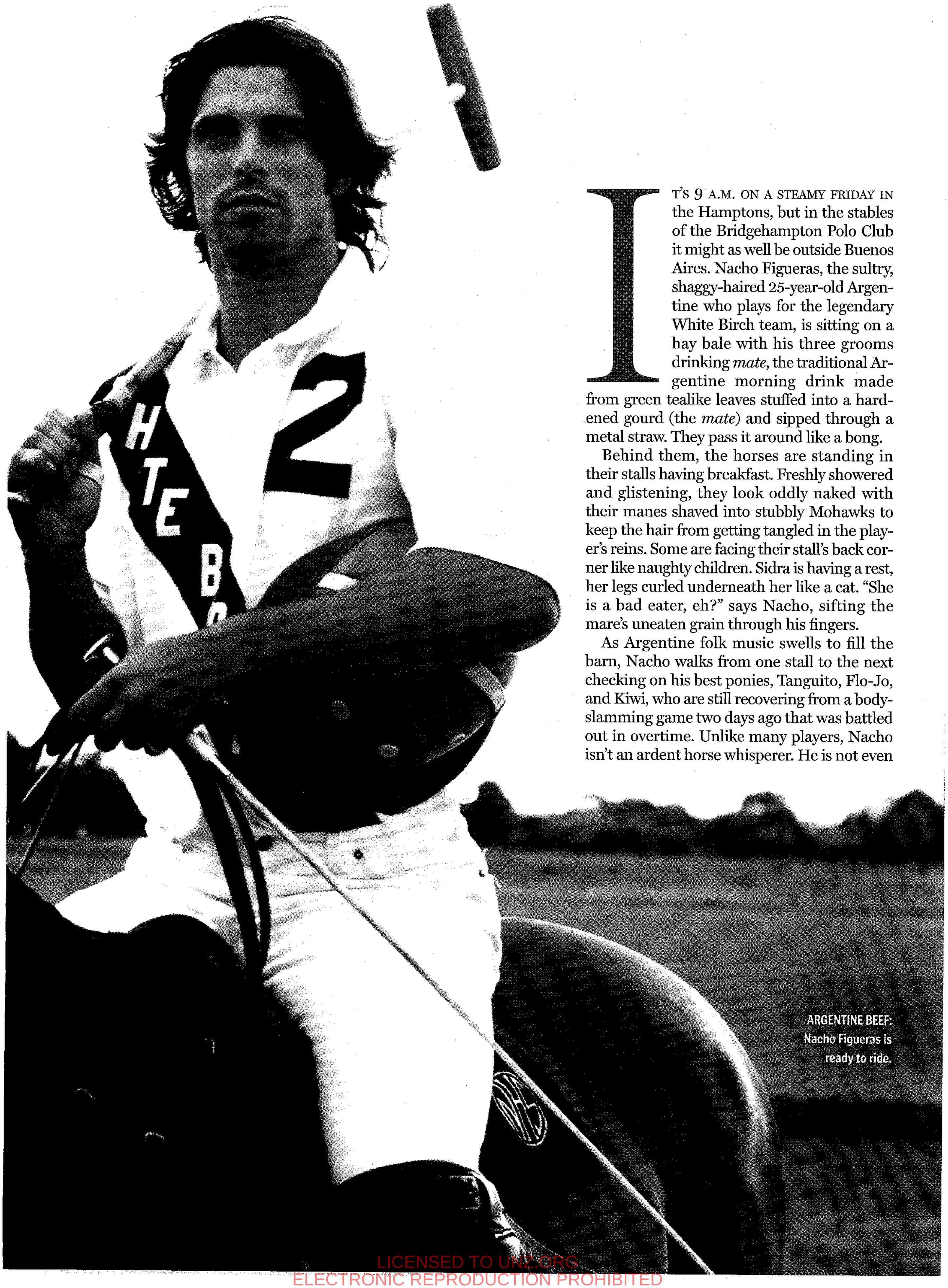
They've Got Game

Six Saturdays each summer, the epicenter of the Hamptons social scene is a grassy field off Hayground Road, where a posse of outrageously good-looking Argentine polo players are the main attraction. With its alluring combination of beautiful horses, bruising competition, Latin charm, and A-list celebrities, polo has become the NASCAR of the Moët & Chandon set.

By Sarah Bernard



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN HUBA



ARGENTINE BEEF: Nacho Figueras is ready to ride.

IT'S 9 A.M. ON A STEAMY FRIDAY IN the Hamptons, but in the stables of the Bridgehampton Polo Club it might as well be outside Buenos Aires. Nacho Figueras, the sultry, shaggy-haired 25-year-old Argentine who plays for the legendary White Birch team, is sitting on a hay bale with his three grooms drinking *mate*, the traditional Argentine morning drink made from green tealike leaves stuffed into a hardened gourd (the *mate*) and sipped through a metal straw. They pass it around like a bong.

Behind them, the horses are standing in their stalls having breakfast. Freshly showered and glistening, they look oddly naked with their manes shaved into stubbly Mohawks to keep the hair from getting tangled in the player's reins. Some are facing their stall's back corner like naughty children. Sidra is having a rest, her legs curled underneath her like a cat. "She is a bad eater, eh?" says Nacho, sifting the mare's uneaten grain through his fingers.

As Argentine folk music swells to fill the barn, Nacho walks from one stall to the next checking on his best ponies, Tanguito, Flo-Jo, and Kiwi, who are still recovering from a body-slamming game two days ago that was battled out in overtime. Unlike many players, Nacho isn't an ardent horse whisperer. He is not even sure they recognize him, but since in polo your horse is 80 percent of your game, he takes nothing for granted. When he gets to Kiwi, she sticks her black-brown head through the stall bars and gives him a deep stare. Nacho stares back. He walks in close, slowly puts his nose up against hers, and exhales noisily. "This is what they do to each other," he says, "so I always do that to them."

It is a tableau that's replayed every morning he's in the Hamptons and then replayed again with slight adjustments in every city he finds himself in, whether it's Palm Beach or Sotogrande or Deauville. Polo players are an appealing hybrid of gypsies—hauling their rituals and their animals with them—and rock stars on perpetual tour. And in the celebrity-weary Hamptons, they may be the last possible novelty. Which is why, for six consecutive Saturdays, the crowds pour onto the usually quiet Hayground Road and take the winding path behind the stables to the polo club's two emerald fields, each the size of nine football fields.

The five teams in the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge, which is actually two separate three-week-long tournaments, play almost every day, but only Saturday games merit guest-list-only cocktail parties. By 4 P.M., the white hospitality tent, with its meringue-like peaks, is filling with onlookers who've braved the soft rain to mingle while the White Birch team faces off with La Lechuza Caracas. On either side are a string of small rectangular tailgate tents, the equivalent of box seats, that fans like Jane Holzer and Kelly Klein (who dates White Birch manager Nick Manifold) rent out for the season. In just eight years, the tournament—with its heady mixture of Argentines, multimillionaires, supermodels, horse lovers and hangers-on—has become the apex of Hamptons social aspirations. Elizabeth Hurley, P. Diddy, and Prince Albert of Monaco have made the scene. This year, Natalie Portman presided at the opener, a benefit for New Yorkers for Children. "Anna Wintour asked me to do it," said Portman, who giggled as she handed out a silver trophy to each player in her chartreuse Izod.

"I always look forward to the opening of the season," says Star Jones, who comes to every weekend game and settles into the VIP tent. "For two hours, you get the opportunity to suspend your own life and feel like you're a part of the sport of kings. Plus," she says, pointing to the brim of her black-and-white straw Peter Beaton, "it allows me to wear my hat."

Outside the VIP tent, things are less serene. In fact, the pull of polo in the Hamptons is now so powerful that some complain that too many moths are being drawn to the flame. "It used to be a destination for people living a certain lifestyle," says a twentysomething guest in a halter top. "Now it's a destination for people who *want* to live a certain lifestyle." Still, the desperation to get inside the party has not waned. Before the first game, one hopeful attendee even telephoned the company that makes the wristbands for the event and ordered up a duplicate set. He was foiled when the company called London Misher, the club's P.R. agency, to confirm the address.

Today the field seems as if it's glowing green. But the spectators, whose casual dress could be described as "bear-market garden party," seem more interested in reclining on the living-room-like arrangement of modular sofas under the tent than in taking in the scenery—or the game.

When the rain starts to come down harder, someone hands an umbrella to the mustachioed announcer who's giving the play-by-play from his perch atop a fieldside lifeguard stand. Mariano Aguerre, White Birch's team leader, has the ball at midfield and lets out his trademark yell—of the blood-curdling variety—urging his mates to "go forward!"

Inside the tent, spectators stake out their positions in the line for Moët & Chandon splits of champagne.

Aguerre taps the ball with his mallet, then gallops ahead, looking back over his shoulder to see if Lechuza is closing in. He taps it again.

A groan rises from the tent: The frozen-coffee-drink counter has run out of Grand Marnier!

Aguerre sees Nacho, raises his arm behind him, and with a pendulum swing his mallet cracks another shot under his horse's neck, sending the ball 100 yards toward the goal.

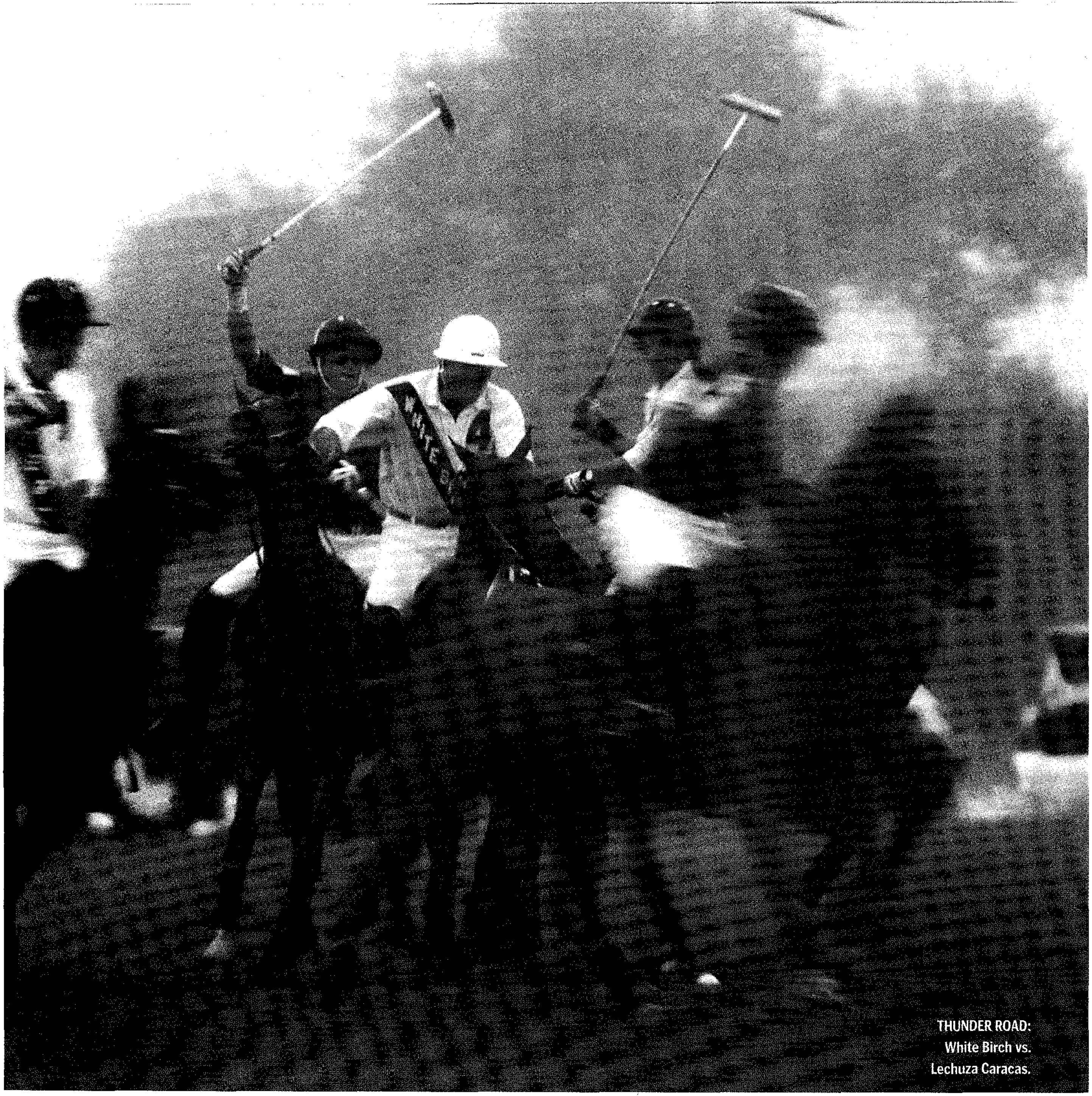
A polished brunette in white prairie skirt stage-whispers to a friend, "Is that Chris Cuomo over by the raffle table?"

Nacho races his opponent to get Aguerre's shot—and scores!—but only a scattered few in the tents take notice.

"In Bridgehampton," Victor Vargas, the owner, or *patron*, of the Lechuza team, likes to say, "20 percent watch the game; the rest are enjoying the polo atmosphere."

THERE'S A CERTAIN PURITY TO THE GAME OF polo. It derives from the fact that it's more a way of spending money than of making it. The cost of running a team begins at perhaps at a few hundred thousand; to

There's a certain purity to the game of polo. **IT DERIVES FROM THE FACT THAT IT'S MORE A WAY OF SPENDING MONEY THAN MAKING IT.** In a sense, polo is too expensive to be corrupted.

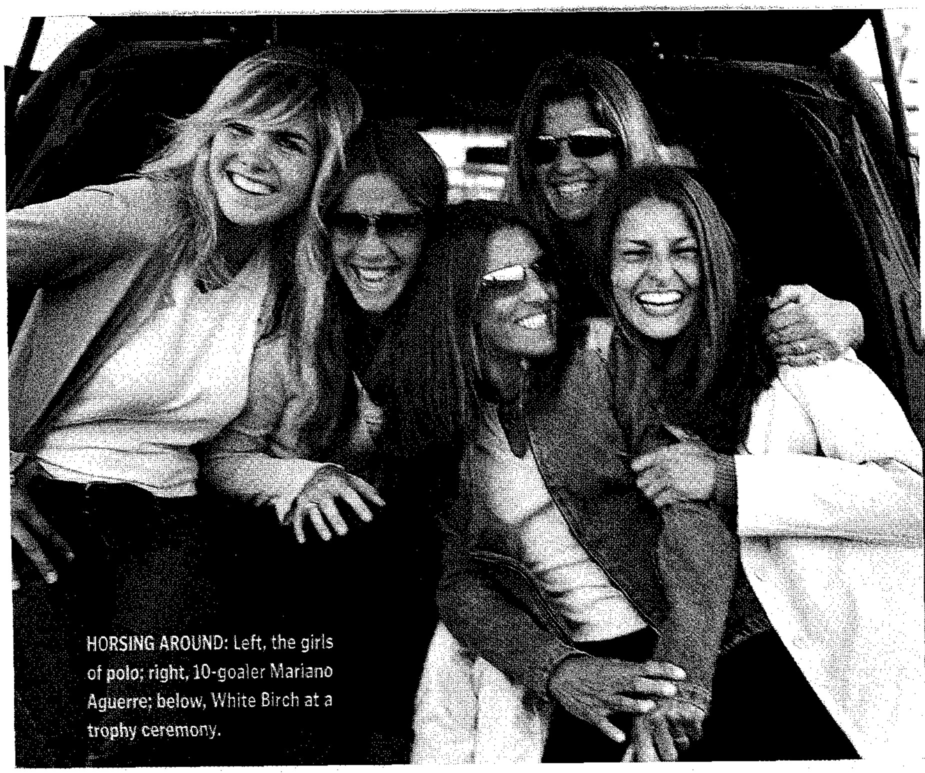

THUNDER ROAD: White Birch vs. Lechuza Caracas.

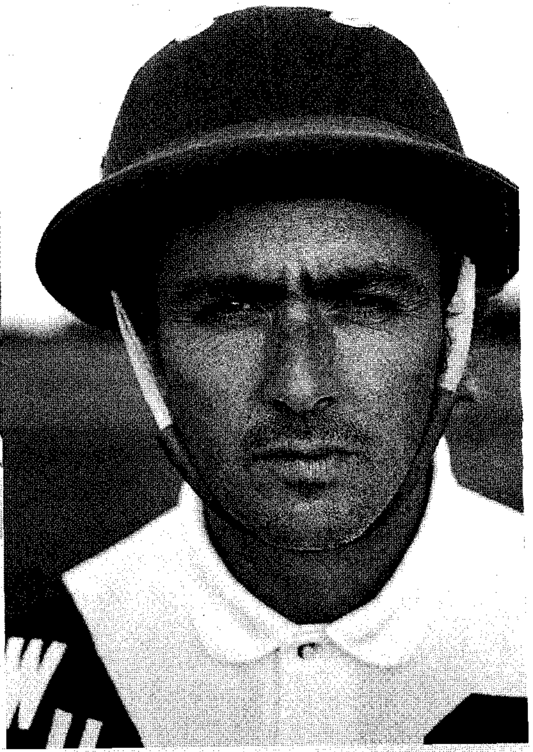
play in the major leagues—what's known as "high-goal polo"—can run into the millions. There are only about 25 U.S. *patrons* at a given time who are willing to fund such an enterprise. In a sense, polo is too expensive to be corrupted. Which is one reason the Hamptons have come to love it so much.

And Bridgehampton polo is exclusive (read: expensive) even for the sport: To keep teams within each tournament evenly matched, each player has a rating, or handicap, from 1 to 10. Each tournament also has a handicap—the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge is a 20-goal tournament, which means the total of the four players' ratings on a team equals 20. There are only two higher-ranked tournaments—26-goal—in the country: the U.S. Open in Wellington, Florida, and the Gold Cup, which newsprint baron Peter Brant has lured to the Greenwich Polo Club, one of the clubs he owns, in September.

It was Brant, the co-owner of *Interview* magazine and husband of model Stephanie Seymour, who started White Birch in the eighties and in the early nineties launched the Bridgehampton Polo Club along with his childhood friend Neil Hirsch, a financier. They were, they say, simply trying to find a place near their weekend homes to play the game. Companies like Sony Cierge, RFR/Davis, and, of course, Mercedes-Benz are among the tournaments's sponsors, but corporate support does little to offset the fact that there is no such thing as a profit margin in American polo. The $400,000 in sponsor and team-entry fees per tournament goes entirely toward equipment rentals and the upkeep of the meticulously manicured grounds.

The fields, of course, aren't the only thing worth looking at: "To me, the players are all artists on horses," says fashion designer Gabriele Sanders, who comes to every Bridgehampton game. "And the sport *is* dominated by attractive men," she adds. "Anybody will enjoy eye candy."





HORSING AROUND: Left, the girls of polo; right, 10-goaler Mariano Aguerre; below, White Birch at a trophy ceremony.

“We’d be playing a game and there would be women coming around **AT HALFTIME, GIRLS IN HEELS, THEIR MANOLOS SINKING INTO THE GROUND, AND I WAS LIKE,** ‘Excuse me, we’re playing here.’ ”

Susan Oliver Whitney, a member of the Greenwich Polo Club, may be the ultimate polo fan. The sport, she says, has enthralled generations of her family, starting with ancestor Harry Payne Whitney. Every summer weekend, she travels to Greenwich or to Bridgehampton to root for White Birch—that is, if she's not watching a game in Newport. In the winter, you can find her at the Polo Masters on snow in Megève, France.

"It's *very* sexy," she says. "It gets under your skin. The horses and the men kind of synthesize themselves together—a strong horse and a sexy player, that's quite a combo."

"It used to be Brazilian girls," says model-of-the moment Molly Sims. "Now it's Argentine polo guys."

MERCEDES-BENZ
POLO TEAM

PLAY TIME: Agustin Merlos of the Mercedes-Benz team in front of his trailer before a game.

WHEN ASHLEY SCHIFF, A 1-goal *patron* and one of the few women in the sport, first brought Nacho to the Hamptons four summers ago, he instantly became the ultimate party "get." He was famous for the way he elegantly draped the sleeves of his sweater around his neck, not to mention his perfectly grown-out wavy locks and cowboy stubble. "We'd be playing a game and there would be women coming around at halftime, girls in heels, their Manolos sinking into the ground," says Schiff. "And I was like, *'Excuse me,* we're playing here.' "

Since then, the cult of Nacho has only blossomed. "He is the Brad Pitt and Tom Cruise of the polo world," says *Hamptons* society editor R. Couri Hay. "He draws you into the sport like other players don't. He's become *the* face of the sport in the Hamptons. Not Neil or Peter. How often do you want to see them with their shirts off?"

The next summer he played with Schiff on her Park Strategies team, sponsored by her friend, former senator Al D'Amato, who took over one of the tailgate tents at the game. "Nacho met the governor and Libby," Schiff says. She remembers bringing Nacho to work one day. "I was in the back," she says. "He had to walk through the entire office, and suddenly, no one—men or women—was talking. There was silence."

After meeting Nacho at a dinner party, Bruce Weber shot him for a Ralph Lauren ad with Penélope Cruz. (He's the guy in the tux twirling Cruz in the rain in the Glamourous perfume campaign.) Warrington Gillet, who has been filming at the games for *EQ*, an equestrian-themed TV pilot, was equally impressed. "I've heard five girls say they're in love with Nacho," he notes, "and five guys say the same thing."

The fact that Nacho doesn't seem to go anywhere without his 2½-year-old son, Hilario—his Mini-Me with a complementary shag haircut—only seems to give his fans new strategies for getting close to him. "Um, see that baby over there?" says a woman gesturing toward the tiny bundle her husband is carrying as she approaches a sweaty and mud-splattered Nacho. "She *really* wants her picture taken with you." Delfina Blaquier, Nacho's blonde model girlfriend (and Hilario's mom), who is always conveniently nearby at times like these, laughs at the excuse.

"I am used to it," Delfina says with a sigh.

Last Saturday, a group of girls standing by the entrance of the polo grounds confessed they missed their exit on the L.I.E. the week before because they were too busy swooning over Nacho's performance that afternoon. "We made a verb out of it—we said we were 'Nachoed,' " says a blonde in a ruffled tank top. "And now instead of Manorville—because that's where we were—we call it Nachoville."

SOME PEOPLE DESCRIBE POLO AS HOCKEY ON horseback. Each team has four players, one of whom is the *patron*. The player with the highest rating acts as the quarterback to set the strategy. Over the course of six chukkers—as the game's seven-minute periods are called—players attempt to score by hitting a plastic ball, the size of a baseball, through the goalposts. Riders can bump another horse but only when riding parallel to the bumpee; fouls are called constantly for crossing the "line of the ball"—essentially the middle line of a freeway. Players must "drive" with the ball to their right at all times to prevent collisions.

"Great polo players can see several moves ahead," says Schiff. "They know where the ball is going to end up and they can be there. They can size up weaknesses and strengths of the other team very quickly."

"It's about mental toughness," says Adam Snow, a 9-goal American player. "Polo's a frenetic, dangerous game, and the ability to be calm in the middle of the storm differentiates you from everybody else." Players also need to be Dr. Dolittles who can sense when their horses are tired and need to be replaced. Managing the grooms who travel with you and pamper your mounts is also a key game skill. "You're not only a playing athlete," says Peter Brant, who was at one time the highest-rated amateur player, with a 7-goal rating, "you're coordinating a team of people who take care of what you're going to perform on."

OCCASIONALLY, POLO PLAYERS GRAVITATE TOward the sport on their own. But most professionals—that is to say most Argentines, as most professional polo players are from Argentina—come from polo families that handed them mallets as soon as they started to walk. Russell McCall, the *patron* of the New Bridge team, was a little older when his obsession with the game took hold: He was 52. Now, at 57, after making his fortune in wine and gourmet-food distribution in the South, he's trying his hand at his first 20-goal tournament. To practice, he's carved a polo field in the middle of his vineyard on the North Fork and has hired Matias Magrini, an 8-goal player, to lead his team. "I lived all my life on a farm in Argentina," says Magrini, standing in the middle of the practice field, bordered by Pinot Noir vines on one side and Merlot on the other. "Here is like paradise for me." It is also paradise for McCall, who "feels a thrill" just being around guys like Magrini. "It's a later-in-life enjoyment," he notes.

After a round of *mate*, McCall, Magrini, and the two other members of the Newbridge team, Francisco Bilbao and Federico Von Wernich, take a set of horses out of the makeshift stables covered by a blue-and-white circus tent, to play a practice chukker. McCall is the only one whose helmet has a built-in metal face mask. "Russell!" yells Magrini after McCall crosses the line of the ball. "Why you pass over?!"

"Well, I was . . .," McCall tries.

"You do like *this!*" says Magrini, demonstrating a sideways maneuver. "Then you don't touch the ball, but he doesn't touch it either." When the chukker is over, Magrini comes trotting in and switches to a second horse by jumping from one to the other without touching the ground. McCall watches him, momentarily transfixed, then gets down from his ride and plants his foot in the stirrup of the second one, pulling himself over the top.

"Next year," he says.

LIKE ROCK STARS, polo players have bad-boy reputations, deserved or not. They always travel with a posse (true), **THEY ARE ALWAYS LATE (MOSTLY TRUE), AND THEY HAVE A HEALTHY SENSE OF THEIR OWN APPEAL (TOO TRUE).**

AGUSTIN MERLOS, 25, A 7-GOAL PLAYER KNOWN as Tincho, is part of a polo dynasty. His father made the rare jump from a groom to a player with a 9-goal handicap and two wins at the prestigious Argentine Open to his credit. Tincho's older brothers Sebastian, 29, and Pite, 33, are both 10-goalers (there are only twelve 10-goalers in the world). The brothers are all playing in Bridgehampton now. Tincho is playing with Sebastian on the Mercedes team—Michael Caruso, the local dealer, is the *patron*—and Pite is playing for Lechuza Caracas.

When players arrive in a town, it's as if they were secret agents handed a new identity. "We just come and we start living," Tincho says. "Where are the horses? And we go." They are given keys to a new house, a cell phone, and a car to drive (for his Bridgehampton life, Tincho gets to tool around in a black Mercedes SUV). Usually, they find a new set of groupies to entertain them as well. "There are more fans here because they've never seen polo before. They look at the guys and get horny," Tincho says. "Just kidding." Sort of.

On a Saturday night at the Star Room, this year's nightspot of choice, Tincho gets briefly detained by a gaggle of girls just a few feet from the entrance before he has a chance to survey the scene. "I've been going out like crazy since I was 16, I promise you," he says. "When I turned 22, my brothers said, 'You've been going out, now think about your future. Polo player or night man?' "

This past year, he's been to California, England, and Florida for the winter season, where he played for Tommy Lee Jones's San Saba team. One day, he recalls, Jones was in the tack room when he walked by: "He goes, '*Agustin!*'—he likes to talk to me in Spanish—'have you ever seen the movie *Men in Black*?' I said, 'Yes. I love that movie.' 'Have you noticed we wear these glasses?' 'Yes, you wear them when you activate the neuralizer.' 'Okay,' he said, 'I give you these glasses. These are the glasses I used to film *Men in Black II*.' I told him, 'What, are you going to neuralize me now?' "

For a polo player, being charming is something of a job requirement. You're essentially an athlete-for-hire, and although *patrons* must choose players by their handicaps, being sociable doesn't hurt your résumé. While players get access to borrowed luxury, *patrons* get to pal around with guys who are inevitably a lot cooler than they are.

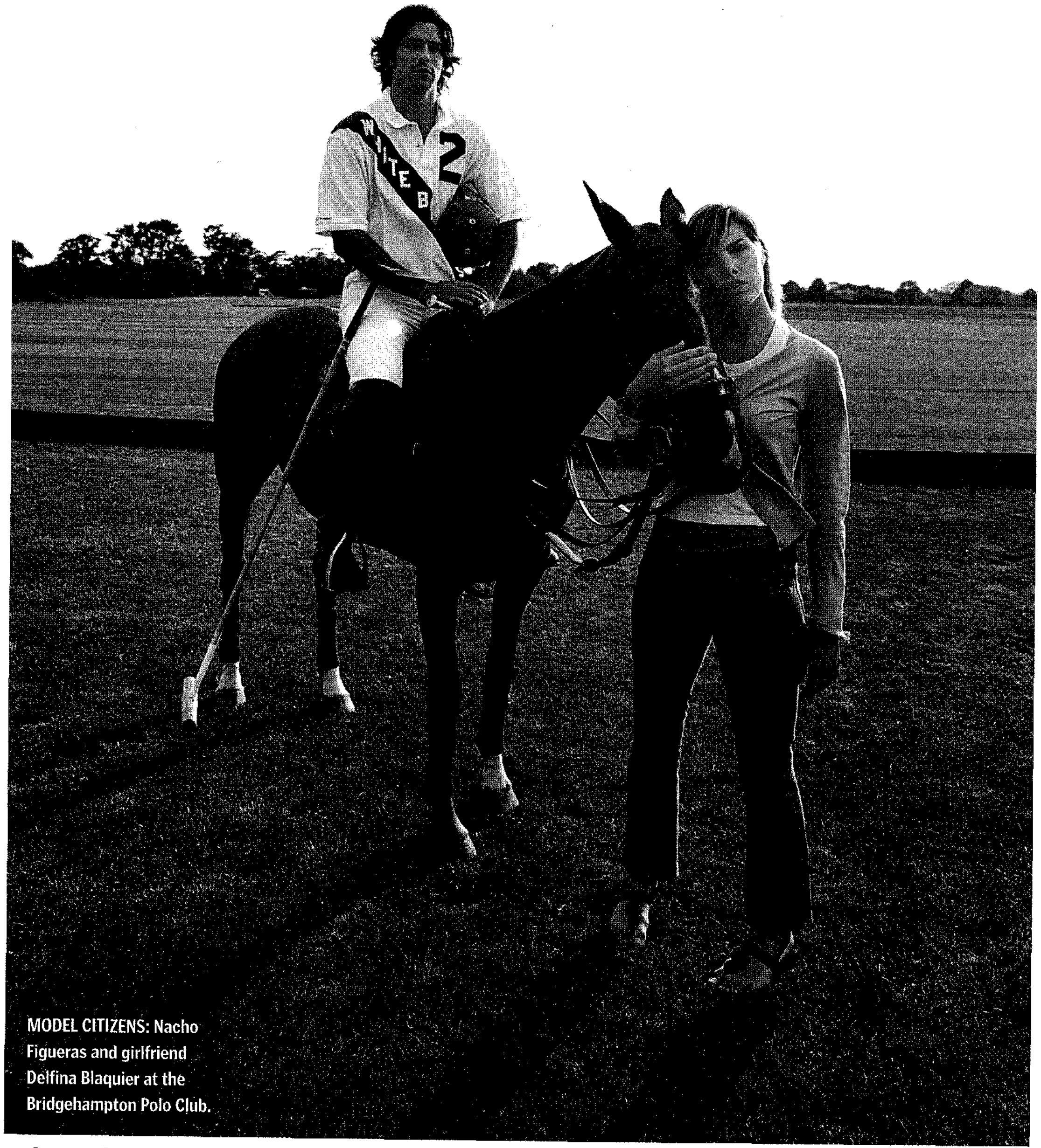
Tincho's boss in Bridgehampton, Mike Caruso, regularly hosts team dinners, and attendance is unofficially required. (As are the occasional polo lessons for his friends.) On a recent Sunday evening, Peter Brant hosted a beach-party barbecue in Sagaponack where the players mixed with his pals, including Robert De Niro.

Still, Tincho is trying to strike a balance between living the polo lifestyle and concentrating on his game. "Look at my arms," he says, pushing up his sleeve. If you saw me walking down the street, you'd say 'wiry.' Basketball players must be tall. For rugby, you need to be big. For polo, thin, not too tall. Light, not fat. Big hands. A lot of strength, but not muscle." At dinner, he drinks half of his Corona. When his chef's salad arrives, he stares at his plate, picks up a hunk of turkey, then a hunk of cheese, and smells them both. He transfers the bulk of the ingredients onto a separate plate and ends up with a green salad. "I have not had an egg in four years," he says proudly.

But the quest to improve one's handicap entails more than just a carb-free diet. It's a much-bemoaned Catch-22: you need the salary of a 10-goal player to afford the best horses (the best players own their own), but you need to *ride* the best horses in order to improve your game and earn a 10-goal rating. The Merlos family breeds polo ponies, and supplies Tincho with most of his at a healthy discount, but the desire for new and better mounts is insatiable. Normally, players change horses after each chukker, and for a 20-goal tournament they keep ten horses to rotate through. "You win in the stables," Tincho says. "If you're good and you don't have a good horse, it doesn't matter," he says. "You'll never get to the ball."

VICTOR VARGUS, *PATRON* OF THE LECHUZA Caracas team, owns 200 polo ponies as well as the yacht *Aspiration*, which is currently anchored in the Sag Harbor marina. At the moment, Vargus, whose full head of black hair makes him look considerably younger than his 50 years, is sipping mineral water in the boat's beige sitting room. He's dressed in a white shirt and white shorts with a light-blue sweater draped over his shoulders. A purple orchid is in a pot on the coffee table—it feels as if Alexis Carrington might walk through the sliding doors at any moment.

Vargus makes his money from a bank, two oil wells, and a handful of insurance companies in Central America—and polo is how he spends it. "A pony for high-goal polo means $50,000," he says. "The best one could be in the range of $100,000. *And* the horses change in life," he continues, sitting forward on the beige couch, "like people. Maybe you sold a horse five years ago, then you see the horse again years later and the horse is *better.* You try to get it back for double or triple what you sold it for!" he says, shaking his head. In addition to his horses, Vargas keeps 33 people on the payroll to run his team, including Pite Merlos, whom he calls his worldwide polo director.



MODEL CITIZENS: Nacho Figueras and girlfriend Delfina Blaquier at the Bridgehampton Polo Club.

Polo is the only professional game in which any well-funded amateur can crash the party. Even if you are a relatively unathletic zhlub, it is possible to put together the best team money can buy—and then play on it. Imagine the Yankees with George Steinbrenner in right field.

As he sits on his waterfront Watermill veranda chain-smoking, Neil Hirsch fingers his silver Zippo, engraved with the roster of a team he put together for the World Cup in 1996: Hirsch, plus Mariano Aguerre, Bautista Heguy, and Adolfo Cambiaso, three of the best players in the world. "Heguy and Cambiaso can go the whole length of the field hitting the ball in the air with the mallet and never letting it touch the ground," he says, sounding almost like a groupie himself. "It's like a guy getting to play golf with Tiger Woods."

Hirsch usually plays on Brant's White Birch, but he took a mallet to the forearm in a June match and is mournfully sitting out the season. He acknowledges that for its middle-aged *patrons,* polo can be more than a little risky. "You've got to be a little crazy to play the sport. My friends tell me I have more balls than brains," he says. "They say golf is addictive, but to me polo is much more addictive than golf. There's a saying: 'The only way to get out of polo is to die or go broke.' "

LADIES OF THE HAMPTONS WHO STILL HOPE to wine and dine the crew in town for the tournament are, unfortunately, a little late. They're likely to be stymied by the determined presence of girlfriends or wives and mallet-wielding toddlers. Almost all of the players now bring their families along on their jobs. Tatiana Pieres, 22, married Mariano Aguerre a year and a half ago. She's the daughter of polo legend Gonzalo Pieres, with whom Aguerre used to play. "I've never stayed in one place longer than four months," says Pieres. At the moment, she is seven months pregnant. When the baby is born in October, she, too, will come along for the ride.

That is not to say there were no wild times in recent memory—the raging 21st birthday party Hirsch threw for Nacho in Wellington, near Palm Beach, still gets talked about, as well as the fact that Nacho and Rita Schrager, Ian's ex-wife, were seen together all over the Hamptons and even at Manhattan fund-raisers. His on-again/off-again relationship with Delfina, whom he didn't marry even when Hilario was on the way, got some ink in the Argentine tabloids.

Just like rock stars, polo players have bad-boy reputations, deserved or not. They always travel with a posse (true), they are always late (mostly true), and they seem to have a healthy sense of their own appeal (too true). "They come up to girls and say, 'I'm coming to your house tonight,' " says a female rider. "They're naughty." And there are plenty of willing partners to be naughty with: There's the polo equivalent of the mile-high club, called the 7-Up Club, whose members are ladies interested in bedding only 7-goalers and up.

While some girls go for ratings, others are attracted to what they assume must be in the players' bank accounts. They may be the only guys from Argentina making money right now, but most polo players are not exactly on

(continued on page 59)

WHAT MAKES BUDD RUN?

The latest dockside showdown between hoods and cops brings Budd Schulberg—whose *On the Waterfront* defined one era in New York and whose *What Makes Sammy Run?* defined another in Hollywood—back to the scene of the crimes.

By Mark Jacobson

A couple of months ago, the papers were full of the familiar suspects, the Gigantes and Gottis, the whole Genovese-Gambino crew. They were doing what they usually do at the waterfront, running their scams, their shakedowns. The Feds came in on cue, handing down their 68-count indictments, making busts, setting trial dates. This time, the waterfront would be cleaned up once and for all, the Feds said.

This is, of course, what cops like Dewey, Morgenthau, and Giuliani have always said about the waterfront, where the bad guys have included Lucky Luciano, Johnny "Cockeye" Dunn, Tough Tony Anastasia, Mickey Bowers, King Joe Ryan, and any number of Westies, who liked to do "the Houdini," in which they disappeared bodies into the Hudson currents, the hands and feet never to be seen again except by little old lady beachcombers on Sandy Hook.

"Fifty years later, and it's the same," notes Budd Schulberg, who wrote the book—or at least the movie—*On the Waterfront*, which includes a young, beautiful Marlon Brando in a taxi bemoaning the destiny of "a one-way ticket to Palookaville" when he could have had "class" and been "a contendah." Amused that the *Post* ran a photo of Lee J. Cobb, who played the crooked Johnny Friendly in the 1954 Oscar winner, alongside pictures of the real-life gangsters, Budd, who turned 88 last March, keeps up with the docks. "Something about the harbor, the transfer point between land and water," he says. "Things get lost, and found. The potential for thievery is endless."

On this particular sunny morning—more than 60 years since establishing the name Sammy Glick as an onomatopoeic synonym for sweaty, unchecked ambition in his all-time classic of Hollywood backbiting

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

STILL IN BUSINESS: Schulberg today, in Red Hook, Brooklyn.

What Makes Sammy Run?, 45 years beyond the prophetic political drama *A Face in the Crowd*—Budd arrives at Chelsea Piers looking his usual spiffy self. His once-dense boychik curls now snow-white but still amply covering his well-tanned head, Budd, fond of a nautical aspect, is attired in a natty green blazer and cream ascot, with neatly creased slacks to match. A recently repaired Achilles tendon has slowed his footwork somewhat, but he's coping stylishly, sporting a smart walnut walking stick with a gold-plated bird of prey at the knob. Father of two children in their early twenties, Budd, who doesn't need glasses to watch a prizefight, even from the upper rows, says he hears "okay," and still frets over making deadlines for $1,000 articles, is clearly a man who carries his punch into the late rounds.

Back in the early fifties, often in the inspiring company of Jesuit priest Father Corridan, who was waging a bare-knuckle crusade of the spirit to root out un-Christian malfeasance from the gangster "pistol" unions, Schulberg obsessively covered the waterfront, attending every session of Senator Estes Kefauver's hearings into criminal activities of the International Longshoremen's Association. This was before international cargo flights came to Idlewild Airport, before the invention of container shipping, back when 30,000 longshoremen manned 1,800 working piers, servicing 10,000 oceangoing boats a year, and everything was done by hand and hook—when New York was, as Lee J. Cobb says in the movie, "the fattest harbor in the world," where nothing went in or out "without us taking our cut."

"IT'S HARD TO CONCEIVE OF THE POWER the longshoremen had. Every time a ship came in, it was a drama," Schulberg says. "The payoffs were tremendous. Thousands, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS PER SHIPLOAD."

"It's hard to conceive of the power the ILA had. Every time a ship came in, it was a drama," Schulberg says, walking past the former site of Piers 54 to 62, where the Grace and U.S. Lines ships once docked. "They worked in gangs, a bunch of tough guys in undershirts. If a ship had perishable goods, they could let that stuff rot. The smell never went away. The payoffs were tremendous. Thousands, hundreds of thousands per shipload. This was the fifties! The union ran the shape-up, they said who could work, who couldn't, who'd make money, who wouldn't. ILA local 791, which had the piers from 14th Street to 23rd, was called the Mother Local. If you controlled 791, you controlled the West Side; if you controlled the West Side, you controlled the harbor—that meant you controlled the East Coast, the Atlantic, and everything else. Those were the stakes."

Our visit was the first time he'd really been over to the current sports-and-shopping-mall version of the Chelsea piers, Budd noted before heading for lunch at Moran's, the erstwhile bucket of blood where the Westies rolled the head of the shylock Ruby Stein down the bar like a bowling ball. Not that Chelsea Piers was that alien. People were obviously making money here, or trying. The desperate lure of lucre and identity, the violent striving, the flush of success, the nagging creep of conscience, the often failed attempt to salvage decency in a corrupt world—these had always been his core concerns, Budd acknowledges. Certainly the new Chelsea Piers, with its parade of Cadillac Escalades, was not devoid of these constants. Besides, there were memories here, even beyond the years spent with Father Corridan.

"Look! There's where my father worked," Budd says, peering at the series of giant photos that adorn the Piers walls. Beside a shot of the *Titanic* survivors disembarking at old Pier 54 was a shot of the building on West 26th Street that once housed Famous Players, the movie company founded by Adolf Zukor, a former penny-arcade operator on 14th Street. Before moving his family to Hollywood in 1918, where he would help start Paramount and become one of the original moguls, B. P. Schulberg, Budd's father, was Zukor's No. 1 guy, writing features for Fatty Arbuckle and the virginal Mary Pickford, whom B.P. would name "America's Sweetheart." (Pickford once gave Budd a fluffy blanket for his birthday.) Famous Players remains one of Budd's earliest memories: from the carriage ride down from the family apartment on Riverside Drive as a stammering young boy in his sailor suit, to the cigar smoke curling inside the former livery-stable studio, to the yellow-haired actress sobbing incomprehensibly on command. What struck him most, he says, was "how many people there were standing around in the dark watching so few in the light."

Not many around have as much past as Budd or remember it so well; he's a walking dossier of twentieth-century modernism. Watching a tourist boat glide down the Hudson, he recalls how in 1929, he and his family set sail from Pier 54 on a transatlantic voyage: "It wasn't so much fun because George Bancroft was with us. He was one of my father's biggest stars, a titan of the silent screen. He gave orders that his wife could only awaken him from naps by rubbing his cheeks with peach fuzz. You should have seen the send-off! We were mobbed everywhere. After he started to slip, he wanted a raise. My father said that wouldn't be possible, but he was willing to renew his contract at the same rate, $6,000 a week. George turned it down— $6,000 in the middle of the Depression.

PHOTOGRAPHS: PREVIOUS SPREAD, VII PHOTO; THIS PAGE, KOBAL COLLECTION; OPPOSITE PAGE, BETTMANN/CORBIS.

"He never really worked again," Budd remarks, noting his own father's unhappy demise. Once the old mogul employed Josef von Sternberg, Marlene Dietrich, Gloria Swanson, and the down-and-out Sergei Eisenstein—the auteur of *Battleship Potemkin* describing his idea for a movie set totally in a city of glass to young socialist Budd as the two whiled away an afternoon on a park bench. But B.P. gambled away all his money, dying "flat broke."

That was Hollywood, Budd says. Like the waterfront, it never changes. After writing *Sammy*, which exposed, not without tenderness, the messy *Glick-ish* Lower East Side striving behind the thin scrim of Hollywood's starry-eyed assimilation fantasy, Budd was more or less banished from tinseltown. It's not like he wasn't warned. B.P., while praising the book's "honesty," advised his son to destroy the novel, which would "mean the end of you in Hollywood."

Recently, however, Budd has been what he calls "a little warm of late." Some of this owes to his recent deal with Ben Stiller to finally turn *Sammy* into a feature. Stiller, whose recent work reveals special graspy insight to make him a perfect Sammy Glick, would also direct the picture.

BEARING WITNESS: Opposite page: Marlon Brando, center, flanked by Schulberg, right, and unidentified man on the set of *On the Waterfront* in 1954. Above, one-time Communist Party member Schulberg testifying as a friendly witness before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1951.

ALSO IN PLAY IN THE SLOW-MOTION PLAN TO make Budd Tinseltown's hottest 90-year-old is his Spike Lee project. Citing *A Face in the Crowd* as the major inspiration for *Bamboozled*, Lee dedicated the picture to Budd and asked him to take a bow in front of a packed preview house at the Ziegfeld Theater. At the time, Budd was writing a script for Lee about the 1936 Joe Louis–Max Schmeling fight. "Very excited" about the project, Lee often called Budd with suggestions. Recently, however, the frequency of Spike's calls have dwindled. Knowing this hot/cold cycle to be the fate of many a screenwriter, including the protagonist of his 1950 best-seller *The Disenchanted*, based on a trip to the winter carnival at Dartmouth with his great friend, the dissolute F. Scott Fitzgerald (whose Social Security card he keeps framed in his office), Budd is not surprised. With seven decades of "development" in the can, he's downgraded the Spike script from "expectant" to "hopeful."

Rolling with such punches is a key to Budd's longevity. At this rate, he figures, he might "last forever," a prospect he views with mixed feelings. A recent *Times* obituary of 95-year-old Billy Wilder, a longtime friend, was yet another reminder of how he's "relentlessly moved up the list of not yet dead." The obit recalled the time Budd dropped by the director's Beverly Hills house in the fifties: "Billy was very charming, the Viennese émigré's charm, then he looks at me and says, 'So?' He wondered if I was trying to get him to do a picture. Out there everything is business. I said no, I really just wanted to say hello. Wilder started screaming for his wife, Audrey, to come down. 'Budd just came over to say hello!' he yelled. He couldn't believe it. That's always been Hollywood to me."

But you don't live forever by staying home, so Budd gets around, mostly to boxing matches, such as the Mike Tyson–Lennox Lewis fight in Memphis. Traveling alone, Budd was in high journalist form, knocking back his usual impressive bevy of vodka tonics, his notepad (purloined from the Yale Club) ready, lest Iron Mike reiterate his promise to eat the childless Lewis's children or stomp the testicles of newsmen.

Later, following Tyson's defeat, we found ourselves on the deserted streets outside the arena, running (Budd gamely keeping up) after the lone cab still plying the area. The taxi, driven by a grizzled African-American gentleman, was a creaking Dodge of late-seventies vintage. "Sure," the driver said, he could take Budd to his outlying hotel. Whereupon eight other cab seekers, patois-speaking Lewis fans with Jamaican flags, arrived on the scene, stuffing themselves into the taxi. People were sitting on each other's laps, arms and legs sprouting in every direction, and in the middle, peering through the cracked window, was Budd, a big smile on his face. Later, he would pronounce the cab ride "one of the best" of his entire life.

A FEW DAYS AFTER VISITING CHELSEA Piers, Budd went over to the book party for Jack Newfield's recent memoir. He was, of course, treated as an honored guest, with any number of hardy perennial New York political and media notables—among them Fernando Ferrer, Jimmy Breslin, Al Sharpton, and Nick Pileggi—paying tribute. While accepting compliments gracefully, Budd says he finds such lionization "embarrassing . . . like I'm a museum piece." Besides, fame is full of land mines. Also at the party was Victor Navasky, editorial director of *The Nation* and author of *Naming Names*, the 1980 book about the McCarthy-era House Un-American Activities Committee inquiry into the Communist presence in Hollywood. The book is not easy on Budd, who, along with Elia Kazan, director of *Waterfront* and *Face in the Crowd*, appeared at the hearings as a "friendly witness"—i.e., he named names.

It is one more thing that doesn't change in 50 years, the hot button these hearings continue to push in the minds of the New York intelligentsia, especially the Jewish intelligentsia. These particular questions of conscience and loyalty, to both friends and ideals, raised by who did what at the hearings, will likely never be resolved. A wide-eyed delegate to the 1934 Soviet Writer's Congress in Moscow where he met Maxim Gorky and Andre Malraux among many others, Budd was a member of the Communist Party from 1936 to 1940. He initially fell out with his Hollywood comrades over the *Sammy* book. "There were several meetings to decide whether I would be allowed to write it," Budd recalls. "Finally, they said all right, but I'd have to submit the outline and subsequent chapters to John Howard Lawson, the party boss, for ideological review.

" 'I can't do that,' I told them. They said, 'You have to.' It was a strange situation. My father was telling me to abandon the book because I'm going to undermine Hollywood, and the Communists are telling me to abandon the book because it's too individualistic and not proletariat enough. Finally, I just got out, went back East." In the ensuing years, when he worked for the OSS gathering film evidence for the Nuremberg trials (personally serving a subpoena on Hitler's favorite filmmaker, Leni Riefenstahl), Schulberg, noting that every single one of the Soviet writers he'd met in 1934 including Bukharin, Isaac Babel, and Gorky himself had either been killed or disappeared, came to regard his former colleagues as representatives of a murderous system. Calling himself a "premature anti-Stalinist," he says this

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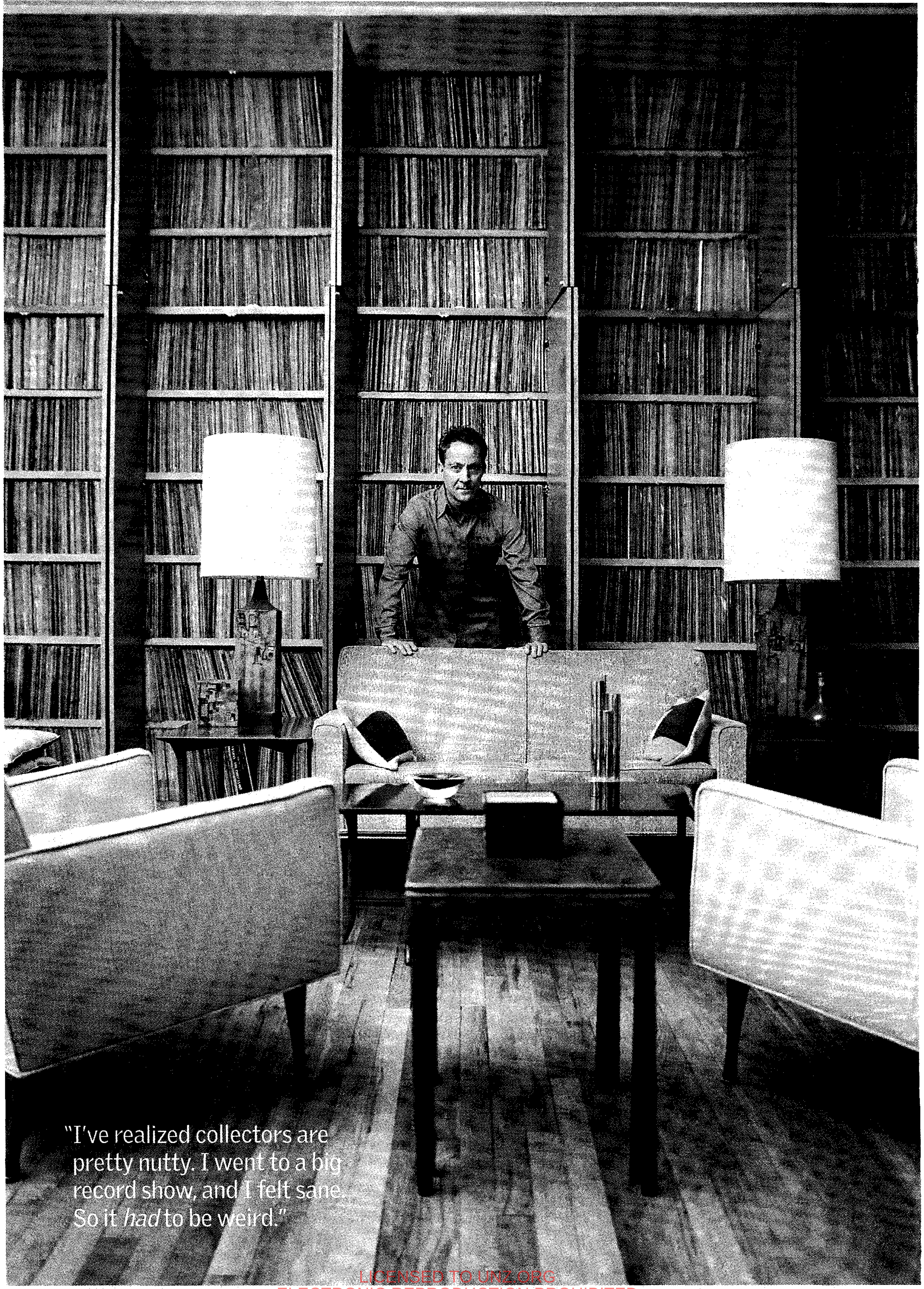


"I've realized collectors are pretty nutty. I went to a big record show, and I felt sane. So it *had* to be weird."

He may be a rock star, but the B-52's Fred Schneider's only addiction is to collecting: records, pottery, gooney birds. By extension, his Chelsea apartment is all high style and storage space. Welcome to his own private Idaho. By Wendy Goodman. Text by Amy Larocca.

B-Hive

the B-52's
HIGH FIDELITY
COSMIC THING
the B-52's

IT'S MORE OR LESS DE RIGUEUR FOR ROCK STARS to indulge in bad behavior on the road: drug binges, trashed hotel rooms, amateur porn adventures that end up on the Internet. But in the 25 years Fred Schneider's been touring with his band, the B-52's—delivering poppy dance anthems like "Rock Lobster" and "Love Shack" in his signature deadpan drawl—his most outrageous excesses have occurred in flea markets. "I never really got into drugs," says the plain-spoken post-punk icon over a cup of coffee and a piece of pie at Café Lebowitz one gray afternoon, "just pottery. Which is working out better for old age."

Schneider, 44, is a collector, with the kind of eclectic tastes one would expect of a guy whose band cavorts in fifties-on-acid suits (for the men) and mile-high bouffants (for the ladies). He's a thrift-store junkie who's intimate with flea markets from Detroit to Atlanta—and whose idea of the ultimate road-trip experience is the time in Chicago he got a complete set of Eva Zeisel china for $150: "I just went into this antique store, and they had a whole service for eight with a sort of atomic pattern on it."

But first, he collected vinyl. The floor-to-ceiling shelves that dominate his Chelsea apartment contain tens of thousands of LPs. "I can't even *guess* how many I've got now. I started collecting when I was 13," Schneider says. "When I got to college, I met my first real Record Nut—and started running his record store." There are duplicates, triplicates; there is something called *Here Come the Toilets,* which he can't mention without cracking a tight-lipped little grin. There is techno, house, bebop, punk. "I just try to listen to the opposite of whatever I'm working on. When I wrote the lyrics to my last album, it was really hard, punky lyrics and music, so I listened to stuff that was much more mellow."

Schneider's years on the road have also added up to a remarkable assemblage of twentieth-century pottery. He started with American greats, like Weller Coppertone, but soon found what would become the backbone of his collection: Italian pottery, Guido Gambone and Marcello Fantoni in particular. "It's very minimalist, but in very flamboyant colors, so I really got hooked on that,"

Opposite, Fred Schneider hides his records in cabinets because he doesn't like it when guests handle his collection—which they *always* want to do. "They're curious," he explains. The maple doors provide a minimalist backdrop for a couch and tables by Robsjohn Gibbings, which Schneider bought in San Francisco. He found the set of Fantoni lamps at **Mondo Cane** (143 West 22nd Street; 646-486-7616).

Above, from top, B-52's albums from 1980, 1989, and 1979. "We just did a show for our twenty-fifth anniversary," says Schneider. "It's not like an oldies review, because we're hot as hell and we *kick ass.*"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI

"I still use my record player that I bought while we were recording our first album. All I do is change the needle."

Right, the photo hiding behind the pottery—a collection of favorites—is the only one in the apartment: Schneider captured by bandmate Keith Strickland.

Below, Schneider got the set of Nelson bubble lamps (hanging above his dining nook) on tour. The table is by furniture designer **John Fisher** (by appointment, 718-418-6206), and the banquette is by architect Peter Himmelstein. The candlesticks are sixties Danish bought at **H55** (17 Little West 12th Street; 212-462-4559), and the fruit bowl is **Dansk** (a selection is available at Macy's, 151 West 34th Street; 212-695-4400).

he explains. Schneider changes what he puts on display pretty regularly. "You get sick of looking at stuff," he says. "I just went through everything and switched it all around. I try to do that twice a year." He also consigns and deals pottery all over the country. "I need to purge," he explains a little sheepishly. "It's a *lot*."

And there's more, like a growing collection of Scandinavian sterling-silver cuff links by Georg Jensen and Hans Hansen. "Oh, and books," he adds, "lots of good books. First editions. *The Wizard of Oz*, Edward Lear."

Although his official residence is the East Hampton house he is currently in the midst of renovating (heavy on the storage space, please), Schneider's New York address for the past twenty years has been this L-shaped Chelsea loft in a former ink factory. It's only about 1,100 square feet, and it's currently filled with boxes; Form and Function, the store at which Schneider had been consigning his pottery collection, recently closed, and he's been too busy recording both a new solo album and his thirteenth with the B-52's to clear everything out. The apartment—which has a tiny studio and one small bedroom, built out into the loft, like a little cottage, with windows that look onto the rest of the space—has taken many shapes over the years; the current incarnation was masterminded by architect Peter Himmelstein. "Every day I went there, I was introduced to a new corner of Americana," Himmelstein remembers. His task, of course, was to fit it all. "It was like designing a railroad car," the architect says. "We needed little compartments for everything." The solution took the shape of well-lit shelves and an attic, ingeniously carved over the kitchen and bathroom.

It's a good thing. "I have a few boxes of gooney birds," Schneider says. "They're from the thirties, and they're just really, really great. I have gooney-bird salt and pepper shakers." He stares ahead, expressionless, as if addled by keeping track of it all. "I'm a little obsessed."

SCHNEIDER'S CITY GUIDE

"My parameters are 23rd Street and Houston."

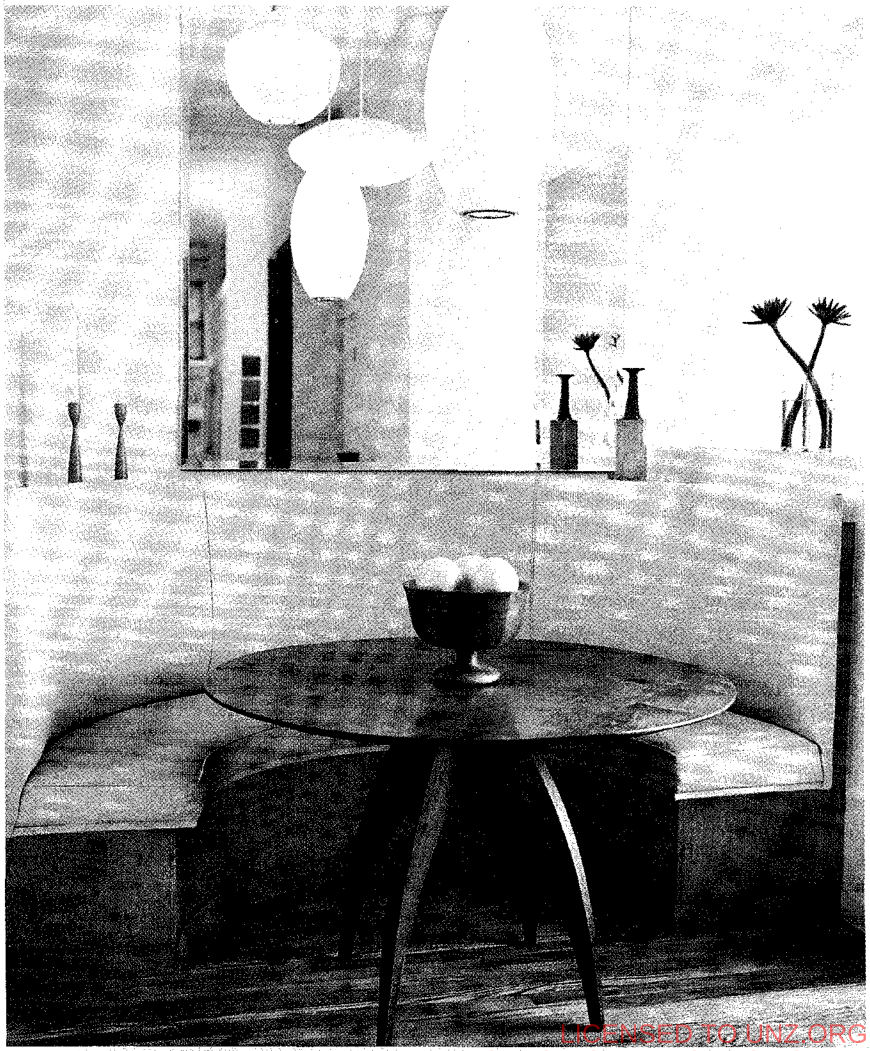
FOR THE RECORDS: "I used to buy them from **Academy Records** [12 West 18th Street; 212-242-3000], but now they've got mostly classical CDs, so I buy them from a guy on the street." Schneider chose not to disclose the record seller's favorite haunts, but if you walk the avenues of Chelsea on a sunny afternoon, you just might find him.

EATING OUT: "I like to eat breakfast and lunch at home, but for dinner I like **Le Zie** [172 Seventh Avenue, near 20th Street; 212-206-8686]."

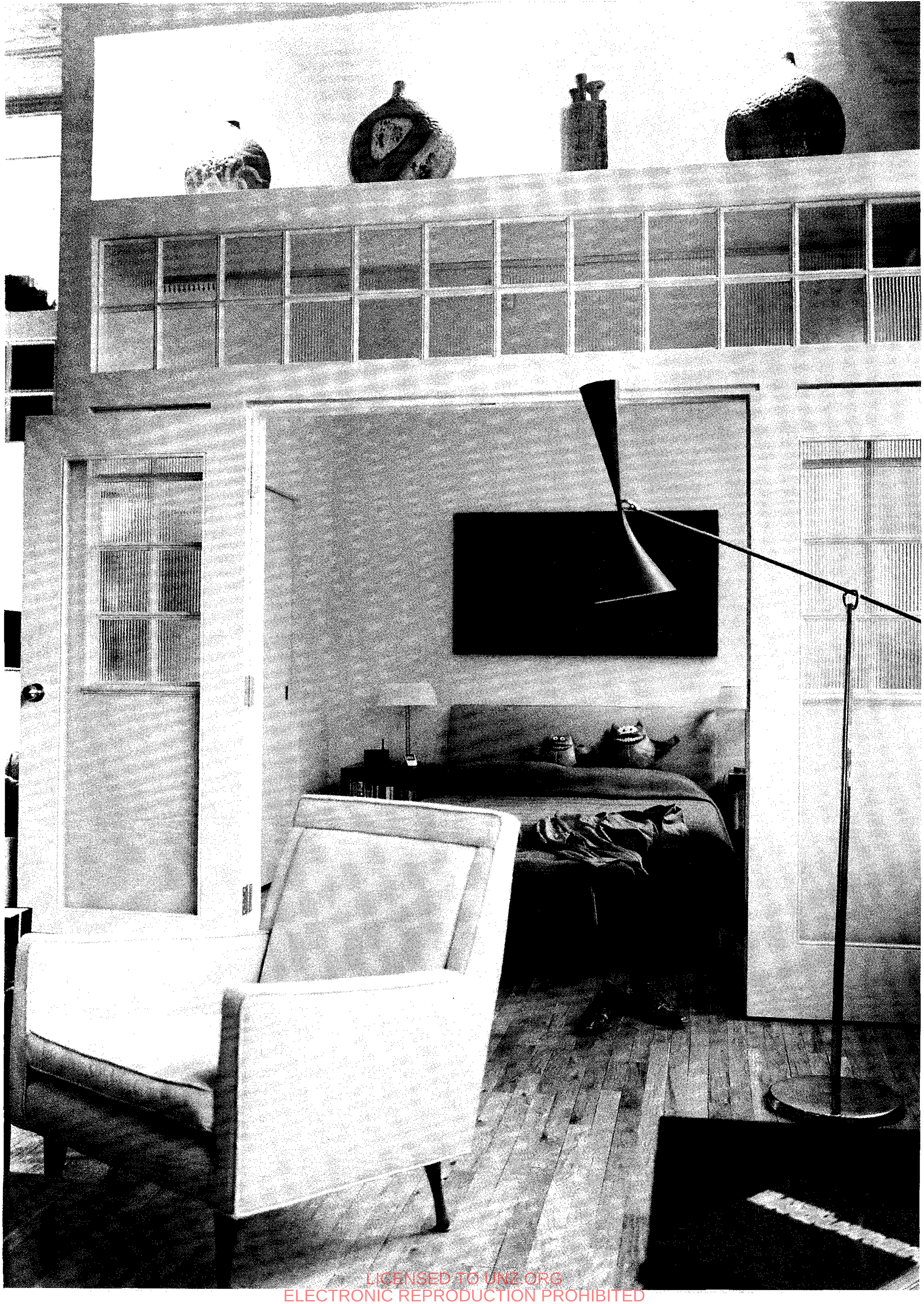
THRIFTY PLEASURES: "I used to go to the 26th Street flea market a lot—that's where I got most of my collection. But now it's pretty dried up. Which is good because I need to purge. But I really love **Housing Works** [157 East 23rd Street; 212-460-9410]. And the thrift stores in the Hamptons are good because everyone out there is into country junk, so I just buy up all the modern."

PERSONAL STYLING: "**Henry Duarte** [available at Barneys New York] made me five suits for a tour once, and that was great until the moths got them. I got a Teletubbies T-shirt not so long ago at a 14th Street discount store. I couldn't figure out why they made it in my size, so I bought it."

PLAYING HOST: "I like to throw dance parties like we used to have on the tour bus. But it's hard because if everybody's dancing, everything's got to get put away." ■



Opposite, a shelf along the top of the apartment showcases Schneider's pottery. Over the bed is a painting by Keith Haring; on it are two Naugies from **Upstairs Downtown** (12 West 19th Street; 212-989-8715). They're from the sixties, when naugahyde was developed, and were meant to make consumers cuddle up to the synthetic fabric. The white chair in the foreground is by Paul McCobb for **Widdicomb**, and the lamp is by **Arteluce** (a selection is available at R 20th Century, 82 Franklin Street; 212-343-7979).



BestBets

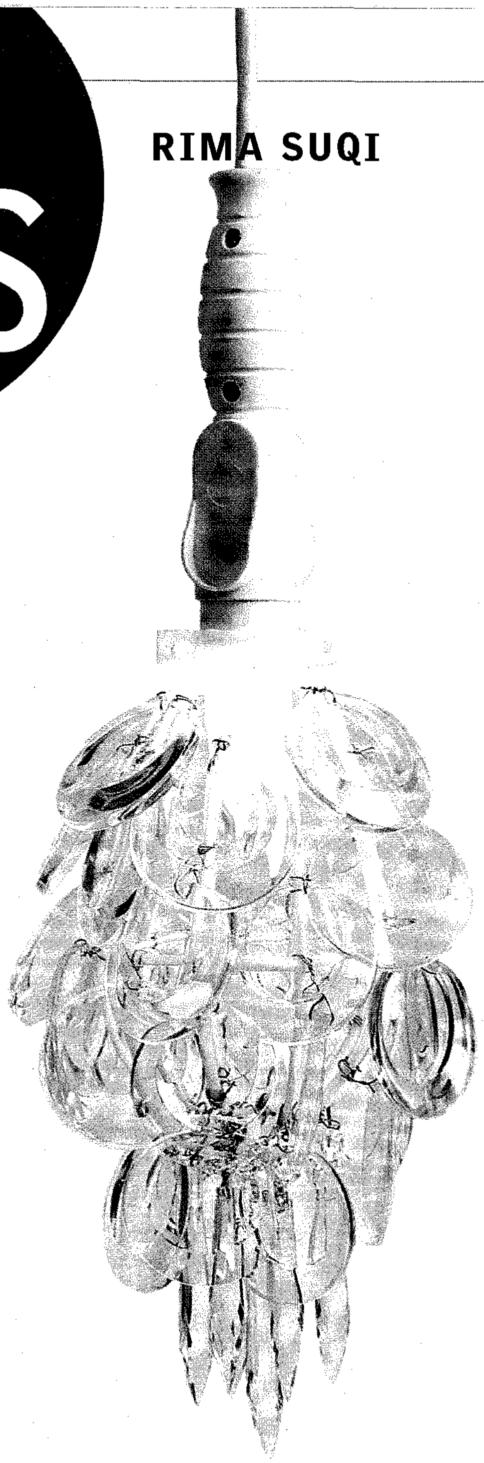
RIMA SUQI

String-Along

Beading could surpass knitting as the hobby-of-the-moment—and it's a lot easier to pick up. All you'll need to start is a "Notions" kit from French General, available in two sizes and six different colors. The small kit ($30) has ten notions and will make up to eight necklaces; the large ($45) has sixteen and will make twice as many.

► **FRENCH GENERAL**
35 Crosby Street/212-343-7474

35 Crosby Street
FRENCH GENERAL
New York, NY 10013
NOTIONS

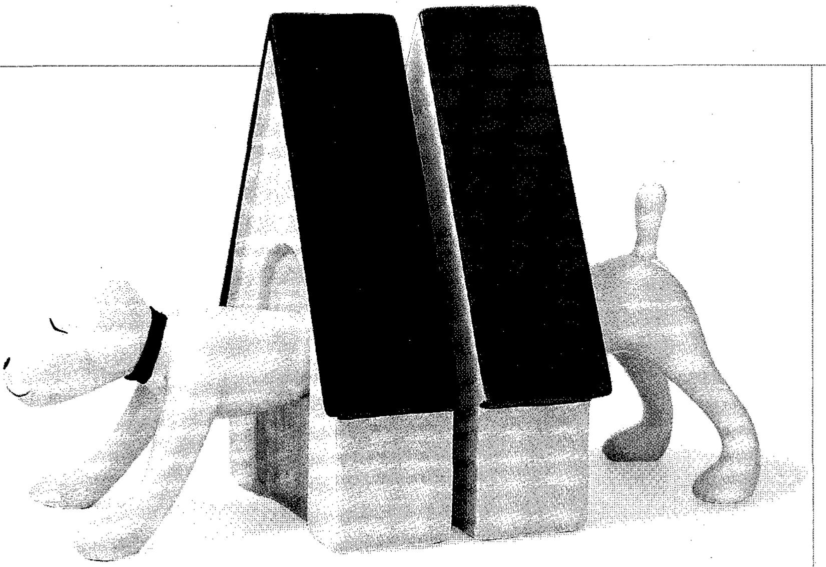


Go for Baroque

Designer Justin Giunta's intention with his new lamp was to blur the distinction between art and design, old and modern. And he's done just that. The base is made of industrial plastic, but it's carefully accessorized with old chandelier crystals that Giunta has found in his travels. The result is a refreshing move away from the superminimal styles of late ($300; $200 for sconce).

► **AUTO**
805 Washington Street/212-229-2292

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AIMÉE HERRING



Puppy Love

Yoshitomo Nara's famous sculpture "Dog From Your Childhood" has been re-interpreted by the Japanese artist for Bozart Toys. The resulting "Puppy Bookends" feature the same dog, now made of porcelain, nestled in his doghouse ($40).

► **NEW MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART**
583 Broadway, near Prince Street/212-219-1222

► **ALPHABETS**
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115 Avenue A/212-475-7250
47 Greenwich Avenue/212-229-2966

Runway Stars

The latest designer to get in on the sneaker game is John Varvatos, whose limited-edition series of two Converse classics just hit stores. The Varvatos-ized Chuck Taylor All Stars and Jack Purcells are available in two cottons, distressed leather, and felt, and should be on every guy's must-have list for fall. Prices range from $95 to $125.

► **JOHN VARVATOS**
149 Mercer Street/212-965-0700

Spice Things Up

Big on flavor but short on space? Soho Spices magnetic shakers are just the ticket. Buy them empty and fill them with spices or anything else, then stick them on any steel surface. No surface? No problem. Panels are available in three sizes. Five-pack "speed rack," shown, is $44, with stainless-steel rack.

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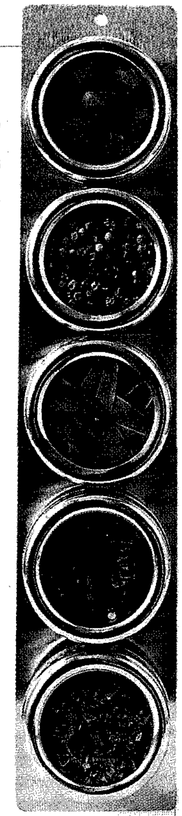

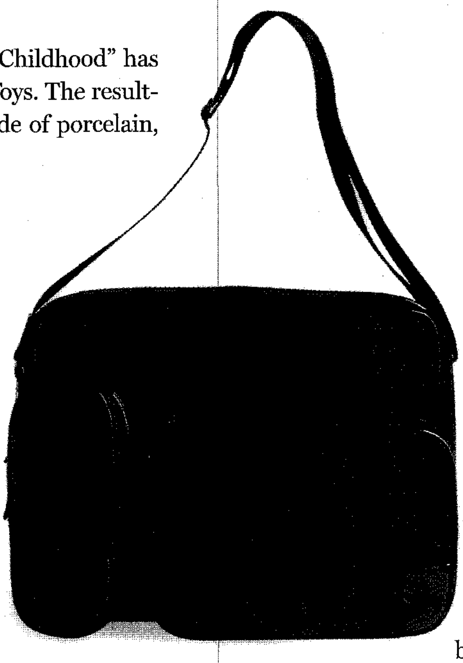

Mr. Mom

Dads often bemoan the diaper-bag dilemma: They want to help but don't want to carry a girly bag. Tumi to the rescue! Its new diaper bag looks like a messenger bag (black nylon with leather trim) but has all the standard features: interior mesh pockets and zippered compartments; a snap-out wet-dry pouch; and spaces for a bottle, a cell phone, credit cards, and pens. A changing pad fits into a back zippered panel ($325).

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SUPER BOWLS: From left, dog dishes by Melia, Rasco, Harry Barker, Family Pet Pride, and United Pet.

Doggy Style

Your pooch's dishes don't have to undermine your décor. Lead your dog to water, and drink to the coolness of these chic bowls.

THERE'S NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT for a dog in this hot and sticky weather than a bowl of water. When temperatures started rising, I realized Kiddo, my year-old Yorkshire terrier, was lapping up the water in his bowl faster than I could refill it. When I went looking for a larger bowl, I soon realized there were designs to match not only every breed but also—if home décor is your thing—every interior. For kooky, superfriendly Kiddo, I went with **Family Pet Pride**'s colorful jester design ($40 at Natural Pet). For a more froufrou pooch, try **Rasco**'s glossy painted bowl with regal gold detailing ($20 at Z-Spot). Is shabby chic more your aesthetic? Your golden will love **Melia**'s pastel yellow-and-blue bowl ($28 at Catoe & Bambu). **Harry Barker**'s simple white bowls ($15 at the Four Paws Club), inscribed with what your dog might be thinking but cannot say (HUNGRY, THIRSTY, FEED ME!), have a preppy look that perfectly matches Pottery Barn interiors—and sporty dogs like Jack Russells. I was surprised to find that *Über*-designer Philippe Starck hasn't created a pet line, but **United Pet**'s plastic two-bowls-in-one will fulfill any modernist's desires ($22.50 at the Four Paws Club). For dogs like boxers and bulldogs and owners with a soft spot for whip-snapping dominatrixes, **Family Pet Pride** offers a *faux*-studded-leather-collar bowl (not pictured, $40 at Doggie-Do and Pussycats, Too!). MARC S. MALKIN

Natural Pet, 238 Third Ave., near 20th St. (212-228-4848); Z-Spot, 965 Madison Ave., near 75th St. (212-472-4960); Catoe & Bambu, 417 W. 47th St. (212-713-1502); the Four Paws Club, 387 Bleecker St. (212-367-8265); Doggie-Do and Pussycats, Too!, 567 Third Ave., near 37th St. (212-661-9111).

Picks of the Week

Sales beginning Wednesday, August 14, through Tuesday, August 20.

Barneys New York's annual warehouse sale can get you designer men's, women's, and baby clothes, as well as home accessories, for 50 to 80 percent off. 255 W. 17th St. (212-450-8400); A.E., M.C., V.; 8/15 and 8/16 (8-9); 8/17-9/2 (Mon.-Fri. 10-9; Sat. and Sun. 10-7).

SEE's chic modern furniture from designers like Jasper Morrison, Karim Rashid, Philippe Starck, and others is up to 60 percent off ($20 to $4,000). 920 Broadway, near 20th St. (212-228-3600); A.E., M.C., V.; 8/17-9/2 (Mon.-Sat. 10-7; Sun. noon-6).

AS Parker's remodeling sale means all the company's sophisticated, casual men's and women's clothes are available for up to 80 percent off (men's suits that were $1,500 to $2,000 are now $399 to $499). 1001 Madison Ave., near 77th St. (212-794-6276); A.E., M.C., V.; 8/10-8/25 (11-7).

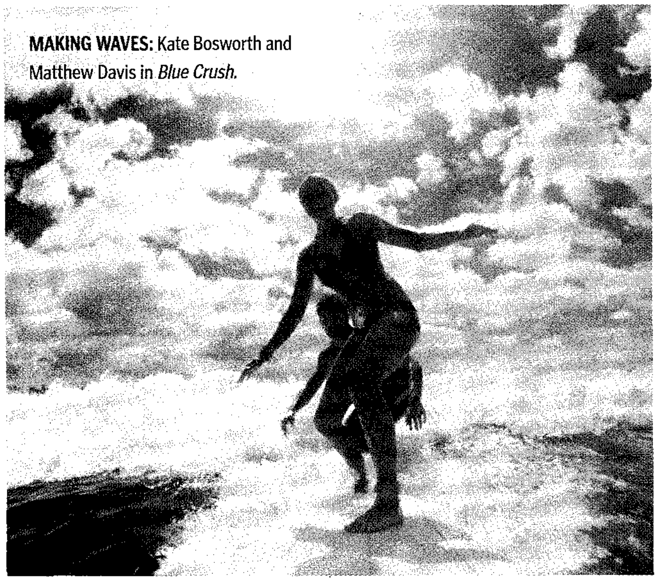
Betsey Johnson, the cool, cartwheeling fashion designer, is unloading some of her personal antiques at the East Hampton store. Snatch up chandeliers, bric-a-brac, furniture, and more; a small chandelier from the twenties is $150. 54 Park Pl., East Hampton (631-329-5797); A.E., M.C., V.; 8/16-9/2 (Mon.-Sat. 11-7; Sun. noon-6). ■

SALES ALERTS! Sign up for daily sales and bargains by e-mail. Go to nymetro.com/signup.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AIMÉE HERRING.

cue

A WEEKLY GUIDE TO CULTURE AND UPCOMING EVENTS • Edited by Christopher Bonanos



MAKING WAVES: Kate Bosworth and Matthew Davis in *Blue Crush.*

MOVIES

Blue Crush

A band of badass girls challenges the guys who dominate a big surfing competition. It's got serious potential for camp fun, in the manner of *Bring It On*—plus two hours' (and two genders') worth of toned, tanned bodies in motion. **(Opens August 16; see interview with star Kate Bosworth, page 50.)**

RESTAURANTS

Café St. Bart's Tuesday-Night Clambake

Somehow, chef Donna Hall has transplanted the traditional seafood-fest to the patio outside St. Bartholomew's—one of the few streetside restaurant spaces in town that's actually pleasant. Lobster, cherrystones, corn, fruit pies, and more, on Tuesdays through September 3—and the fixed price is only $35. **(109 East 50th Street; call 212-888-2664 to reserve.)**

NIGHTLIFE

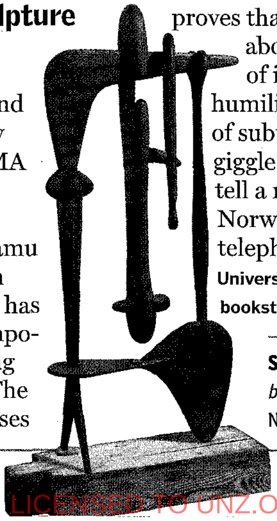
India.Arie in Bryant Park

The breakout R&B star will perform a free one-hour set following the premiere of the Trio cable network's *The Best of the 2002 New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival.* Amy Sedaris, the sly, smart writer and comic actress, emcees. **(August 14 at 7:30 P.M., Bryant Park; rain date, August 15.)**

ART

Noguchi: Sculpture and Nature

While you're wandering around Long Island City looking for MoMA QNS, be sure to make the short detour to the Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, which has also found a temporary home during *its* renovation. The latest show focuses on Noguchi's trademark modernist mixing of natural and man-made materials and forms. **(See listing, page 58.)**



SPEAK, MEMORY: *Remembrance* (1944), at the Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum.

THEATER

Beat: A Play on Words

Kelly Groves's tribute to Allen Ginsberg is set in 1957, at the time of the *Howl* obscenity trial. But here's the quirk that'll get uptowners down to the Fringe: Ginsberg is played by *Who's the Boss?* kid Danny (now Dan) Pintauro. **(Through August 25; see listing, page 55.)**

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Mostly Mozart

The orchestra's strike has been settled, and, perhaps to appease Mostly's distressed fans, there'll be two free concerts at Avery Fisher on August 20 and 21. Tickets will be given out at the box office starting on August 19 at 10 A.M.—get there early, as they'll likely be gone by lunchtime. **(See listing, page 72.)**

BOOKS

New York City Trees

The Parks Department's excellent field guide to more than 125 metro-area species proves that we're not all about asphalt. Think of it as a way to avoid humiliation at the hands of suburban pals who giggle when you can't tell a red oak from a Norway maple from a telephone pole. **(Columbia University Press; $17.95; in bookstores this week.)**

TOP five

Midnight Movies

Time warp, indeed: *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* still playscares audiences every weekend at the Village East. But it's not the only late-night party in town.

1. Landmark Sunshine

The East Village's best theater gets the midnight recipe just right: cult films that audiences can recite. Upcoming: *The Shining*, *The Big Lebowski*, and *Blue Velvet*. **(143 East Houston Street; 212-358-0573; $10.)**

2. Cinema Classics

Showing eclectic films in an intimate setting, this punky theater encourages you to drink and smoke as you watch anything from Smiths concert footage to Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*. **(332 East 11th Street; 212-677-5368; $6.)**

3. Sony Lincoln Square Imax

Is there any better way to see a blockbuster than on the largest screen in Manhattan? Having recently shown *Men in Black II* and *Austin Powers in Goldmember*, the theater's just switched to *Signs*. **(1998 Broadway, at 68th Street; 212-50-LOEWS, #638; $10.)**

4. The Screening Room

When *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* began showing at midnight, costumed *Hed*heads lined Canal Street, and John Cameron Mitchell signed everything thrust before him. *Everything*. Now playing: David Bowie's *The Hunger*, and *Stripped*, a docu about exotic dancers. Bring a Sharpie. **(54 Varick Street; 212-334-2100; $9.50.)**

5. Two Boots Pioneer Theater

This pizzeria-cum-indie house has run *Donnie Darko*, last year's twisted cult hit—think *Wizard of Oz* meets *Heathers*—since January, and the screaming crowds, inside jokes, and projectile popcorn lead us to believe that we've found *Rocky Horror*'s heir. As if it needed one. **(155 East 3rd Street; 212-254-3300; $8.50.)** BEN KAPLAN

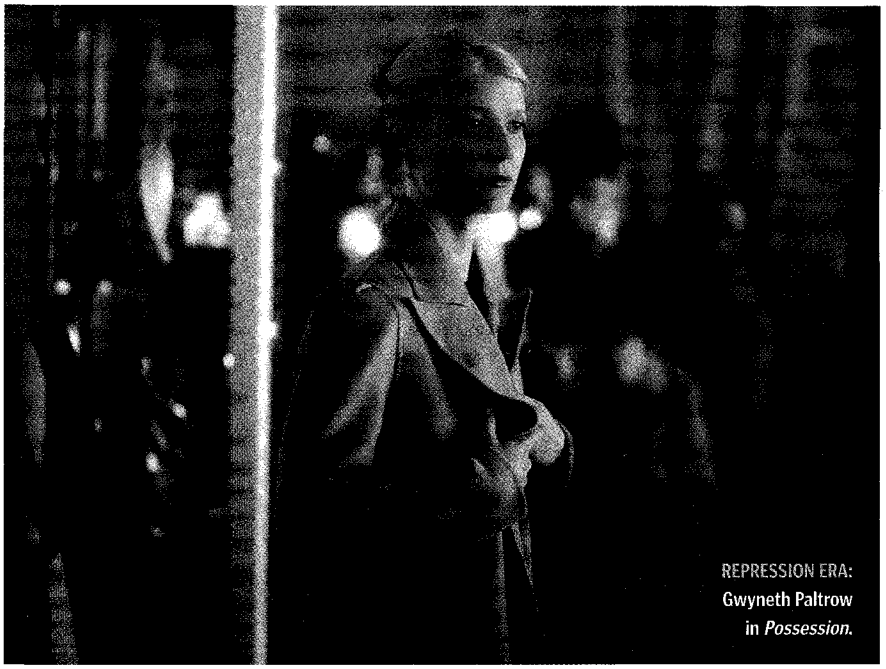
PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, UNIVERSAL STUDIOS; COURTESY OF THE ISAMU NOGUCHI FOUNDATION, INC.

PETER RAINER

Poetic License

The softer side of Neil LaBute, on display in the literary love story *Possession,* is not nearly as interesting; in *Blood Work,* Clint Eastwood keeps on ticking as an aging G-man.

FOR A MOVIE THAT PURPORTS TO be about the passions of love and language, **Possession** is remarkably prim. Neil LaBute, who directed from a script he co-wrote with Laura Jones and David Henry Hwang based on the celebrated 1990 A. S. Byatt novel, specializes in wretched people behaving wretchedly, so perhaps his new movie is intended as a total makeover. But, as *Nurse Betty* also demonstrated, whimsy and romance are not really in LaBute's range. Though wildly overrated, his aggressively misanthropic movies and plays, such as *In the Company of Men, Your Friends & Neighbors,* and *The Shape of Things*, at least held you. *Possession* piddles away as you're watching it.



REPRESSION ERA: Gwyneth Paltrow in *Possession.*

The film, like the novel, is a literary puzzle with parallel love stories. Roland Michell (Aaron Eckhart) is an American scholar in London on a fellowship to study the Victorian poet laureate Randolph Henry Ash (Jeremy Northam), a Robert Browning–ish figure who, despite his legendary love for his wife, is discovered by Roland to have been carrying on with a leading feminist poet of the day, Christabel LaMotte (Jennifer Ehle). (Both Ash and LaMotte are fictitious.) Maud Bailey (Gwyneth Paltrow) is the English academic who discovers, with Roland, a trove of love letters from Ash to LaMotte, and fans out across England with him piecing together clues. You can draw a straight line between the evolving passion of the Victorian lovebirds and their contemporary counterparts. We're meant to see how the Victorians, for all their repressions, were more in tune with eros than the modern-day lovers are.

But this comes across mainly because Northam and Ehle, who know how to be stylish and fired-up at the same time, are so much more interesting to watch than Paltrow and Eckhart, who never get a rhythm going. They're playing intellectual conceits rather than characters: He's the scruffy American, and she's the brittle Brit; they're so wrapped up in intellectual gamesmanship that they have lost the power to connect. (In the book, Roland was working-class English, which brought the class system into the mix.) LaBute may be kinder and gentler in *Possession,* but he's as schematic about human nature as ever.

Possession
Directed by Neil LaBute; starring Aaron Eckhart and Gwyneth Paltrow.

Blood Work
Directed by Clint Eastwood; starring Clint Eastwood and Jeff Daniels.

24 Hour Party People
Directed by Michael Winterbottom; starring Steve Coogan.
See Movies listings for details.

IN **Blood Work**, WHICH HE DIrected from a script by Brian Helgeland based on the Michael Connelly novel, Clint Eastwood has come up with a great way to camouflage the fact that he can't get around like he used to. He plays Terry McCaleb, an FBI profiler with a bum ticker who receives—get this—a heart transplant. Retired from duty, he lives on a boat in San Pedro Harbor, where the greatest danger to his health would appear to be boredom. Unlike other action stars, such as Stallone and Schwarzenegger, Eastwood doesn't downplay the effects of age. (Although women half his years still have eyes for him.) He retains his trademark snarl, his voice still rasps, and he can still handle a Magnum. But he's made frailty a part of his makeup now—he's the AARP action hero. Eastwood's current persona may be more of a commercial choice than an aesthetic one, but at least it has the grace of humility. When he sprints in *Blood Work,* he looks as winded as the last-place finisher in a marathon.

This doesn't mean that Eastwood's new film is marvelous. It's mostly a pro forma police procedural spiced by a baroque twist that Eastwood doesn't really know what to do with. It turns out that Terry's heart belonged to a murdered woman. Graciella, her sister (Wanda De Jesus), wants him to

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID APPLEBY.

track the killer and ends up romantically involved with Terry. The psychosexual ramifications of this pairing are so bizarre that you keep expecting the movie to make something out of them. But no: This is just another Hollywood valentine. Eastwood isn't just pre-Freudian; he's preconscious.

All this might have been embarrassing except that Eastwood's earnestness has its own stoic charm. There's something nutty but also heroic in how he plays this macho-man-with-the-heart-of-a-woman premise with a straight face. He doesn't act the clown, leaving that to others, notably Jeff Daniels, who plays Terry's neighbor in the boat docks and who gives a sly, goofy performance that recalls some of the smarter moments in *Dumb and Dumber*. He's a welcome counterbalance to Terry, who pops heart pills and often looks stricken enough to swoon. Eastwood might want to think about playing Camille next.

THE MANCHESTER MUSIC AND DANCE scene, from punk to post-punk to acid house, is the subject of Michael Winterbottom's **24 Hour Party People**, one of the sharpest and funniest movies about the music business ever made. Written by Frank Cottrell Boyce and extending from the late seventies to the early nineties, it covers the Sex Pistols and Joy Division, the founding of Factory Records and the Manchester dance club the Hacienda, as well as the ascendancy and crash dive of the group Happy Mondays. The impresario holding everything together is Tony Wilson (Steve Coogan), TV host and Factory co-founder, who continually turns to the camera and clues us in on what's happening. As Wilson moves through the years, he goes from a foppish Oscar Wilde hairdo to tie-dyed shirts and ruffled neckties until, in the end, he looks a lot like David Frost. He has a gyroscopic gift for steadying himself in the maelstrom. Winterbottom really gets the look and sound of this era in which pathos and slapstick and psychosis were all jammed together. Punk and the rave culture come across without a smidgen of moralizing, which makes the manic intoxication bubbling up before our eyes seem all the more real. It all had to end, of course, but the movie does justice to Wilson's plum observation that this was the "moment when even the white man starts dancing." ■

Peter Rainer's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/rainer.

Moonglow

Stanley Tucci and Edie Falco as ordinary lovers make for an extraordinary evening; *Harlem Song* is hollow at the Apollo.

GREAT WRITERS RECOGNIZE the extraordinary in the ordinary. So do some lesser ones, as Terrence McNally does in **Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune**. A waitress and a short-order cook have sex, bicker, and perhaps muddle through to something more lasting during a night when the moonlight through her Hell's Kitchen window mingles with Debussy's *Clair de Lune* on the radio. They have worked in the same hash house for some time before progressing to an ostensible one-night stand that may lead from the dark night of their souls to a perhaps brighter day.

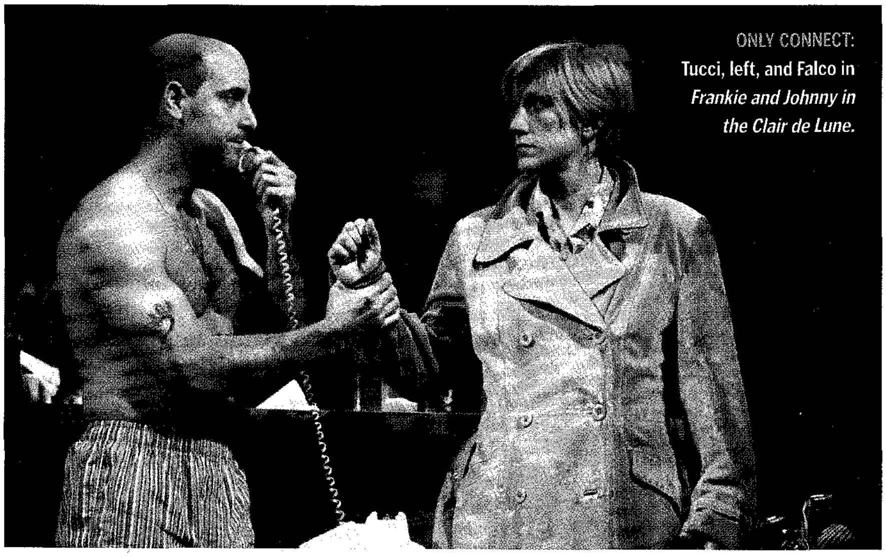
Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune
Revival of the play by Terrence McNally, directed by Joe Mantello; starring Stanley Tucci and Edie Falco.

Harlem Song
Historical revue conceived and staged by George C. Wolfe. See Theater listings for details.

Sondheim Celebration
Revival of *A Little Night Music*, at the Kennedy Center.

Both have come through far more downs than ups. His include a bad marriage and some jail time; hers, dashed aspirations to the stage and much casually abrading sex. Her eyes are dilated with the vision of horrible sameness; his are narrowed in a die-hard optimism. Johnny finds portents of hope in the tiniest coincidences; Frankie's gaze is often a few blinks ahead of tears. The pair manages some sustaining banter: hers mostly gallows, his largely gutter humor. He will make her love him in the face of her skepticism, disparagement, even her craving for a Western sandwich when he wants more lovemaking. And even if at a crucial point his organ does not rise to the occasion.

There is apt humor here and no less apt insight into the deviousnesses of the psyche. Above all, this two-character play, first seen in 1987, allows two fine actors to display their craft, their versatility, their humanity. It is absolutely right that Edie Falco and Stanley Tucci should look not the least bit glamorous or even actorish, with faces wearing nothing but experience by way of makeup. They brilliantly convey Johnny's last-ditch bluster in comic-touching conflict with Frankie's compulsive pessimism, as little flurries of laughter beat against an armor of deflation.



ONLY CONNECT: Tucci, left, and Falco in *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN MARCUS.

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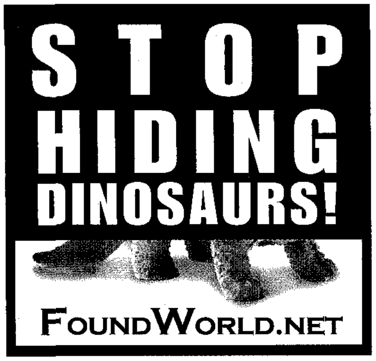
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No one can look more pervasively disillusioned than Edie Falco; nobody can, despite lapses into black hurt, summon up more bustling hopefulness than Stanley Tucci. Their expertly written and enacted thrashings make for Strindberg as rewritten by Neil Simon to nicely commercial effect. As tellingly directed by Joe Mantello on John Lee Beatty's endearingly ramshackle set, and balm-bestowingly lighted by Brian MacDevitt, this slice of life sprinkled with all sorts of spicy toppings proves surprisingly nourishing.

THE APOLLO THEATER MAY INDEED BE world-famous, but **Harlem Song**, the musical revue it commissioned from George C. Wolfe about its and Harlem's history, will add barely an iota to its fame. The quantity of Wolfe's ideas never was in question; only their quality. He can come up with lovely things like a one-woman show for Elaine Stritch or produce perfectly abysmal plays by . . . (you fill in the blank).

Despite its Apollonian name, what this theater specialized in was always the Dionysiac: the energy, the pizzazz begotten on the despair of social injustice. It provided performers with the shedding of any sense of discrimination or patronization, and allowed them to feel, rightly, famous and, in some instances, even world-famous. Like the love begotten on despair celebrated by lyric poets, this was feeling at its purest and strongest.

Harlem Song has no hunger behind it; it is motivated by its opposite. That does not mean that a show has to be in some way compensatory, but it stands to reason that to re-create an era of passionate ferment, satiety and self-satisfaction are a handicap. Or do you think that a 200-pound soprano can do justice to Puccini's consumptive Mimi?

This is a sequence of musical numbers interspersed not with comedy skits but with solemn slide projections of events, usually serious, of Harlem history, and talking heads of elderly men and women reminiscing about the good old bad old days. What they say is not always particularly gripping but is spoken with authority and gusto, and the speakers should not go unidentified until the end.

The musical numbers suffer from Ken Roberson's seamlessly derivative choreography, as also from Riccardo Hernández's mediocre scenery and Paul Tazewell's lushly pedestrian costumes. Only Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer's lighting does interesting things, but you cannot come out humming the lighting. The nineteen songs are either standards or near-standards by respectable creators (although in unthrilling orchestrations by Daryl Waters) or new tunes by Waters and the show's conductor, Zane Mark, with Wolfe lyrics, and definitely substandards.

The performers, including three quasi stars, are less than charismatic, and only a supporting player, Rosa Curry, caught my full attention. The worst thing is having disturbing historical slides cheapened by surrounding not-so-live live action. Even Japanese tourists on their Sunday gospel rounds are likely to turn up their noses at this schlock.

AFTER SO MANY HITS, THE LAW OF AVERAGES demanded a clinker from the Kennedy Center's Sondheim Celebration, and got it with **A Little Night Music**. Mark Brokaw, a fine play director, has less experience with musicals; John Carrafa's campy choreography proves unsuited here (how one misses Patricia Birch's charming dances for the 1973 Broadway premiere), and the gifted Derek McLane for once delivers an uninspired set design of large, flat, mushroom-like autumn trees that accord ill with the story's summer setting.

But the main problem is the casting. John Dossett's Egerman is a supporting player falling short of a lead—the lawyer's deliciously deflatable comic pompousness goes by the board; as the glamorous actress Desiree, Blair Brown exhibits a blowsy bloat verging on frumpiness. As her formidable mother, Barbara Bryne offers touring-company stuff. Sarah Uriarte Berry, as the child-wife, is more 12 than 18, whereas Kristen Bell, as the 14-year-old Fredrika, is much too mature and colorless. As the ferocious Carl-Magnus, Douglas Sills sings well but acts a blustering pushover; similarly well-sung, the Petra of Natascia Diaz is nowhere near sexy enough. Danny Gurwin provides a credible Henrik, and Randy Graff, as the unloved and sardonic Charlotte, is, as always, splendid. Bitter sarcasms drip from her tongue with the sweetness and smoothness of honey.

Especially annoying is the poorly choreographed chorus of five, also unwinningly cast, with one dumpy, croaking matron particularly painful. Jonathan Tunick's orchestrations remain masterly, and some of Michael Krass's costumes score. But Sondheim's infectious score (if not Hugh Wheeler's book, a series of opportunities missed or ignored from Ingmar Bergman's dazzling *Smiles of a Summer Night*) surely deserved a less stumbling production. ■

John Simon's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/simon.

ART MARK STEVENS

Deconstruction Zone

Reflections on the way things in New York City—from the skyline to the Museum of Modern Art's collection—have come apart, and on how they get put together.

SEPTEMBER 11 RENEWED THE modernist conviction that we live in an uncertain world of fragments. The skyline was shattered; a hole replaced a whole. Other comings-apart have further enhanced our sensation of the fragmentary. The grand design of globalization seems to have splintered, with the world once more becoming a puzzle of ill-fitting parts. Confidence in economic well-being has cracked along with the market. Respect for public figures has fallen, with CEOs, priests, and politicians transformed into so many Humpty-Dumpties who sat on the wall. Against such a backdrop, many public events—including art exhibitions—take on an unexpectedly symbolic cast.

MoMA QNS, for example, is today a fragment of the Museum of Modern Art—a disorienting but intriguing remnant of its earlier self. Traditionally, the museum, located in the heart of the prototypical modern city, has presented an imposing front to the world. Its perspective has been one of confident wholeness, as if MoMA alone could give full form to the varied and expansive story of modern art. There is little of that spirit in the former factory across the river where MoMA has taken temporary root. The museum lies in a part of Queens that seems to have no nucleus. The building itself, despite its renovation, is rather ordinary and lacks focus. The exhibits have an indistinct air. There is a show called "Tempo," a miscellany of contemporary works that address the theme of time. (Does anyone now know what time it is?) There are several beautifully designed automobiles on display in what resembles a showroom. (Does anyone have the keys?) There are photographs that Rudy Burckhardt took in Queens in the early forties that depict a peculiar, half-built city filled with gaps and rubble. (Does anyone know where the there is?)

MoMA QNS

New York: Capital of Photography
The Jewish Museum;
through 9/2.
See Art listings for details.

Even the permanent collection appears impermanent. It opens not with a grand statement but with a playful surrealist sculpture by Miró, *Moonbird,* that makes a virtue of whimsical shapelessness. In the actual presentation, there is a casual air. Nothing seems monumental. There is no powerful story line, no isolation of masterpieces. Some of the greatest works of modernism in the museum's collection, such as Picasso's *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,* appear almost stolen—that is, removed from their usual context and placed in a more slapdash environment. Who would have imagined that Picasso's prostitutes would one day end up on a street corner in Queens? Because of the open, free-flowing rooms and the lack of exhibition space, moreover, the art of the twentieth century appears compressed, with works from different eras and styles grouped closer together than would ordinarily be the case. Instead of a great narrative, there are playful strands of thought and unexpected links. A Richard Serra is not too far away from a Constantin Brancusi. A Matisse cutout faces a Pollock drip painting. The hope is to create passing sparks. Few would want the permanent collection to remain in this state forever, but the betwixt-and-between spirit of MoMA QNS is actually provocative—and probably a useful tonic for the institution. There is always a danger that MoMA will become staid and nannylike, forgetting that modernism itself was typically anything but reverential and pedantic. MoMA as it ages should retain a capacity for play. It should sometimes celebrate movement, the partial, and abrupt shifts of context.

SUM OF ITS PARTS: Andreas Feininger's *On the Staten Island Ferry Approaching Downtown Manhattan* (1940), on view at the Jewish Museum.

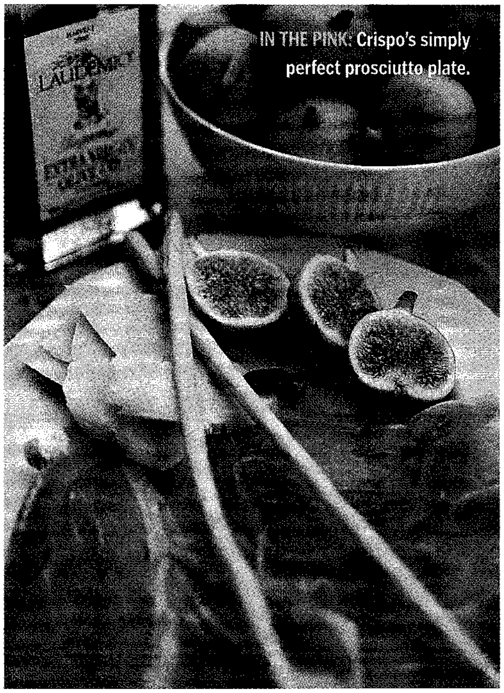
As it builds its new monument to modernism on 53rd Street, in other words, MoMA should retain a taste for the kind of city presented in **New York: Capital of Photography** at the Jewish Museum—a city in which nothing seems permanent. Organized by Max Kozloff, this lively show contains 100 well-selected images from the past century taken by both lesser-known and famous photographers, such as Alfred Stieglitz, Walker Evans, and Diane Arbus. But the names don't really matter. Here, the city seems to be (*continued on page 76*)

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREAS FEININGER/COURTESY OF THE JEWISH MUSEUM.

This Time, It's Personal

After two decades toiling away under the radar of New York's celebrity-chef circuit, the talented Frank Crispo has finally found a place to call his own. We just call it delicious.

YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW FRANK Crispo's name, but chances are, you've eaten his food. He's cooked around New York for twenty years or so, since graduating from the Culinary Institute and doing the obligatory tour of duty at La Côte Basque under Jean-Jacques Rachou. Unlike his peers (Charlie Palmer and Todd English among them), who went on to make their names and considerable fortunes on TV, best-seller lists, supermarket shelves—and occasionally, behind the stove—Crispo has kept a low profile, whether working invisibly as a consultant or earning good reviews and loyal customers at neighborhood trattorias like Andiamo! and Zeppole. In 1990, he teamed up with Palmer and Rick Moonen to open the ill-fated Chefs Cuisiniers Club, contrived to be the after-work hangout for chefs and their groupies that Blue Ribbon effortlessly became a couple years later.


IN THE PINK: Crispo's simply perfect prosciutto plate.

CCC was ahead of its time: The dining public had yet to develop unhealthy fixations on the Iron Chef, Nigella's sweater sets, and—thanks to Tony Bourdain—the unseemly side of mussels and brunch. But these days, anyone hungry for a brush with star-chefdom along with his fritto misto should head straight to West 14th Street, where Frank Crispo has reemerged to stake his eponymous claim, and where his many friends and colleagues—early birds like Claudia Fleming, Jimmy Bradley, and Barry Wine—have been dropping by to pay their respects and snack on prosciutto di San Daniele sliced with evident pride by the chef himself on a gorgeous, Ferrari-red hand-cranked machine.

Crispo
240 West 14th Street
(212-229-1818).

From its offbeat décor to its thumbprint logo, Crispo looks like a very personal undertaking—a shot at something more permanent than the next McBistro. Crispo spent a couple years painstakingly refurbishing the long, narrow room, and between the bare bulbs, the pine planked floor, the floral banquette, and the welded-steel doors, he's achieved a rough-hewn coziness, more tavern than trattoria. The service is of the generally deplored hello-my-name-is variety, but here, the young staff is so genuinely sweet and well-intentioned, they get away with it. By meal's end, thanks in part to prices as easy to take as Crispo's Italian-comfort-food menu, you may want to introduce yourself.

Excellent crusty bread sets the right tone, but restrain yourself—especially if the night's specials include grilled pizza. The margherita, our favorite, is charred and smoky, modestly dabbed with tangy tomato sauce, homemade mozzarella, and basil. Unexpected touches elevate the rest of the appetizers from prosaic to polished: pickled eggplant accompanies roast peppers and plump anchovies; fresh mint enlivens braised artichokes; herby onion-and-shallot dice sandwiched between thick slices of ripe beefsteak tomatoes and milky-sweet buffalo mozzarella invigorate that old chestnut. And calamari-and-clam fritti has a secret weapon—its scene-stealing pepper-cumin dipping sauce.

Pastas make hearty entrées or, as half-portions, ideal second courses. A strozzapreti special is delectably dressed with a meaty, flavorful Bolognese full of carrots and wild mushrooms. The Swiss-chard–ricotta tortelloni looked like raviolini to us, but with a confetti of oven-dried tomatoes this intense, we won't quibble. The lightly poached egg that arrives on top of terrific, seemingly creamless spaghetti carbonara leaks its unctuous yolk over strips of pancetta, slivered endive and parsley, and slick al dente noodles. The only thing missing is the shock of freshly ground pepper that the busboy happily provides.

Main courses have the Crispo thumbprint all over them. A pair of lamb chops, pounded thin and irresistibly breaded, is a nifty substitute for veal milanese. Pan-seared skate's lobster-like richness is offset by tarragon and grapefruit. Sliced hanger steak is as fork-tender as filet mignon, but packs a much more flavorful punch, and we love the buttery carrot-risotto cake that acts as a pedestal for this medium-rare work of art. To make it to dessert, you'll need the endurance of a Nathan's July 4 hot-dog-eating champion or the self-control of a Buddhist monk. If you do, go for the chocolate pot de crème served in a coffee-shop cup and saucer and harboring in its lush depths a buried treasure of macerated cherries. Crispo is something like that: a happy surprise, modestly presented, with a satisfyingly creative twist. ■

Crispo, dinner, Monday through Saturday, 6 P.M. to midnight. Appetizers, $5.75 to $9; entrées, $12.50 to $16.95. All major credit cards.

Sign up! Get our restaurant reviews early by e-mail at nymetro.com/signup.

The Underground Gourmet's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/restaurants.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

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A MEDIA CENTRAL/PRIMEDIA PUBLICATION

cue

Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

NEWTHISWEEK

The Adventures of Pluto Nash
The mob is after Eddie Murphy in this film about a nightclub owner who refuses to sell his lucrative juice joint. The gimmick? Eddie's hot spot is on the moon, and the year is 2087. With Rosario Dawson. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 8/16.

All My Loved Ones
A prosperous family of Czech Jews go about their lives while Hitler prepares to attack. Seen through the eyes of a young boy, one of 664 Jewish children saved by Englishman Nicholas Winton (Rupert Graves, in a cameo), the well-intentioned drama can't escape awkward performances and the episodic, predictable nature of its story. In Czech, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/16.

★ Blue Crush
Kate Bosworth plays a surfer who raises her younger sister as she prepares for the Pipeline surf classic. Directed by John (*crazy/beautiful*) Stockwell and filmed entirely on Hawaii's North Shore. With Michelle Rodriguez. (See box.) (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 8/16.

Box Head Revolution
Cheapo black-and-white science fiction about a young couple who head a revolution against a dictatorship in outer space. Directed by Mark Christensen. (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/21.

★ The Decalogue
Krzystof (*Blue; White; Red*) Kieslowski's epic is a series of stories based on the Ten Commandments. In Polish, with English subtitles, and screening as two-hour vignettes. (9 hrs. 41 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/16.

★ I'm Going Home
An aging actor (Michel Piccoli) tries to continue with his life and work after the sudden death of most of his family, in veteran Portuguese director Manoel de Oliveira's elliptical portrait of old age and remembrance. A strange but fascinating meditation on the nature of performance and the relentless passage of time. In French, with English subtitles. (See box.) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/14.

★ Mostly Martha
An obsessive chef (Martina Gedeck) finds her life unraveling when her young niece (Maxine Foerste) moves in, and an Italian (Sergio Castellitto) takes over her restaurant's kitchen. What might have been yet another trite, food-centric romantic comedy gains power and charm thanks to Gedeck's nuanced performance and Castellitto's always-welcome charismatic presence. In German, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) • Opens 8/16.

★ One Hour Photo
Sy (a genuinely creepy Robin Williams), a photo clerk with an unhealthy fondness for his favorite customers—Nina (Connie Nielsen) and her son Jake (Dylan Smith)—goes off the deep end when he suspects their happiness is a sham. Less moody psychological portrait and more psycho-thriller, the lovingly shot film is nevertheless an eerily intelligent genre exercise. (See box.) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) • Opens 8/21.

Possession
See Rainer, page 40. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 8/16.

REVIEWS BY BILGE EBIRI

MOON AND STARS: Rosario Dawson, Randy Quaid, and Eddie Murphy in *The Adventures of Pluto Nash.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE MCBROOM.

Now Playing

Austin Powers in Goldmember
Mike Myers is still a very funny man, but his Austin Powers doesn't get enough screen time in this third installment of the spoofy hit series. His other creations crowd the action, including a Dutch metallurgist named Goldmember who lost his genitalia in a smelting accident and, naturally, wants to take over the world. The film is basically a variety show for people who love potty jokes. (Rainer; 7/29/02) (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 17; 31; 32; 36; 40; 42; 43; 44; 45; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 55; 56; 57; 59; 61; 62; 64; 66; 68; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75.

Blood Work
Clint Eastwood directed and stars in this crime thriller in which he plays a retired FBI profiler who is given a heart transplant only to find himself on the trail of the killer of the woman whose heart he possesses. Eastwood plays this baroque premise straight—even when the murdered woman's sister ends up romancing the profiler. At least Eastwood doesn't deny the effects of aging on his action-hero persona; he has a touching frailty in the role. Jeff Daniels and Anjelica Huston have fine supporting turns. (Rainer; 8/19/02) (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 17; 20; 32; 42; 43; 45; 48; 50; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 59; 60; 61; 62; 64; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 75.

The Bourne Identity
Doug Liman directed this okay thriller about a CIA spy-assassin, played by Matt Damon. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) • 3; 16; 17; 29; 30; 42.

The Château
Two young, ignorant Americans, one white (Paul Rudd), one black (Romany Malco), inherit a huge French château, along with its large staff, leading to predictable cultural complications. This harmless trifle, shot on digital video, is engaging thanks mainly to Rudd's performance as a crunchy, clueless college boy. Co-starring Sylvie Testud. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) • 2; 38.

The Country Bears
Tepid, family-friendly puff, based on a Disneyworld attraction, about a band of country-music-singing bears who must be reunited in order to save a music hall from being torn down. (1 hr. 28 mins.; G) • 17; 43; 58; 72; 73; 75.

The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course
Wildlife personality Steve Irwin and wife Terri star as themselves in a fictional adventure about the two trying to save a crocodile. Fans of the *Animal Planet* TV show could conceivably find this amusing. Conceivably. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • 25.

Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood
Callie Khouri's frantic slapstick weepie features a gaggle of spirited actresses—including Sandra Bullock, Ellen Burstyn, Maggie Smith, Shirley Knight, and Fionnula Flanagan—and the yakety-yak quotient is off the charts. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) • 34.

★ The Fast Runner
A nearly three-hour Inuit movie, directed by Zacharias Kunuk, based on an ancient legend and shot in the Canadian Arctic. Heavy going, but it has at least one sequence—a naked man fleeing his attackers over spring sea ice—that is terrifyingly beautiful. (Rainer; 6/5/02) (2 hrs. 52 mins.; NR) • 6.

Full Frontal
Steven Soderbergh's super-low-budget movie was shot in eighteen days utilizing mostly digital video. It's about seven friends and their interlocking relationships as they unfold over 24 hours, and the cast includes, sometimes in dual roles, Julia Roberts, Blair Underwood, Catherine Keener, David Hyde Pierce, and David Duchovny. Some of it is sporty, but the grainy video look and the incessant camera pyrotechnics are a distraction from what is essentially a routine interfamilial rondelay. (Rainer; 8/12/02) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) • 2; 12; 15; 17; 18; 27; 42; 46; 63; 75.

The Good Girl
Jennifer Aniston gives a surprising, darkly comic performance as a bored, married thirtysomething retail clerk who strikes up an affair with a brooding, younger co-worker (Jake Gyllenhaal). Director Miguel Arteta's bewitching, moody comedy about dead-end suburban lives manages to make its mundane world mysteriously gorgeous. Co-starring John C. Reilly. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) • 2; 35.

Halloween: Resurrection
The halfhearted attempts at self-referential humor can't undo the unbearably rote plot. Way too little, way too late. Co-starring Tyra Banks. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 23; 43; 61.

★ Happy Times
Zhang Yimou's graceful comedy is about a blind girl who is befriended by a fiftyish bachelor who is courting her abusive stepmother. The plot is sentimental, but Zhang's depth of feeling makes it Chaplinesque. Zhao Benshan and Dong Jie co-star. (Rainer; 7/29/02) (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG) • 8; 38.

★ I Am Trying to Break Your Heart
Fascinating documentary about the recording of alt-country-rock band Wilco's latest album, and the attendant (not to mention unexpected) emotional and financial infighting and backbiting that came with it. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) • 4.

The Importance of Being Earnest
The cast, which includes Judi Dench, Rupert Everett, Colin Firth, and Reese Witherspoon, is excellent, but Oliver Parker's movie of Oscar Wilde's great comedy is too broadly directed, with misguided attempts to "open things up." (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) • 3.

Insomnia
Chris Nolan's follow-up to *Memento* is about an L.A. cop, played by Al Pacino, who, along with his partner, investigates a murder in a small Alaska town and becomes

Ground Rules These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 49.**

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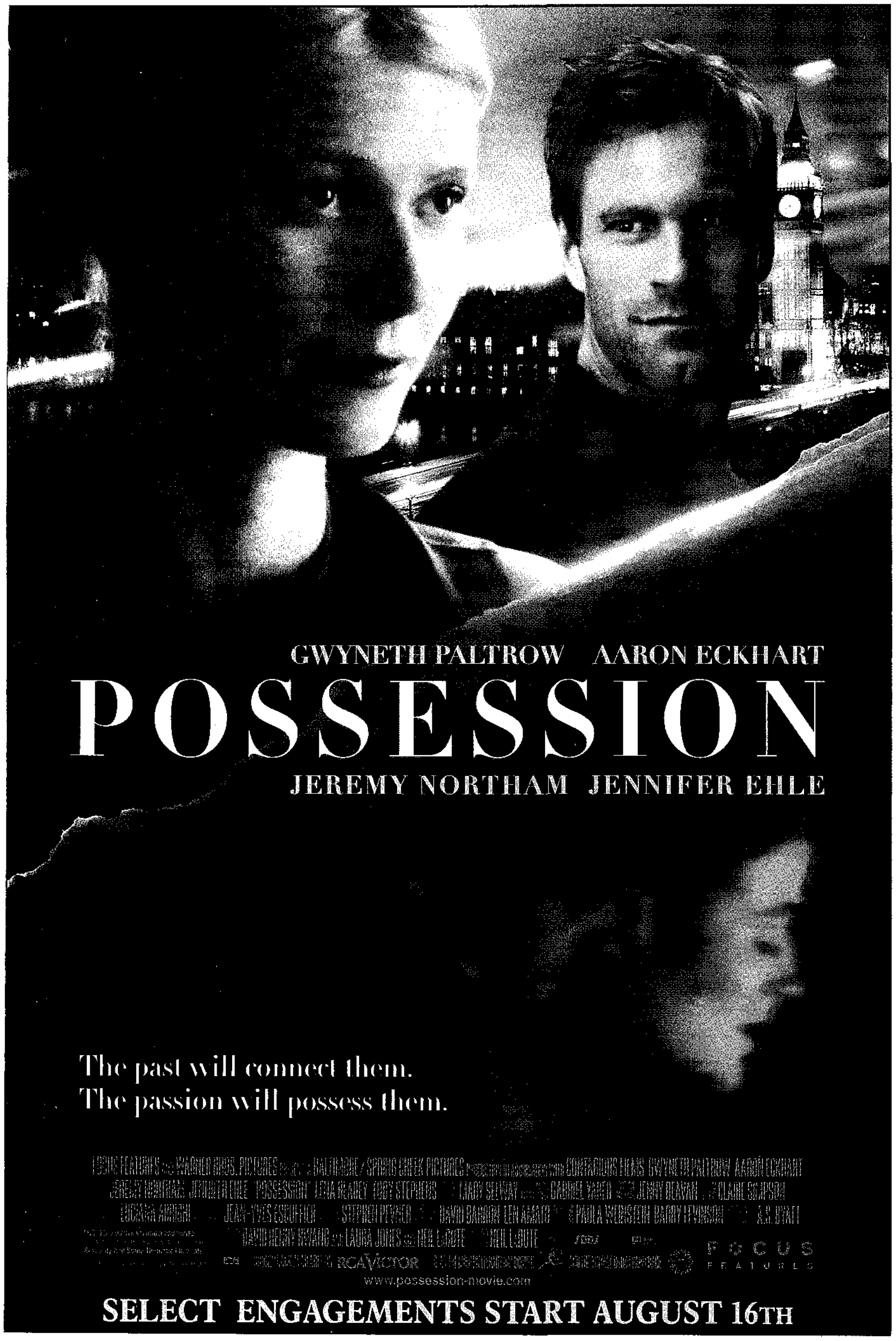
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★ The Kid Stays in the Picture
A florid, captivating documentary by Nanette Burstein and Brett Morgen about Hollywood producer Robert Evans, who narrates. Evans's life, shown mostly in archival clips, comes across like an Evans movie, and it even has three acts. The film makes you sentimental for a species of Hollywood rot that doesn't seem to exist anymore. (Rainer; 7/29/02) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) • 2; 18; 23; 38; 46; 63.

★ K-19: The Widowmaker
Kathryn Bigelow is a first-rate technician, and this movie about an errant Soviet nuclear sub is in some ways comparable to *Das Boot* and *U-571* in the best-submarine-movie sweepstakes. Harrison Ford and Liam Neeson play dueling Russian officers aboard the sub, and they strain their jaw muscles mightily while disporting creditable Russian accents. (Rainer; 7/29/02) (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 15; 16; 23; 29; 42; 56; 59; 65; 70; 71; 73; 75.

Langrishe, Go Down
British director David Jones's 1978 adaptation of the Aidan Higgins novel finally arrives in New York. The film stars Jeremy Irons (in his first major role) as an intellectual who seduces a gone-to-seed aristocrat (Judi Dench) on her estate in thirties Dublin. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • 8.

Lan Yu
Director Stanley Kwan's tale of the devoted but troubled homosexual relationship between a naïve young man (Liu Ye) and an older trader (Jun Hu) in eighties and nineties Beijing has visual imagination to spare but feels too antiseptic to really hit home. In Mandarin, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) • 8.

★ Late Marriage
A marvelous Israeli film from writer-director Dover Kosashvili about a bachelor who has a forbidden affair with a slightly older Moroccan divorcée. (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 4; 65; 85.

Like Mike
Youngsta rapper Lil' Bow Wow stars in this mindless fluff that could easily be an NBA commercial, but it has a sense of humor, which helps. Co-starring Morris Chestnut. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) • 17; 40; 43; 54; 61.

★ Lilo & Stitch
Disney's lovely, funny animated feature is rendered the old-fashioned way, without extensive use of computers. It's about a little Hawaiian girl and the rascally alien she adopts. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • 11; 23; 58.

Lovely & Amazing
Three very different sisters—a former homecoming queen (Catherine Keener), a wide-eyed actress (Emily Mortimer), and an adopted African-American 8-year-old (Raven Goodwin)—have to deal with one another's problems when Mom (Brenda Blethyn) goes for a hospital stay. Episodic, uneven tale features good performances but little dramatic weight. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) • 2; 17; 20; 46; 63.

Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat
The comedy star performs his stand-up routine in front of a Washington, D.C., crowd, focusing on intimate issues including his dealings with the media and celebrity. But there's little doubt that his material lacks its original edge. (1 hr. 11 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 15; 16; 23; 32; 39; 40; 41; 43; 44; 45; 48; 50; 52; 54; 55; 56; 59; 61; 62; 68; 73.

The Master of Disguise
Star Dana Carvey actually co-wrote this silly story about the descendant of a long line of masters of disguise, who must gain mastery of the family trade in order to rescue his father. A bewildering, humiliating mess, showing signs of serious production problems, complete with vanishing plot points and inexplicable dialogue. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 13; 15; 16; 17; 29; 32; 39; 43; 45; 50; 52; 56; 57; 61; 62; 64; 67; 72; 73; 75.

★ Men in Black 2
A knockoff sequel to the original, and mostly as enjoyable. Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones are the Ray-Banned team out to save the planet from a startling assortment of gloppy monsters. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 16; 17; 33; 34; 42; 43; 44; 45; 50; 52; 53; 56; 59; 61; 62; 69; 70; 73; 74.

Merci Pour le Chocolat
Delicate, absorbing thriller from French New Wave legend Claude Chabrol about a young woman (Anna Mouglalis) who suspects she may have been switched at birth and finds the acclaimed pianist (Jacques Dutronc) who might be her father, only to discover a strange relationship between the man and his doting second wife (Isabelle Huppert). (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) • 5.

★ Me Without You
Two best friends (Michelle Williams and Anna Friel) living in England over three decades cope with the confusions of adolescence, followed by the frustrations of adulthood, while musical styles and the culture at large transform around them. Lovingly stylized, atmospheric, and hypnotic film features a genuinely star-making performance by *Dawson's Creek* regular Williams. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • 3.

★ Minority Report
Steven Spielberg's visionary sci-fi movie, starring Tom Cruise as a futuristic cop in a world where murders can be predicted in advance, has a bleached-out look that practically singes your eyeballs. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 17; 27; 29; 58.

★ Monsoon Wedding
Mira Nair's giddy movie about the preparations for an arranged marriage in New Delhi is an entertaining pastiche of Bombay movie-musical nuttiness and *Father of the Bride*. (Rainer; 3/4/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) • 9.

Mr. Deeds
Adam Sandler stars in this wan, loosely reworked updating of Frank Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. Winona Ryder and John Turturro, in a funny turn as a Spanish butler, co-star. (Rainer; 6/17/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) • 23; 69.

My Big Fat Greek Wedding
Innocuous comedy about the thirtysomething Toula, who is getting too old to marry, at least by her Greek family's standards. When a decidedly un-Greek Mr. Right (John Corbett) enters her life, things get even worse. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG) • 1; 3; 12; 17; 29; 30; 42; 49; 63; 72; 75.

My Wife Is an Actress
Writer-director Yvan Attal also stars in his directorial debut, playing a sportswriter obsessed with his movie-star wife's fidelity. With Charlotte Gainsbourg; in French, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) • 3; 38; 63.

Never Again
A single, middle-aged pianist (Jeffrey Tambor) and a frustrated divorcée (Jill Clayburgh) meet by chance and proceed, carefully, to fall in love. But director Eric Schaeffer's romantic comedy is too enamored of its own maturity to really make an impression. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • 65.

★ Notorious C.H.O.
A mostly sidesplitting filmed record of a stand-up performance in Seattle by Margaret Cho, a great bawd. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) • 6; 12.

★ The Piano Teacher
Michael Haneke's movie—about a Viennese piano instructor (Isabelle Huppert) in a prestigious conservatory whose lust for an adoring student turns into a sadomasochistic folie à deux—is not a likable film, but Haneke has a genuine gift for cauterizing experience onscreen. (Rainer; 4/8/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) • 4.

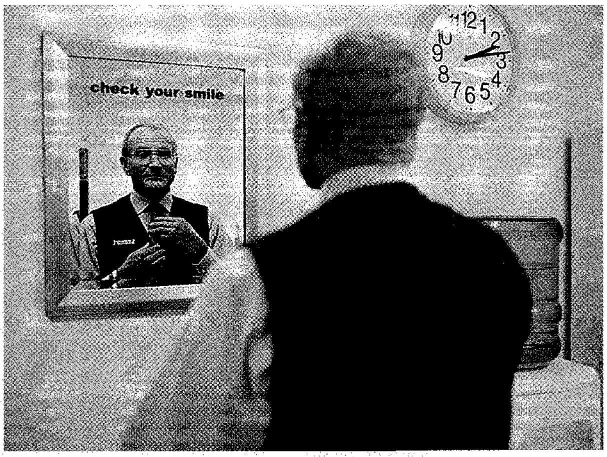
★ Read My Lips
Writer-director Jacques Audiard's crime thriller is about an ex-con (Vincent Cassell) who teams with a lovelorn secretary (Emmanuelle Devos) who is near-deaf and is an expert at reading lips—an invaluable talent for the heist they pull off. Devos is compelling. In French, with English subtitles. (Rainer; 7/15/02) (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • 3; 26; 47; 63.

Reign of Fire
Dragons emerge from their millennia-old slumber to rule the earth in this strange hybrid of *Dragonslayer* and *The Road Warrior*. Christian Bale plays the responsible newbie who comes of age, Matthew McConaughey the grizzled Marine. Amid their more predictable drag-on-killin' histrionics, the two leads actually make this one worth watching. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • 17.

★ Road to Perdition
As Michael Sullivan, Tom Hanks gives a powerful, uncharacteristically reined-in performance as a Chicago hit man for the Irish mob during the Depression in this

Opening

Video Transfer



"Madonna, David Bowie, and Robin Williams all have the same thing," says Mark Romanek, whose **One Hour Photo** stars Williams (pictured) as a deranged film processor. "They all have the Charisma Machine. You don't so much direct their performance as give them their context and then let them go." Romanek comes from the music-video business, where charisma is king. But it's a world he discovered only by accident, while directing *Static*, his first film, in 1985. "I was a 24-year-old sheltered suburban kid who had to learn more about life," he says. But on that picture he met The The, a British New Wave band, and made a video for them. "I thought it would be a three-year tangent," he says, "but I ended up making videos for seventeen years"—for Nine Inch Nails, Michael Jackson, Lenny Kravitz, and Beck, all the while writing scripts that Hollywood rejected. "I had the opportunity to make some big, dumb films, but I saw David Fincher's nightmarish, horrible experience with *Alien 3* and decided to wait." He channeled that frustration into *One Hour Photo*'s grisly, dark script about an obsessed stalker. "I was influenced by the existential 'lonely man' movies of the seventies and had to exorcise those demons," he says. So how'd he get Patch Adams to become Travis Bickle? "We agreed from the get-go not to be sentimental," Romanek says. "We also agreed to stick to the script." Opens August 21. B.K.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCOIS DUHAMEL.

Opening

Cinema Paradiso

"Every story is a memory of the past," says 93-year-old Portuguese director Manoel de Oliveira, whose twenty-third film, **I'm Going Home**, opens this week. Set in Paris, the film is about an aging stage actor (Michel Piccoli, pictured right, with Jean Koeltgen) who inherits his orphaned grandson. "The central idea of *I'm Going Home* is like most of my films: survival." For Oliveira, who was labeled immoral and banned from filmmaking by Portugal's military government in the forties, filmmaking's purpose hasn't changed since he shot his first picture in 1931. "The most original thing is still just sincerity," says Oliveira. "Can I compare the man I was at 21 with the man I am today? Of course not. But what connects me, I hope, is my movies' fascination with life." Opens August 14 at Film Forum. (See "New This Week.")

glum, portentous drama directed by Sam Mendes, his first film since *American Beauty*. Paul Newman plays (expertly) the mob boss who has been like a father to Michael. The film is about fathers and sons, and we are supposed to see in Michael Sullivan and his young son Michael Jr. (Tyler Hoechlin) the road not only to perdition but to redemption. The mythic and the sentimental here make for a strange and not always satisfying mix. Jude Law has a supporting role as a crime-scene photographer–hit man. (Rainer; 7/15/02) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 22; 23; 28; 32; 42; 43; 49; 50; 53; 56; 59; 62; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 75.

Scarlet Diva

Italian movie star Asia Argento directs and stars in this portrait of an international celebrity whose drug-fueled, high-intensity lifestyle brings her despair. High sleaze factor partially masks the film's shallowness, but the rather unpleasant lead character will test many viewers. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) • 4.

★ Secret Ballot

A listless soldier (Cyrus Abidi) and an idealistic female election official (Nassim Abdi) travel through a remote Iranian island, collecting its citizens' ballots and coming to terms with one another's differences. Director Babak Payami's meditative comedy isn't so much a laugh riot as a sober, sumptuous discourse on human relations. Deliberate, but rewarding. (1 hr. 45 mins.; G) • 8.

Sex and Lucía

Spanish filmmaker Julio Medem's tale about a Madrid waitress (Paz Vega) retreating to a mysterious island to recall her love affair with a now-dead boyfriend (Tristan Ulloa) is a lush, feverish kaleidoscope of elemental imagery, explicit sex, heightened emotions, and narrative confusion. In Spanish, with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) • 6.

Signs

M. Night Shyamalan's new movie is a ponderous and portentous exercise in religioso sci-fi with occasional, and welcome, overtones of humor. Mel Gibson plays, stolidly, an Episcopal priest who has given up the faith following his wife's untimely death. Then the corn fields behind his homestead become mysteriously imprinted with circle designs, and before you know it, UFOs are on their way. All this is meant to lead up to the moment when the priest recovers his faith, but Shyamalan has boxed himself into a corner—as in his last two films, *The Sixth Sense* and *Unbreakable*, he is obligated to give the audience an end-game switcheroo. Joaquin Phoenix co-stars as the priest's brother. (Rainer; 8/12/02) (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 18; 23; 24; 27; 37; 40; 42; 43; 44; 45; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 56; 57; 59; 61; 62; 64; 66; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75.

Spider-Man

Sam Raimi's movie based on the Marvel superhero is fairly routine in its exploits and graphic design, but it has, in Tobey Maguire, a likable and sympathetic actor we at least can identify with. (Rainer; 5/4/02) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) • 11.

★ Spy Kids 2

Carmen (Alexa Vega) and Juni (Daryl Sabara), the novice child agents from the original *Spy Kids*, go to a mysterious island, only to encounter a mad scientist (Steve Buscemi) and his wacky creations. Innovative, fun sequel, bursting with gadgets and monsters, is not so much an attempt to tell a story as an homage to the great fantasy films of the past. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 13; 15; 16; 17; 27; 34; 36; 39; 40; 41; 43; 44; 45; 48; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 55; 57; 59; 60; 61; 62; 64; 66; 67; 69; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75.

★ Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

Much better than the previous *Star Wars* installment, *The Phantom Menace,* though not up to the first two, *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back.* (Rainer; 5/20/02) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; PG) • 17.

Stripped

Ex-dancer Jill Morley directed this moving documentary about the real lives of the women who take it all off. (1 hr. 15 mins.; R) • 9.

★ Stuart Little 2

Stuart Little, the lovable mouse voiced by Michael J. Fox, falls in love with a bird (voiced by Melanie Griffith), then comes to her rescue, in Rob Minkoff's live-action and CGI sequel to his 1999 smash. Also starring Nathan Lane. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 23; 33; 34; 42; 43; 44; 45; 50; 52; 53; 56; 59; 61; 62; 69; 71; 73; 74; 75.

Sunshine State

A pokey intergenerational drama about two racially divided communities on Plantation Island in modern-day Florida. The usual John Sayles mix of torpor and talent prevails here. Best in the cast is Edie Falco, playing the itchy, dissatisfied owner of a coffee shop. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; PG-13) • 11; 38; 46; 65.

★ Tadpole

Fun, frivolous Sundance award winner about a precocious 15-year-old (Aaron Stanford) who is in love with his stepmother (Sigourney Weaver) and winds up having an affair with her best friend (Bebe Neuwirth). Technically rough, albeit by design, but packed with some of the year's best performances, including newcomer Stanford, veterans Weaver and Neuwirth, and—don't laugh—John Ritter. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) • 6; 12; 19; 38; 53; 58.

★ 13 Conversations About One Thing

A series of interlinked, nonlinear stories. Three of the four vignettes are so-so, but the one starring Alan Arkin as a poor soul who is enraged by the happiness of one of his co-workers is marvelous. Arkin has never been better. Directed and co-written by Jil Sprecher. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) • 8.

★ 24 Hour Party People

Michael Winterbottom's movie about the punk-rave culture that extended from the late seventies to the early nineties in Manchester is one of the sharpest and most enjoyable of all movies about the music business. Steve Coogan plays real-life TV host Tony Wilson, who was integral to the era as founder of Factory Records. Frank Cottrell Boyce scripted. (Rainer; 8/19/02) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 6; 42.

XXX

Vin Diesel plays an extreme-sports-lovin' rogue enlisted by the government to infiltrate a dangerous group of psychotic Russian anarchists in this MTV-friendly attempt to redefine the secret-agent genre for the skate-punk set. Just the barest hint of plausibility might have helped—instead, it makes *Goldmember* look like *The Third Man*. Co-starring Samuel L. Jackson. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 17; 29; 32; 37; 39; 40; 41; 43; 44; 45; 50; 52; 55; 56; 57; 59; 60; 61; 62; 64; 68; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75.

★ Y Tu Mamá También

Alfonso Cuarón's road movie is the funniest and freshest sex comedy of its kind since Bertrand Blier's *Going Places*. (Rainer; 3/18/02) (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • 6.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. Battery Park City Cinema

102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; K-19: The Widowmaker; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

2. CC Angelika Film Center

18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • The Château; Full Frontal; The Good Girl; The Kid Stays in the Picture; Lovely & Amazing

3. CC Village East

189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • The Bourne Identity; Enigma; The Importance of Being Earnest; Me Without You; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; My Wife Is an Actress; Read My Lips

4. Cinema Village

22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • I Am Trying to Break Your Heart; Late Marriage; The Piano Teacher; Scarlet Diva

5. Film Forum

209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Merci Pour le Chocolat; Metropolis (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

6. Landmark Sunshine Cinema

143 E. Houston St. (212-358-7709) • The Fast Runner; Notorious C.H.O.; Sex and Lucía; Tadpole; 24 Hour Party People; Y Tu Mamá También (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

7. Loews Village

66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Road to Perdition; XXX

8. Quad Cinema

34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Happy Times; Langrishe, Go Down; Lan Yu; Secret Ballot; 13 Conversations About One Thing

9. The Screening Room

54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Monsoon Wedding; Stripped

10. Two Boots Pioneer Theater

155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300) • Dead or Alive; Uzumaki (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

11. UA Union Square

13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Blood Work; Lilo & Stitch; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Minority Report; Signs; Spider-Man; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; Sunshine State

14th–41st Streets

12. Clearview's Chelsea

260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Blood Work; Full Frontal; Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Notorious C.H.O.; Signs; Tadpole

13. Clearview's Chelsea West

333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • The Master of Disguise; Spy Kids 2

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14. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Road to Perdition; XXX

15. Loews 34th St. Theatre
312 W. 34th St. (212-244-8850) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Full Frontal; K-19: The Widowmaker; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; XXX

16. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
550 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#558) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; The Bourne Identity; K-19: The Widowmaker; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; XXX

42nd–60th Streets

17. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; The Bourne Identity; The Country Bears; Full Frontal; Like Mike; Lovely & Amazing; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Reign of Fire; Spy Kids 2; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; XXX

Spotlight

Onscreen Sunscreen

"We don't get enough of that—films which show how girls can charge hard, just like guys," says **Kate Bosworth** (pictured), the 19-year-old star of *Blue Crush*, a film about a rad surf chick who raises her younger sister, falls in love with a quarterback, and shreds massive tubes at the Pipeline Masters surfing competition. She's used to active roles: Bosworth's first film, made when she was 14, was *The Horse Whisperer*, the equestrian tearjerker directed by Robert Redford. "Working with Robert was the best, but I'm like, *I need to start doing films where I don't have to worry about a horse running off or a wave slamming onto my head*," Bosworth confesses. No doubt to her agent's chagrin, she took a post-Redford hiatus to attend high school in Boston, then did a brief stint in TV; *Blue Crush* marks her big-screen return. "I know why people are responding to this film—it's the posters," says Bosworth, who, like most of the cast, spends much of the film in a bathing suit. "They're all over the place, and c'mon, they're pretty hard to resist." Opens August 16.

18. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Full Frontal; The Kid Stays in the Picture; Signs

19. CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-755-3020) • Tadpole

20. CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Blood Work; Lovely & Amazing

21. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • The Fast Runner

22. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Road to Perdition

23. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Halloween: Resurrection; K-19: The Widowmaker; The Kid Stays in the Picture; Lilo & Stitch; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; Mr. Deeds; Road to Perdition; Signs; Stuart Little 2

24. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Signs

25. Loews State
1540 Broadway, nr. 45th St. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Insomnia; The Sum of All Fears; Undercover Brother

26. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • Read My Lips

61st Street and Above, East Side

27. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Full Frontal; Minority Report; Signs; Spy Kids 2

28. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., nr. 65th St. (212-777-FILM#606) • Road to Perdition

29. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • The Bourne Identity; K-19: The Widowmaker; The Master of Disguise; Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; XXX

30. Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • The Bourne Identity; My Big Fat Greek Wedding

31. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • Austin Powers in Goldmember

32. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Road to Perdition; XXX

33. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Men in Black 2; Stuart Little 2

34. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Men in Black 2; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2

61st Street and Above, West Side

35. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • The Good Girl

36. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, nr. 99th St. (212-777-FILM#609) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Spy Kids 2

37. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, nr. 106th St. (212-777-FILM#613) • Signs; XXX

38. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway nr. 62nd St. (212-757-2280) • The Château; Happy Times; The Kid Stays in the Picture; My Wife Is an Actress; Sunshine State; Tadpole

39. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Spy Kids 2; XXX

40. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Like Mike; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; Signs; Spy Kids 2; XXX

41. Nova
3589 Broadway, nr. 147th St. (212-862-5728) • Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; Spy Kids 2; XXX

42. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; The Bourne Identity; Full Frontal; K-19: The Widowmaker; Men in Black 2; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Road to Perdition; Signs; Stuart Little 2; 24 Hour Party People

Bronx

43. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; The Country Bears; Halloween: Resurrection; Like Mike; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

44. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; Men in Black 2; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

45. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

Brooklyn

46. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Full Frontal; The Kid Stays in the Picture; Lovely & Amazing; Sunshine State (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

47. Brooklyn Heights Pavilion
70 Henry St. (718-369-0838) • Cinema Paradiso; Read My Lips

48. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Blood Work; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; Spy Kids 2

49. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2

50. Court Street 12
106 Court St. (718-246-7469) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

51. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Signs; Spy Kids 2

52. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

53. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; Tadpole

54. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • Blood Work; Like Mike; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat

55. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN P. JOHNSON.

• Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; Spy Kids 2; XXX

56. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; K-19: The Widowmaker; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; Stuart Little 2; XXX

Queens

57. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; The Master of Disguise; Signs; Spy Kids 2; XXX

58. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • The Country Bears; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Tadpole

59. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; K-19: The Widowmaker; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

60. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Blood Work; Spy Kids 2; XXX

61. Jamaica Multiplex Cinema
1 Jamaica Center, at Jamaica Ave. and Parsons Blvd. (718-291-9400) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Halloween: Resurrection; Like Mike; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

62. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

63. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Full Frontal; The Kid Stays in the Picture; Lovely & Amazing; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; My Wife Is an Actress; Read My Lips

64. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; The Master of Disguise; Signs; Spy Kids 2; XXX

65. North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • K-19: The Widowmaker; Late Marriage; Never Again; Sunshine State

66. Plaza
103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Signs; Spy Kids 2

67. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • The Master of Disguise; Spy Kids 2

68. UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; XXX

69. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Blood Work; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2

70. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; K-19: The Widowmaker; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; XXX

71. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; K-19: The Widowmaker; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

Staten Island

72. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; The Country Bears; The Master of Disguise; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; XXX

73. Staten Island Stadium 16
2474 Forest Ave. (718-273-4200) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; The Country Bears; K-19: The Widowmaker; Martin Lawrence: RunTelDat; The Master of Disguise; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

74. UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Men in Black 2; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

75. UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • Austin Powers in Goldmember; Blood Work; The Country Bears; Full Frontal; K-19: The Widowmaker; The Master of Disguise; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Road to Perdition; Signs; Spy Kids 2; Stuart Little 2; XXX

Museums, Societies, Etc.

76. American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8.50. • "Carnal Knowledge: The Sexual Revolution on Film, 1967-1972." 8/17: *Fellini Satyricon* (1969); *The Decameron* (1970). 8/18: *Sweet Sweetback's Baadassss Song* (1971); *W.R.: Mysteries of the Organism* (1971).

78. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "Miike Mania!" 8/14: *The City of Lost Souls* (2000). 8/15: *The Happiness of the Katakuris* (2001). "The Korean Film Festival." 8/16: *Public Enemy* (2002); *Bungee Jumping on Their Own* (2001). 8/17: *The Butterfly* (2001); *Waikiki Brothers* (2001); *Friend* (2001); *Sorum* (2001); *Happy End* (1999). 8/18: *My Beautiful Girl, Mari* (2001); *Guns & Talks* (2001); *Virgin Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors* (2002); *No Blood, No Tears* (1999). 8/19: *Public Enemy* (2002); *Sorum* (2001). 8/20: *Friend* (2001); *Bungee Jumping on Their Own* (2001). 8/21: *My Beautiful Girl, Mari* (2001); *Take Care of My Cat* (2000).

79. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $9. • "The Feature Films of Ken Loach." 8/15: *My Name Is Joe* (1998). 8/16: *Ladybird Ladybird* (1994). 8/17-8/18: *Land and Freedom* (1995). "A Night With Terrence Stamp." 8/14: *The Collector* (1965).

80. Bryant Park Summer Film Festival
Sixth Ave. between 40th and 42nd Sts. (212-512-5700); free. • 8/19: *Bye Bye Birdie* (1963).

81. Cinema Classics
332 E. 11th St. (212-677-5368); $5. • 8/18-8/18: *Born in Flames* (1983). 8/20: *Blank Generation* (1979).

82. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.75. • "Kurosawa & Mifune." 8/14-8/15: *The Bad Sleep Well* (1960). 8/16-8/20: *The Hidden Fortress* (1958). 8/21-8/24: *Yojimbo* (1961). 8/16-8/19: *Beauty and the Beast* (1946).

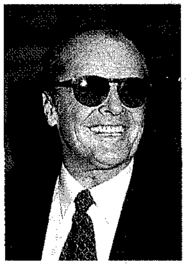
83. Film Society of Lincoln Center
65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9. • "Happy Birthday, Kino." 8/14: *Daughters of the Dust* (1991); *Diary of a Country Priest* (1954); *The Blue Kite* (1993). 8/15: *Captain Conan* (1996); *The Blue Angel* (1930). "Modern Musicals." 8/16: *I'll Sing for You* (2001); *Latcho Drom* (1994); *Scratch* (2001). 8/18: *100% Arabica* (1997); *Calle 54* (2001); *I'll Sing for You* (2001). 8/19: *Latcho Drom* (1994); *Scratch* (2001). 8/20: *I'll Sing for You* (2001); *Calle 54* (2001). 8/21-8/22: *Radiohead: Meeting People Is Easy* (1999).

84. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-0576); $10. • "Midnight Movies." 8/16-8/17: *The Shining* (1980).

85. Makor
35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $9. • 8/14-8/15: *Late Marriage* (2001). 8/17-8/20: *Sunshine Day Dream* (2002). 8/21-8/22: *Children Underground* (2001).

86. The New York Historical Society
2 W. 77th St. (212-969-0968); $7. • "Summer Film Series." 8/13: *The Wedding Banquet* (1993). 8/20: *Party Girl* (1994).

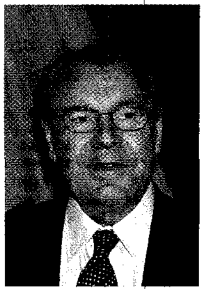
87. Symphony Space/The Leonard Nimoy Thalia
2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $9. • "Classic Thalia: A Tribute to Martin & Ursula Lewis." 8/14: *The Searchers* (1956); *Red River* (1948). 8/15: *Valley of Abraham* (1993). 8/16: *Psycho* (1960); *Silence of the Lambs* (1990). 8/17: *Irma Vep* (1997); *Day for Night* (1973). 8/18: *Blue* (1993); *White* (1993); *Red* (1994). 8/20: *What Happened to Kerouac?* (1985); *New York in the Fifties* (2001). 8/21: *Red Firecracker* (1993); *Farewell My Concubine* (1993).



WHAT MEN WANT Jack Nicholson, who just wrapped production on *Anger Management*, is in talks to star in another (as yet untitled) romantic comedy for Sony. Nicholson would play an aging man with money, a good career, and a hot young girlfriend, whose superficial life is thrown into turmoil when he meets—and falls for—his girlfriend's mother. **Nancy Meyers** (*What Women Want*) wrote the film and directs.

OUR WOMAN FLINT Catherine Zeta-Jones, who's currently filming *Intolerable Cruelty* for the Coen brothers, has committed to star in *Flint*, the adaptation of the best-selling spy novel by British author **Paul Eddy**. Zeta-Jones will play Grace Flint, a spy who suffers a disfiguring attack while on the job and returns to wreak vengeance on her attackers once she's no longer recognizable. She will also produce via her own production company, Milkwood Films; no director is attached yet.

JOCKEY FOR HIM Tobey Maguire, who swung his way to stardom in *Spider-Man*, will star in *Seabiscuit* for Universal Pictures. **Gary Ross**, who worked with Maguire on *Pleasantville*, will direct. In the film, based on **Laura Hillenbrand**'s widely acclaimed biography, *Seabiscuit: An American Legend*, Maguire will play a jockey who races—along with the legendary thirties Thoroughbred—to fame. The film is scheduled for release in 2003.



HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY Director **Milos Forman** (who won Oscars for *Amadeus* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) has picked his next project: the screen adaptation of **Sandor Marai**'s novel *Embers*. The book, first published in Budapest in 1942, examines the complicated relationship between two men who reestablish contact after a four-decade separation. Producer **Robert Haggiag** is working on financing; it will be Forman's first film since the 1999 Andy Kaufman tribute *Man on the Moon*. SARA CARDACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES.

Theater

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Boys From Syracuse
Classic Rodgers and Hart musical makes light of the delicious premise of *A Comedy of Errors*, tracking two sets of identical twins through a circus-mirror maze of mishaps and contrivances. Nicky Silver contributes a new book, based on the original by George Abbott. Scott Ellis directs and Tony winner Rob Ashford choreographs the dancing pairs. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 8/18 opening. (See box.) • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

Hairspray
A new musical version of the John Waters classic about a big, big-haired girl with even bigger dreams. Written by Waters and directed by Jack O'Brien, with a book by Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan (*The Producers*), the production stars Harvey Fierstein and Marissa Jaret Winokur. William Ivey Long contributes costumes; extravagant sets are designed by William Ivey Long. $65–$95. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for an 8/15 opening. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (212-307-4100).

Now Playing

Aida
Disney's epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian prince, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. More important, the eye-popping sets and chichi costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it's still entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

★ Cabaret
This gritty revival of the Kander and Ebb musical won four Tonys in 1998 for its portrayal of the decadent world of Weimar-era Berlin cabaret. Based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*, the production has a much darker edge than the Bob Fosse film. Now starring Polly Bergen, Rick Holmes, Heather Laws, Hal Linden, John Stamos. $45–$95. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women and the men they murder won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer (*Six Feet Under*'s Michael C. Hall) and the tabloid press. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Contact
This sensational, Tony-blessed dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning director-choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of inventive pieces, ranging from a naughty flirtation to a suicidal adman's frantic fantasy. Charlotte d'Amboise, Alan Campbell, and Colleen Dunn now star. $90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

★ 42nd Street
Come and meet those dancin' feet. This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Tom Wopat, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, and Beth Leavel. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune
Edie Falco (finally getting the attention she deserves after her turn in *The Sopranos*) and Stanley Tucci (*Big Night*, *Joe Gould's Secret*) headline this revival of Terrence McNally's comic drama about two New York lovers who connect on New Year's Eve. Joe Mantello directs. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Full Monty
A rambunctious yet heartfelt musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?
Edward Albee's Tony-winning new drama follows a successful architect (Bill Pullman) who, at the pinnacle of his career, must confess to his wife (Mercedes Ruehl) and son the awful secret of his affair with, yes, a goat. $65–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Graduate
Kathleen Turner plays Mrs. Robinson in Terry Johnson's new stage adaptation of the 1967 film, opposite Josh Radnor and Alicia Silverstone. $21–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

I'm Not Rappaport
This revival of Herb Gardner's 1986 Tony award-winning comedy reunites original director Daniel Sullivan and original star Judd Hirsch (reprising his Tony-winning performance as Nat), joined by Ben Vereen in the role of Midge. Set in Central Park, the play tells the story of two testy octogenarians determined to hold on to their independence. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

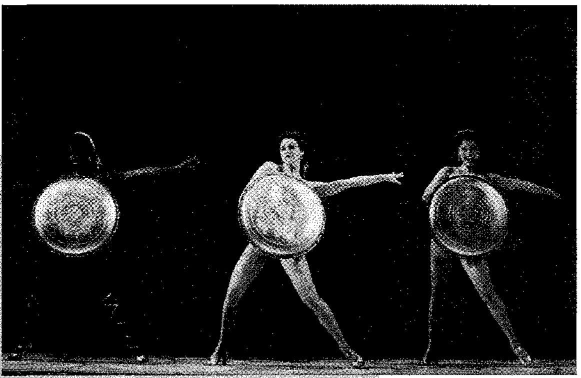
★ Into the Woods
Vanessa Williams stars in Stephen Sondheim's mythic musical, a shadowy journey through the fairy-tale forests of Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, and others. Music and lyrics by Sondheim; book and direction by James Lapine. $40–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
An audacious button-pusher with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream," producer Cameron Mackintosh's megahit, based on the Victor Hugo novel, still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this sublimely inventive production showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director extraordinaire Julie Taymor, and rewarded with a bouquet of Tonys in 1998. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Opening

Greek Revival

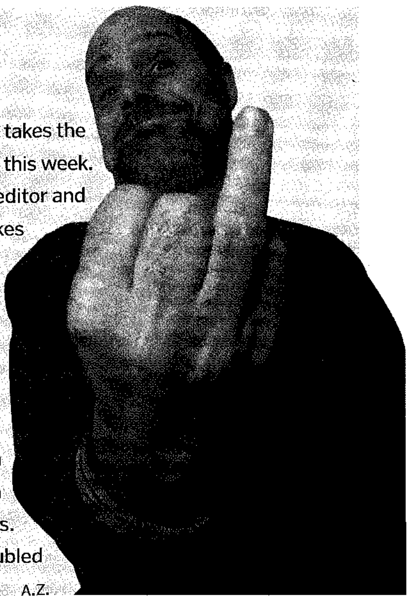


"You can't think about that, you really can't," Rob Ashford says, "or it's too daunting." He's talking about the formidable history of **The Boys From Syracuse** (in previews at the Roundabout for an August 18 opening), the Rodgers and Hart musical that's returning to Broadway for the first time in six decades. And the pedigree of this musical adaptation of *The Comedy of Errors*, about two sets of identical twins and the ensuing cases of mistaken identities, doesn't stop at the byline: First time around, the show was choreographed by George Balanchine. Before Ashford even came onboard, though, director Scott Ellis cut two of the Balanchine ballets, affording Ashford (a Tony winner, for *Thoroughly Modern Millie*) a clean slate. He fashioned new dances for a crew of courtesans (pictured) and their less-than-scrupulous madam (Jackée Harry from TV's *227*). "I didn't want them to feel like the girls from *Chicago*. Our courtesans aren't so aggressively sexy—they're quite kittenish, much more like the forties," says Ashford, adding that balancing older and modern sensibilities has been a challenge, especially because some of the lyrics are so "satisfying" (this is, after all, a score that includes "Falling in Love With Love," "What Can You Do With a Man?," and "This Can't Be Love"). "It does lead you to the more old-fashioned structure of 'here's the verse, here's the chorus, and then they stop singing and they dance.' You see why they did that—you really get it, because you don't want to get in the way of those words." (See "Broadway.") ALICIA ZUCKERMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN MARCUS.

Previews

Know Your Rights



Move over, "Schoolhouse Rock": The Constitution takes the stage at the New York International Fringe Festival this week. Hot off the lecture circuit, *Mad* magazine senior editor and former stand-up comic Joe Raiola (pictured) takes on all things First Amendment–related, including Internet filters, banned books, public funding for the arts, flag-burning, and the impact of September 11 on free speech, in **Almost Obscene.** Another one-man play, **Second Amendment Club,** exploring the motives of an affluent suburban-Chicago teen on the verge of committing a school shooting, is presented by a Northwestern University theater company, Wave Productions. Recent grad Ryan Harrison plays Martin, the troubled youth. (See "Off-Off Broadway.") A.Z.

Mamma Mia!
An unabashedly silly feel-good musical about a young bride-to-be and her single mom, scored with 22 shimmery disco tunes by Abba's Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. $55–$98.75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-563-5544).

★ Metamorphoses
Writer-director Mary Zimmerman's striking meditation on mutability was one of the fall's most surprising successes. Restlessly inventive but utterly visceral, Zimmerman and her company put a 27-foot-long pool of water to perfect use, stressing the elemental nature of Ovid's classic tales of Midas, Narcissus, and more. Myths are rendered with dramatic flair, unpretentious humor, and a heartbreaking final tableau. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Circle in the Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Mostly Sondheim
Barbara Cook returns with her musical revue, which features the songs of Sondheim, Arlen & Harburg, Berlin, and others. Musical direction and arrangements by Wally Harper. $40–$60. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. Through 8/26. • Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Noises Off
Jane Curtin leads a new cast in this lively revival of Michael Frayn's slapstick farce about a touring theatrical troupe. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

★ Oklahoma!
Super-choreographer Susan Stroman (*The Producers, The Music Man*) and director Trevor Nunn (*Les Miz*) bring their acclaimed revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic Stateside. An award-winning smash in London with many of the best-known show tunes ever ("The Surrey With the Fringe on Top," "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin' "), the production stars Patrick Wilson (*The Full Monty*) as Curly, Josefina Gabrielle as Laurey, and the terrific Shuler Hensley. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera
Andrew Lloyd Webber's campy version of the macabre tale, given an opulent spin by director Hal Prince. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Private Lives
This terrific, crisp revival of Noel Coward's crisp and cruel comedy, starring Lindsay Duncan and Alan Rickman, arrives Broadway after winning rave reviews and scads of awards on the West End. Alan Rickman and Lindsay Duncan star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

★ The Producers
Max Bialystock and Leo Bloom produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler*, in Mel Brooks's triumphant musical and Tony Award record-setter. Based on his Oscar-winning 1968 film, directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this giddy romp remains the hottest ticket in town, even though Brad Oscar and Steven Weber have replaced stars Lane and Broderick. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Proof
Anne Heche plays a chronically depressed young woman whose father, a famous mathematician, recently lost his mind and then his life. When Catherine's type-A sister rolls into town for the funeral, a graduate student (Neil Patrick Harris) finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's otherwise nonsensical papers and Catherine is jolted out of her near-catatonic state and into the confusing world around her. Justly rewarded with a Pulitzer and several Tonys, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing. $24–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Rent
The late Jonathan Larson's hauntingly scored, Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as lived by a gaggle of East Village hipsters ('N Sync's Joey Fatone is filmmaker Mark Cohen) at the peak of grunge and the AIDS epidemic. $35–$80. Mon., Tues., Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 4/29/96. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife
In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Richard Kind and Rhea Perlman play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Thoroughly Modern Millie
Based on the 1967 film about a Jazz Age flapper, this new musical, with book by Richard Morris and Dick Scanlan, music by Jeanne Tesori, and lyrics by Dick Scanlan, tracks Millie Dillmount (Sutton Foster) through the streets of New York. $55–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway at 45th St., (212-307-4100).

Urinetown
A downtown hit, this weird musical, with book and lyrics by Greg Kotis and music and lyrics by Mark Hollman, is now a Broadway smash. The plot? In a corrupt city beset by a disaster of apocalyptic proportions, water is worth its weight in gold, and pedestrians are forced to comply with a pay-per-pee system. $75–$85. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Now Playing

All Over
Edward Albee's stellar year continues with this revival of his 1971 drama about a dying man who is confronted by his wife and mistress. The cast features Rosemary Harris, Michael Learned, John Carter, Myra Carter, Patrick Garner, and Pamela Nyberg. Emily Mann directs. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 9/1. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).

Birdy's Bachelorette Party
Comedy celebrates the upcoming wedding of a sweet legal secretary to her construction-worker boyfriend with wacky antics including a lingerie show, karaoke, and a sex-toy demonstration. Expect audience participation. $60 includes post-show admission to the club. Fri.–Sat. at 8. • Culture Club, 179 Varick St. (212-352-3101).

★ Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, tourists, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Capitol Steps: When Bush Comes to Shove
Beltway puns and shtick, delivered by the Capitol Steps troupe. $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 8/31. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Comedy of Errors
The Aquila Theatre Company, always rambunctious, returns with a madcap *Errors* set in a "twenties Turkish cartoon dream." Peter Meineck directs. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 9/1. • East 13th St. Theater, 136 E. 13th St. (212-239-6200).

★ De La Guarda
A raucous show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Live D.J. Thursdays through August. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A wild, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Endpapers
A new comedy about the office politics of an independent publishing house, by Thomas McCormack, the former CEO of St. Martin's Press. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

Forbidden Broadway 20th Anniversary Celebration
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof of musicals past and present, which takes swipes at productions like *The Producers* and *The Full Monty.* $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at

Ground Rules Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th Street and in temporary quarters at South Street Seaport's Pier 17; call 212-768-1818 or visit www.tdf.org for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAXINE KENT.

8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Guys
Amy Irving and Tom Wopat star in first-time playwright Anne Nelson's surprisingly powerful two-person drama about a fire captain who asks a journalist to help him write eulogies for his fallen men. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 7. Through 8/28. • The Flea, 41 White St. (212-206-1515).

Harlem Song
George C. Wolfe's new musical at the Apollo Theatre traces the music and culture of Harlem from the twenties to the present, re-creating moments like Ella Fitzgerald's winning performance at Amateur Night at the Apollo and the celebration in the streets of Harlem following heavyweight Joe Louis's victory over Max Schmeling. The revue features both classic songs and dances and entirely new ones. $20–$55. Sat. at 8, Sun. and Mon. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. • Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (212-307-7171).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Love, Janis
An enjoyable new bio-musical based on *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura and performed by a trio of actresses. $45–$100. Mon, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Midwestern Chum
A new comedy by Sarah Bexley, with Cathleen Miller, about an affable Midwesterner who becomes superintendent of schools on the East Coast, and is immediately besieged by school boards and teacher unions who lack decent manners. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. • Urban Stages, 259 W. 30th St. (212-206-1515).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a regular musical revue, but without pants. $35–$50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Perfect Crime
Warren Manzi's long-running thriller is about a psychiatrist (Catherine Russell), accused of killing her rich husband, and the police detective (Michael Minor) who falls for her. $40. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Duffy Theater, Broadway at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

The Playboy of the Western World
An all-Irish production of J. M. Synge's 1907 comedy about a man whose wild tale of his father's murder earns him the adoration of his neighbors, until his father appears, in the flesh, to expose him. Charlotte Moore directs. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/8. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

The Prince and the Pauper
A new musical based on the Twain novel, with music and lyrics by Neil Berg, additional lyrics by Bernie Garzia, and book by Garzia and Ray Roderick. $40–$55. Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Tues. at 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Puppetry of the Penis
An oddly innocent lesson in "the ancient Australian art of genital origami." $29.90–$39.90. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. Through 9/1. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

★ Ricky Jay: On the Stem
Sleight-of-hand master Ricky Jay's latest show. As usual, admirer David Mamet directs. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 9/1. • Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

Stomp
A boisterous riot of found-object percussion. $35–$60. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

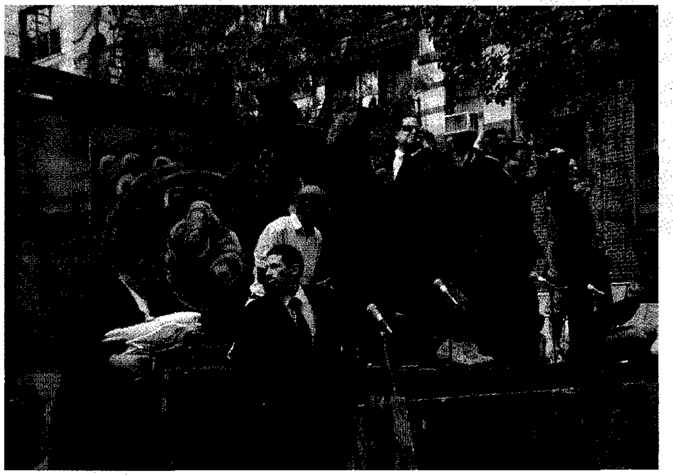
21 Dog Years: Doing Time @ Amazon.com
Mike Daisey's Fringe hit—a comic look back at the dot-com era—returns. $45. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 9, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 8/31. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Underneath the Lintel
In Glen Berger's well-paced drama, a librarian begins a peculiar investigation after discovering a returned book that is 123 years overdue. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Previews

Three's Company

The Fringe Festival isn't the only indie game in town this week: Theater for the New City, the company that first brought you the Village Halloween Parade, is heading to the outer boroughs with its twenty-sixth annual free street-theater production. This year's show, **Access Upheaval**, is a coming-of-age musical that follows the lives of three young men growing up in three ethnically divided neighborhoods: Harlem, Bensonhurst, and the Bronx (cast pictured). Using trap doors, giant puppets, and smoke machines, the story grapples with issues of cultural heritage, racial profiling, and September 11. Two spiritual guides from opposite ends of the spectrum (one's a unisex mythical creature, the other's a plumber) show up to help them emerge victorious from these tough times. Performances resume in Manhattan on September 7. (See "Off-Off Broadway.") A.Z.



★ The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's oral history of a body part stitches together testimony from women from all over the world, from those who have experienced terrible abuse to those who have invented cute nicknames for this play's namesake. Originally a one-woman show, it's now performed by a rotating trio of actresses. Through 8/18: Sherri Parker Lee, Peggy Lipton, and Sonia Manzano. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off-Off Broadway

Access Upheaval
Theater for the New City's twenty-sixth street-theater production is an elaborate urban musical comedy, complete with puppets, smoke machines, and a maze of trap doors. Free. Sat. and Sun. at 2. 8/16 at 8. Through 9/15. Call for locations. (See box.) • (212-254-1109).

The American Living Room
The Here Arts Center transforms its regular performance space into a typical suburban den for its annual summer festival, produced in association with Lincoln Center. In its thirteenth season, the festival features more than 100 works in five summer-long series, including a "Directing Cabaret" highlighting the work of young directors, a "Performance Series" of solo performance artists, and a "Puppet Parlor," co-curated by Basil Twist. $10–$15. Call for schedule. Through 9/1. • Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

The Bass Lesson
Jay Leonhart's one-man show about life as a professional bass player draws from his years of playing with Judy Garland, Duke Ellington, Stevie Wonder, Pavarotti, and Sting. $30. Mon.–Tues. and Thurs.–Fri. at 7. Through 8/15. • The Arkadia Music Center, 34 E. 23rd St. (212-674-5550).

Confessions of a Wonderbabe
The Project Theatre Company's latest is Jennifer Ewing Pierce's tale of Wanda Winsome, whose alter ego is fluent in eighteen languages and has a "hot bod," while Wanda is clinically depressed and seeking help from a famous feminist psychotherapist. Something of a comic-book plot ensues. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 8/25. • The Producers Club, 358 W. 44th St. (212-971-5886).

Criss Angel Mindfreak
A futuristic illusion and escape-art show. $15–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. • The World Underground Theatre, Broadway, at 43rd. St. (212-307-4100).

Emma Gay's Tea Party
Actress-comedian-writer Emma Gay rewrites history in her new play poking fun at race, gender, and politics in America. Along the way, she pays visits to Frank and Nancy Sinatra, Frederick Douglass, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and then ends up in Fort Greene, Brooklyn. $15 ($12 advance). Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. • Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).

Grandmotherfucker
A solo show by Pat Candaras, an Irish-Catholic Brookynite with little grandkids and a big chip on her shoulder. $10. Two-drink minimum. Call for schedule. Through 8/14. • Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788).

Hamlet
Kings County Shakespeare Company presents the tragic play purely from the Prince's perspective. Opens

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8/9. $10. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 1, Sun. at 2. Through 8/24 (no evening show). • St. Francis College, Founders Hall Theater, 182 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights (212-206-1515).

The Here and Now
A new play by Gregor Drozdek about New Yorkers facing their personal demons. $10. Every Mon. at 7:30. • The Pink Pony, 175 Ludlow St. (212-375-0859).

Ice Factory '02
The Soho Think Tank presents its ninth annual summer festival of cutting-edge new work by independent companies. Now playing: *The Hush*, a silent comedy by Hush Productions, and *Sea of Love*, a burlesque by comedian and playwright Trav. S.D. $10–$15. Wed.–Sat. at 7. Through 8/17. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).

In the Solitude of the Cotton Fields
Horizon Theatre Rep performs the late French playwright Bernard-Marie Koltès's dark exploration of Western concerns, transforming Grand Central Terminal's Vanderbilt Hall into the streets of Paris, where two men, ostensibly a "dealer" and "client," meet, argue, and haggle over something. In true *Waiting for Godot* form, we never find out what. $15. Tue.–Thurs. at 7:30. Through 8/20. • Vanderbilt Hall, Grand Central Terminal, Vanderbilt Ave. and 42nd St. (212-206-1515).

Mistress of the Inn
Carlo Goldoni's comedy about young men who vie for the rich and beautiful innkeeper is performed in Spanish by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre in various economically depressed communities throughout the city. Free. Call for locations. Through 8/25. • Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre (212-354-1293).

★ Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $29.50–$32.50. Mon. at 8. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-615-6432).

The Marijuana-Logues
Stand-up comics Arj Barker, Doug Benson, and Tony Camin tell stories about pot-smoking (they swear they don't glorify it). $10, cash only at the door. 8/16 and 8/17 at 10. • Ars Nova Theater, 511 W. 54th St. (212-977-1700).

★ The New York International Fringe Festival
Nearly 200 theater groups descend on lower Manhattan for the largest festival of its kind on the continent. Shows include *Almost Obscene*, an exploration of First Amendment issues by *Mad* magazine senior editor Joe Raiola; *Matt and Ben*, a satire of the Affleck-Damon phenomenon, performed by two women; *Beat*, starring Danny Pintauro (*Who's the Boss?*) all grown up in a play about the obscenity trial for Allen Ginsburg's *Howl*; *Patty Red Pants*, a modern-day *Little Red Riding Hood* with Fringe regular Susan O'Connor; also, FringeJr, a family-friendly series. Volunteer for a box-office or phone-room shift and get a voucher for a free ticket. For details, call or visit fringenyc.org. $12, or five shows: $55; ten shows: $100; all-you-can-see: $400. • Various venues (212-420-8877).

Only the End of the World
Michael Emerson, Stephen Belber, and Sandra Shipley star in the Stateside premiere of Company Charnière's production of Jean Luc Lagarce's 1990 drama, a story about an HIV-positive man who returns home to his family after many years away. $15. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. • Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-252-4437).

The Penis Papers
The Defiant Ones perform Joshua James's comedy about lots of firsts. $15. 8/14–8/17 at 9. • Manhattan Theatre Source, 177 MacDougal St. (212-501-4751).

Swim Shorts
Word of Mouth presents five one-act plays set at Holiday Inn's rooftop pool. $15 (swim after the show for an additional $10). Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/25. • Holiday Inn, 440 W. 57th St. (917-509-7531).

cue

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

★ Joseph Cornell
Collages from the artist's estate that have not been previously exhibited, dating mainly from the sixties and depicting his signature juxtapositions of images culled from popular and arcane sources; through 8/30. • C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020).

★ Adrian Stokes/George Fitzpatrick
Still lifes, nudes, and landscapes by the English art critic and painter (1902–1972)/A survey of drawings from the past ten years that depict highly stylized text between bands of varying hue and intensity. Through 8/30. • 20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606).

★ Squire Vickers
Colorful paintings that suggest studies for tilework, by an artist who was the chief architect of the Public Transit Commission between 1906 and 1942; through 9/14. • Shepherd & Derom, 58 E. 79th St. (212-861-4050).

57th Street Area

★ Roy de Forest/William T. Wiley
Paintings, drawings, and constructions by these two prominent Bay Area artists who have explored similar narrative and personal mythologies over the past 40 years; through 8/23. • Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5666).

Winifred Lutz/Junko Yoda
Translucent handmade paper works created from mulberry root, rotted flax, abaca, avocado peel, and other materials/Paintings on rice paper that has been torn, cut, and glued together. Through 9/6. • Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Richard Serra
New etchings generated from the artist's drawings of two torqued spiral sculptures he created for the 2001 Venice Biennale; through 8/30. • Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

Soho and Tribeca

Olaf Bruening
An installation of video, sculpture, light, and sound that borrows its imagery from advertising and the entertainment industry; through 8/17. • Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (212-925-2035).

★ Simon Frost
Ethereal ink and graphite drawings; through 9/14. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Richard Haas
A survey of paintings and works on paper by this artist known for his trompe l'oeil murals on the walls of buildings in New York and other cities; through 8/31. • Ingbar, 568 Broadway (212-334-1100).

★ Joan Mitchell
An exhibition focusing on the small-scale paintings of the Abstract Expressionist whose work is currently the subject of a Whitney retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/16. • Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Chelsea

Joaquim Chancho
Large, geometric abstract paintings on paper and canvas; through 9/13. • Chanin, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-675-1800).

Jane Gang/Wes Lang
Watercolors of strippers working at the Pussycat Lounge in downtown New York and at Sunset Strip in London's Soho/Matter-of-fact paintings of women based on photographs in pornographic magazines. Through 9/3. • Briggs Robinson, 527 W. 29th St. (212-560-9075).

Andrew Grassie
Meticulously rendered egg-tempera paintings of American sculptures from the seventies; through 8/20. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

Jenny Holzer
Multiples and editions, including posters, T-shirts, caps, postcards, and other ordinary objects emblazoned with the artist's text pieces; through 9/31. • Printed Matter, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-925-0325).

★ Karl Mann
A 50-year survey of the artist's collages, shadowboxes, totems, and assemblages; through 9/15. • The Viewing Room, 114 W. 17th St. (646-638-1920), Wed.-Sat. noon-7.

Doug Martin/Wilhelm Moser
Paintings of an ochre quarry in Roussillon, France, that were painted with pigments gathered at the quarry/Photographs taken around the world that document the mysterious and massive carved stones known as megaliths. Through 8/16. • Cowles, 537 W. 24th St. (212-925-3500).

★ Joan Mitchell
Ten major paintings by the Abstract Expressionist whose work is currently the subject of Whitney retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/16. • Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. (212-242-7727).

★ Eugenie Alter Propp
Vividly colored fabric collages from the past twenty years; through 8/16. • Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham
"Summer in the Garden," garden sculpture from America's golden age of garden statuary and paintings of garden-related subjects by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, among them MacMonnies, Burchfield, Pene du Bois, Hassam, Thaxter; through 8/31. • 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

Hirschl & Adler
"Concentrations," six small "focus" exhibitions that reflect this gallery's interests over the past 50 years, among them drawings of thirties New York by Edward Chrystie; landscape paintings by Frederick J. Sykes, and collage ready-mades from the seventies and eighties by Gilbert & George; through 9/13. • Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

57th Street Area

Ameringer Howard Yohe
"Summer in the City: High in the 60s," paintings by Caro, Frankenthaler, Louis, Noland, Olitski, others; through 9/14. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-445-0051).

★ AXA
"Perfect Acts of Architecture," drawings made between 1972 and 1987, a sluggish economic period when new building was curtailed, by Eisenman, Koolhaas, Libeskind, Mayne, Tschumi; 8/15–10/19. • 787 Seventh Ave. (212-554-4731), Mon.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. noon-5.

Findlay
"Manhattan and Monhegan: A Tale of Two Islands,"

Ground Rules During summer, galleries are generally open Monday through Friday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations.

works by Bellows, Haas, Henri, Poskas, and others that take inspiration from the two islands; through 8/30. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-486-7660).

Franklin Parrasch
"New Directions in Ceramic Art," works by Eardley, James, Kyoungwook, Peleg, Shrosbree; through 8/30. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-246-5360).

★ Goodman
Black-and-white photographs from the 1978–1980 work *Makunaíma*, by Baumgarten; Polaroid portraits by Hamilton; new etchings by Schütte; painted photographs from the series "Firenze," by Richter; through 8/30. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

St. Etienne
Works by Coe, Darger, Klimt, Moses, Pechstein, Schiele, others; through 9/20. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734).

UBS Paine Webber
"Six Continents of Quilts: The American Craft Museum Collection," an exhibition of quilts from around the world that attempts to redefine the centuries-old tradition of quiltmaking; through 9/13. • 1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885).

Soho and Tribeca

Brownstone
Works that explore the interface between the body and the world around it, by Arnold, Baltar, Keeley, Leutenegger, Sui-kee; through 8/30. • 39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455).

Hoffman
Works by Averbuch, Brady, Eddy, Gregory, Halili, Plagens, others; through 8/30. • 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Kent
"Endless Summer," works by Adams, Brill, Erlich, Laffoley, Monick, Tanaka, Yamashita, others; through 9/7. • 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

Teller
"Abstract States," modernist paintings, constructions, prints, drawings, and collages dating from the thirties through the fifties by Becker, Citron, Fuller, Hillsworth, Schanker; through 8/29. • 568 Broadway (212-941-7335).

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer
"Chapter V," works that explore seduction and desire, by Betesh, Camnitzer, Celmins, Gordon, Pierson, Stingel, others; through 8/23. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956).

Fischbach
"Season Ticket," works by Arzt, Drewa, Ferrandini, Keiser, Kraft, Loftus, Saunders, others; through 8/23. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-759-2345).

Gering
Works by Armleder, Deacon, Kauffman, Koons, Opie, others; through 8/30. • 534 W. 22nd St. (646-336-7183).

Metro Pictures
Installations by Lawler and Miller, video projection by Simmons; through 9/14. • 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Miller
"Free Lemonade," works by Cox, Eberle, Graham, Held, Juarez, Krasner, Mitchell, Snyder, Wilmarth, others; through 8/30. • 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

★ Rodgers
Sculpture by Dominick, Hegge, Knowlton, Ziegler; through 8/30. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-414-9810).

Senior & Shopmaker
Works by Armajani, Bartos, Lobe, Phelan; through 8/23 • 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

Snyder
"500 Works on Paper 1922–2002," works by Avery, Bluhm, Fendrich, Putnam, Strzelec, Wheeler, others; through 8/23. • 601 W. 29th St. (212-871-1077).

Stux
"Kageki Metonymic: Subversions and Transformations From the Japanese Fringe," works by Japanese artists and cartoonists influenced by the seminal comic magazine *GARO*; through 9/7. • Stux, 529 W. 20th (212-352-1600).

Photography

Rufen Afanador
Black-and-white photographs of young matadors from Colombia, Mexico, Peru, and Spain; through 9/14. • Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Bateman
"Inside/Out," works by Bidwell, Koch, Matturri, Nash, Prager, Walden, others; through 9/7. • 560 Broadway (212-925-7951).

Benrubi
"Zen," contemplative images by Baril, Devine, Bass Forman, Van Dongen, others; through 10/4. • 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

★ International Center of Photography
"Manual: Two Worlds, the Collaboration of Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom." The first survey of the team's 27-year career, including photographs, digital animations, interactive CD-ROM works, and video displays; through 9/1. • "George Tice: Urban Landscapes." A retrospective of the photographer's images of urban and suburban New Jersey landscapes; through 9/1. • "Dust to DNA: Kevin Clarke and Mikey Flowers 9/11." Collaborative photographs documenting the collapse of the World Trade Towers; through 9/1. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-857-0045), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8, Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $9, $6 students and seniors.

Viggo Mortensen
Photographs and mixed-media works that combine paint, fragments of photographs, scraps of cloth and paper, scrawled words, and various found objects; through 8/23. • Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

★ Pace/MacGill
"Naked (sic) in the Landscape," images of the naked human body in both straightforward formal studies and candid, often humorous, situations, by Appelt, Arbus, Callahan, Michals, Sternfeld, Weston, others; through 8/28. (See box.) • 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

★ Richardson
"About Face," an exhibition demonstrating the influence of the early-twentieth-century German photographer August Sander on later photographic portraiture, featuring portraits by Arbus, Bey, Dijkstra, Frank, Hanzlova, Ruff, Sander, others; a selection of portraits of writers, musicians, and artists by the late Yousuf Karsh; through 8/23. • Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-9610).

★ Rosen
"Bystander," works by eight young photographers whose subjects are their peers and family, peripheral cultures, urban and suburban haunts, and their own immediate environments; a video installation by Wolfgang Tillmans that is his first work in the medium of film and depicts the shifting and flashing lights in a nightclub; through 8/23. • 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Wendy Wischer
Photographs of raindrops as seen from the inside of a car window and a related site-specific installation; through 8/30. • Venardos, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-879-5858).

Museums

American Craft Museum
★ "Changing Hands: Art Without Reservation." Works in a variety of mediums by 100 established and emerging Native American artists from the Southwest; through 9/20. • "Zero Karats: Jewelry From the Donna Schneier Collection." A collection of jewelry fashioned from nonprecious stones and metals that was donated to the museum by Donna Schneier; through 9/8. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), daily 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Folk Art Museum
★ "American Anthem: Masterworks From the American Folk Art Museum." More than 250 objects from the museum's permanent collection, including paintings, sculpture, quilts, furniture, and pottery; through 1/5/03. • 45 W. 53rd St. (212-265-1040), Tues.-Sun. 10-6 (Fri. to 8); $9, $5 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
"Baseball As America." A study of how the sport reflects our culture, with more than hundreds of artifacts borrowed from the Hall of Fame; through 8/18. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); daily 10-5:45 (on Fri., Rose Center is open to 8:45 for weekly jazz concerts); $10 suggested contribution, $7.50 students and seniors, $6 children.

Asia Society and Museum
"Banaras: The Luminous City." Nineteenth-century and contemporary photographs of the Indian city; through 8/18. • "Through Afghan Eyes: A Culture in Conflict, 1987–1992." Images by Afghan photographers and cameramen documenting the closing years of Soviet rule and the gradual collapse of civil society in Afghanistan, drawn from the archives of the Afghan Media Resource Center in Peshawar, Pakistan; through 9/17. • 725 Park Ave. (212-288-6400), Tues.-Sun. 11-6 (Fri. 11-9, free admission 6-9); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts
★ "Hungarian Ceramics From the Zsolnay Manufactory, 1853–2001." More than 200 objects and designs created by the well-known factory since its founding; through 10/13. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); $3, $2 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts
★ "AIM 22." Works by 36 emerging artists who participated in the museum's "Artist in the Marketplace" program; through 10/13. • "The Studio Portrait: A Collaborative Project by Carol Sun." An installation of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs of African-Americans from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/13. • "María Elena González: Mnemonic Architecture." A floor installation of white beads arranged to re-create the floor plan of the artist's childhood home in Havana; through 10/13. • 1040 Grand Concourse, the Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. noon-9, Thurs.-Sun. noon-6; $5, $3 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
• 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
★ "Skin: Surface, Substance + Design." A survey of developments in skin technology as seen through examples of recently designed furniture, decorative objects, fashion, and other products; through 9/15. • ★ "Russel Wright: Creating American Lifestyle." A retrospective of the American designer's work, including examples of his dinnerware, furniture, appliances, textiles, and interiors; through 9/15. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. noon-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $5 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art
★ "Fire & Ice: Treasures From the Photographic Collection of Frederic Church at Olana." Works by such renowned nineteenth-century photographers as Désiré Charnay, John Moran, Eadweard Muybridge, and Carleton Watkins that were collected by the American landscape painter (1826–1900) and are on loan from Olana, his estate near Hudson, New York, now a historic site; through 8/26. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Frick Collection
"Marton Carlin's Mechanical Table." A mechanical writing table attributed to Martin Carlin, a German cabinetmaker who worked in Paris and created furniture for Madame du Barry, the daughters of Louis XV, and others; through 8/18. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6 (Fri. to 8:45), Sun. 1-6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
"Jeff Koons: Easyfun—Ethereal." Seven monumental paintings that were commissioned by the Deutsche Guggenheim Berlin and employ computer-scanned images of food and fashion; through 9/3. • ★ "Moving Pictures." Photographs and video works from the seventies to the present, drawn primarily from the museum's collection, by Marina Abramovic, Vito Acconci, Stan Douglas, Andreas Gursky, Bruce Nauman, and others; through 1/12/03. • "Connecting Museums." The first of a series of exhibitions marking the museum's alliance with the State Hermitage Museum and the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in which each museum will have concurrent exhibitions of a signature artwork from each museum's collection; here, in New York, the Guggenheim will show its Manet, *Before the Mirror* (1876), the Hermitage's Rembrandt, *Portrait of*

Baertje Martens (circa 1640), and the Kunsthistorisches's Velázquez, *Infanta Margarita Teresa in a Pink Gown* (1654); through 10/20. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

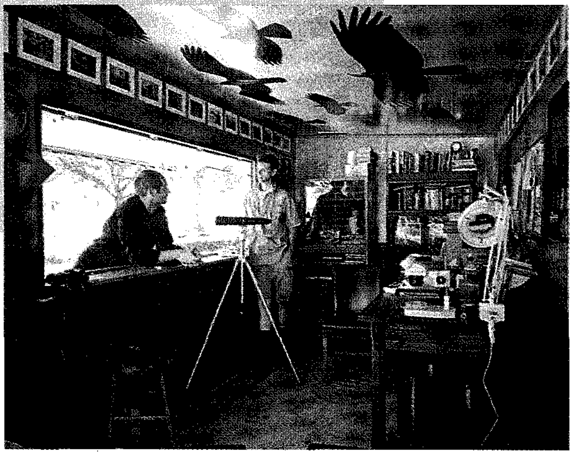
Jewish Museum

★ "The City of K.: Franz Kafka and Prague." Photographs, manuscripts, and books set in a series of multimedia environments that place the German-Jewish writer in the context of the city in which he grew up; 8/11–1/5/03. • ★ "New York: Capital of Photography." Color and black-and-white photographs of the city taken over the past century by 60 photographers, among them Abbott, Bourke-White, DeCarava, Evans, Klein, Levitt, Marks, Parks, Plachy, Winogrand; through 9/2. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Tues., Wed. 11-5:45; Thurs. 11-8 (Thurs. after 5, pay what you wish), Fri. 11-3, Sun. 10-5:45; $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Installation

The Call of the Wild

Not everyone passing through Madison Square realizes that the outdoor artworks making up **Target Art in the Park**'s third and final exhibition (running through October 31) are, in fact, artworks. One of them, Mark Dion's *Urban Wildlife Observation Unit*, has occasionally been taken for a refreshment stand, and Sean McBride, its *faux*-park ranger, for a quirky food-service guy. "I've had people ask me for lemonade," sighs McBride, who mans the structure near the park's southwest entrance every day from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M., offering guidance to its contents—a bird preserved in a jar of formaldehyde, well-worn natural-history books, charts, and photographs of Manhattan wildlife—and pointing out, through the unit's binoculars, the squirrels, pigeons, rats, and other animals that call the park home. Those curious for more information can consult with real naturalists at the unit's "Lunchtime Talks" on Wednesdays at 12:30 (through September 4).



PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS COWLEY.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

★ "Thomas Eakins." The first major exhibition of work by the Philadelphia artist (1844–1916) since 1982, including paintings, watercolors, photographs, and sculptures on loan from museums and private collections; through 9/15. • ★ "Gauguin in New York Collections: The Lure of the Exotic." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, ceramics, and prints from all periods of the artist's career, drawn from public and private collections in New York State and including more than 50 works from the museum's own holdings; through 10/20. • "The Age of Impressionism: European Painting From the Ordrupgaard Collection, Copenhagen." Eighty paintings that Danish insurance magnate Wilhelm Hansen (1868–1936) bequeathed to the Danish government, by Edgar Degas, Paul Gauguin, Claude Monet, Camille Pissaro, and others; through 9/8. • ★ "Adrian: American Glamour." Examples of fashion work and costume designs for MGM by the American designer (1903–1959) who dressed Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Norma Shearer, and others; through 8/18. • "New York, New York: Photographs From the Collection." Images of New York City from the era of the daguerreotype to the seventies; through 8/25. • "As It Happened: Photographs From the Gilman Paper Company Collection." Photographs of events large and small that took place during the second half of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth, from an intimate séance to the scaling of Mont Blanc; through 8/25. • "Oldenburg and van Bruggen on the Roof." Large-scale sculptures by the husband-and-wife team, Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen, displayed on the museum's Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/1. • "Klee's Best." A selection of the artist's paintings from the Berggruen Klee Collection, including watercolors he created in Tunisia in 1914 that were instrumental in his path toward abstraction; through 9/8. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

MoMA QNS

★ "Tempo." Works by 45 artists from Africa, the Americas, Asia, and Europe who address distinct experiences of time, among them Matthew Barney, Martin Creed, Douglas Gordon, Roni Horn, Cildo Meireles, Steven Pippin, and Kim Sooja; through 9/9. • "AUTObodies: speed, sport, transport." A selection of automobiles from the museum's collection, among them Pininfarina's *Cisitalia 202 GT* (1946) and the Jaguar *E-Type Roadster* (1963); through 9/16. • "A Walk Through Astoria and Other Places in Queens: Photographs by Rudy Burckhardt." Two unpublished albums of photographs taken in Queens by the Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter; through 11/4. • "Projects 76: Francis Alÿs"; through 10/30. • 33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400), Thurs.-Mon. 10-5 (Fri. to 7:45); $12, $8.50 students and seniors.

Morgan Library

★ "David to Cézanne: Nineteenth-Century French Drawings." Over 100 drawings by David, Delacroix, Ingres, Prud'hon, Seurat, and other nineteenth-century French artists, from the Morgan's holdings and private collections; through 9/8. • "A Love Affair; Drawings by Al Hirschfeld"; through 9/8. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10:30-8, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio

★ "Frida Kahlo, Diego Rivera, and Twentieth-Century Mexican Art: The Jacques and Natasha Gelman Collection." A nationally touring exhibition of Mexican modernist art from the collection of the late cinematic mogul and his wife, including works by Carrington, Kahlo, Orozco, Rivera, Siqueiros, others; through 9/8. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5; $7, $3 students and seniors (free admission Thurs. from 5-9).

Museum of Jewish Heritage

"Lives Remembered: A *Shtetl* Through a Photographer's Eye." Sixty photographs of a pre-World War II *shtetl* that were taken by Zalman Kaplan, a Polish photographer in the Polish town of Szczuczyn; through 8/30. • 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.-Wed 10-5:45, Thurs. 10-8, Fri. and the eve of Jewish holidays 10-3; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York

★ "Richard Rodgers' Broadway." A centennial celebration of the legendary composer's birth, featuring photographs, sheet music, personal items, and ephemera from the museum's Theater Collection; through 1/5/03. • ★ "The Last Days of Penn Station: Photographs by Aaron Rose." The first exhibition of a group of photographs chronicling the destruction of Penn Station that were shot between 1963 and 1966 and only recently printed; through 10/6. ★ "Highlights of Manhattan: The Drawings of E. H. Suydam." Graphite drawings of New York City in the twenties by the American illustrator (1885–1940), all of which were made to illustrate the 1927 travel book *Highlights of Manhattan*; through 9/15. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design

★ "The Artist's Eye: Jane Freilicher as Curator." Works that the painter Jane Freilicher selected from the Academy's permanent collection, by Isabel Bishop, Thomas Eakins, Paul Georges, R. B. Kitaj, and others; through 9/22. • "Transformations: American Paintings From Frederic E. Church to Wayne Thiebaud." Forty-nine well-known paintings from the Academy's collection, including works by Winslow Homer, Reginald Marsh, Philip Pearlstein, George Tooker, and others; through 12/29. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed. and Thurs. noon-5, Fri., Sat. and Sun. 11-6; $8; $4.50 students and seniors.

National Museum of the American Indian

★ "Great Masters of Mexican Folk Art From the Collection of Fomento Cultural Banamex." Works by contemporary master craft artists from all 31 states of the Mexican Republic; through 3/15. • "Booming Out: Mohawk Ironworkers Build New York." Photographs taken over the past 100 years showing Mohawk ironworkers involved in the construction of the Empire State Building, the George Washington Bridge, Rockefeller Center, and other New York landmarks; through 10/15. • ★ "Spirit Capture: Native Americans and the Photographic Image." Approximately 200 photographs of and by Native Americans, from Frank A. Rinehart's historic images of Geronimo to images of the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890; through 9/1. • 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3700), 10-5 daily, Thurs. 10-8; free.

Neue Galerie

★ "New Worlds: German and Austrian Art, 1890–1940." Paintings and drawings by Austrian artists, among them Gustav Klimt, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele, and by artists associated with the German movements Brücke, Blaue Reiter, Neue Sachlichkeit, and Bauhaus; through 9/1. • 1048 Fifth Ave. (212-628-6200), Fri. 11-9, Sat., Sun., Mon. 11-6; $10, $7 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

★ "Hélio Oiticica: Quasi-cinemas (Including Works in Collaboration With Neville D'Almeida)." Environments combining film, slide projections, music, and objects that the Brazilian artist (1937–1980) made in collaboration with filmmakers and artists during an eight-year stay in New York, from 1970 to 1978; through 10/13. • ★ "Out of Site." Fictional architectural spaces in a variety of media by sixteen emerging artists, among them Cannon Hudson, Patrick Meagher, Julie Mehretu, and Adam Ross; through 10/13. • "Leah Gilliam: Agenda for a Landscape." An installation transforming the gallery into an abandoned NASA command center; through 9/22. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tue.-Sun. noon-6, Thurs. noon-8 ($3 admission Thurs. 6-8); $6, $3 students and seniors.

New-York Historical Society

"Twin Towers Remembered: The Photography of

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Camilo Jose Vergaro." Images of the World Trade Center taken over a period of 31 years; through 10/20. • "Pilgrimage: Looking at Ground Zero." Photographs of the faces of people who made the trek to Ground Zero in the weeks following the attack, by Kevin Bubriski; through 10/20. • "Beyond Ground Zero: The Forensic Science of Disaster Recovery." Images taken by the photojournalist Richard Press at the NYC Medical Examiner's office and Fresh Kills landfill in the months since September 11; through 10/20. • "In the Light of Memory: A Spherical Panorama From the South Tower, World Trade Center, January 2001." A spherical painting of views from the South Tower, by Christopher Evans; through 10/20. • "Me, Myself & Infrastructure: Private Lives and Public Works in America." A commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the American Society of Civil Engineers through installations resembling everyday locations designed by the creative team of Chicken & Egg Public Projects, Inc., and Boym Partners, Inc.; through 9/15. • ★ "The Tumultuous Fifties: A View From the New York *Times* Photo Archives." An exhibition of photographs dating from 1896 through the eighties culled from the New York *Times* pictures archives; through 8/14. • ★ "Building on the Flatiron: The Centenary of a New York Icon (1902–2002)." Photographs, drawings, paintings, prints, souvenirs, and ephemera from the society's collection relating to one of New York's oldest and most unusual skyscrapers; through 9/1. • ★ "The Games We Played: American Board and Table Games From the Liman Collection." More than 150 examples of board games dating from the end of the Civil War through the first decade of the twentieth century; through 1/5/03. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum
★ "Noguchi: Sculpture & Nature." Forty-five sculptures from the museum's permanent collection that demonstrate the artist's interest in nature; through 11/25. • 36-01 43rd Ave., Long Island City (718-204-7088), Thurs., Fri., and Mon. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center
★ "Mexico City: An Exhibition About the Exchange Rates of Bodies and Values." A survey of work by contemporary artists working in Mexico City, among them Eduardo Abaroa, Carlos Amorales, Miguel Calderón, Gabriel Orozco, and Daniela Rossell; through 9/2. • ★ "Al Held." Recent abstract paintings; through 9/8. • ★ "Heart of Gold." Projects on the theme of capitalism by Eleanor Antin, Katrin Asbury, Hope Ginsburg, Anissa Mack, Noah Sheldon, and Peter Walsh; through 9/29. • "Magnus von Plessen: Recent Paintings." Small paintings based on found photographs and the artist's own snapshots; through 9/29. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation.

★ Queens Museum of Art
"Queens International." An invitational exhibition of works by more than 40 artist groups and artists who live or work in Queens; through 11/3. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. noon–5; $5, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem
★ "The Color Yellow: Beauford Delaney." A survey of paintings by the African-American artist who worked in New York and Paris and was known for his use of the color yellow, which he felt possessed the properties of light, healing, and redemption; through 9/22. • "Ironic/Iconic." Works by Kira Lynn Harris, Adia Millett, and Kehinde Wiley, three emerging artists of African descent who participated in the museum's 2001–2002 Artists-in-Residence program; through 9/22. • "Drawings of Removal." An ongoing installation by the Los Angeles–based artist Edgar Arceneaux, inspired by a trip he took with his family to his father's hometown of Beaumont, Texas, in the summer of 1998; through 9/22. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon–6, Fri. noon–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art
★ "The Paintings of Joan Mitchell." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's paintings since her death in 1992; through 9/29 • ★ "Visions From America: Photographs From the Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, 1940–2001." More than 150 works dating from 1940 to the present, by Vito Acconci, Diane Arbus, Nancy Burson, Roy DeCarava, William Eggleston, Robert Mapplethorpe, Catherine Opie, Lucas Samaras, and others; through 9/22. • ★ "Oldenburg–Van Bruggen Drawings in the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works on paper by Claes Oldenburg from the past 40 years, including drawings made with his wife and partner, Coosje van Bruggen; through 9/15. • ★ "Jack Goldstein: Films and Performance"; through 9/22. • ★ "Michal Rovner: The Space Between." A mid-career survey of the artist's photographs, works on canvas and paper, and video installations; through 10/20. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.–Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $12, $9.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

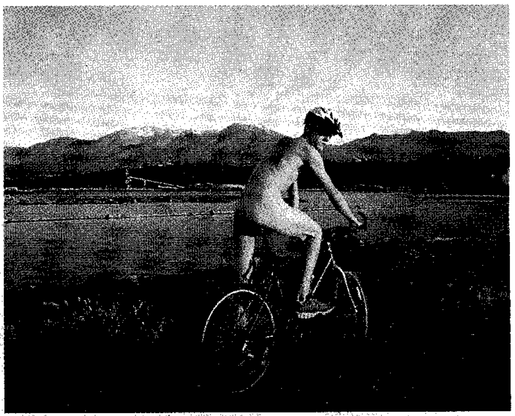
Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris
★ "Paul Henry Ramirez: Space Addiction." Large-scale canvas and site-specific paintings, a commissioned sound piece, and specifically designed seating units that turn the gallery into a sensory experience; through 10/11. • ★ "Outer City, Inner Space: Teresita Fernandez, Stephen Hendee, and Esther Partegas." New site-specific sculptural works by three artists who explore architectural and conceptual space; through 1/3/03. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle
8/15 at 10: "End of Summer Sale." One view from 8/12. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Photography

Camera Buff



Maybe you haven't taken pictures of naked people going about their daily business in the countryside, but a lot of photographers have, to an astonishing variety of ends. Pace/MacGill Gallery's **Naked (sic) in the Landscape** (un)covers them all, from Edward Weston and Harry Callahan's semi-formal studies of their wives—Charis and Eleanor, respectively—to the let-it-all-hang-out oddities of Diane Arbus and Joel Sternfeld (pictured, *A Man Responding to a Dare, Port Angeles, Washington, August 2000*). (Through August 28; see "Photography.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOEL STERNFELD/COURTESY OF PACE/MACGILL GALLERY.

BERNARD *Continued from page 27*

par with Alex Rodriguez. The exceptions are the sport's superstars: 10-goalers Heguy, Cambiaso, and Aguerre, who do rake in millions. The going rate for a 6-goal player is in the range of $40,000 to $50,000 for a single tournament if they bring their own horses; a 10-goal player can command upward of $120,000. Aguerre, who has played for White Birch since 1987, also runs a successful horse-breeding business back home. A rabid Mets fan, he named all of the offspring of one of his mares after his favorite players, past and present. There's a Piazza, a Bonilla, a Ventura, *and* a Robin. "People ask me why I have gray hair," he says. "I am not sure if it is my age or the Mets."

AFTER ANOTHER RUN-THROUGH OF HIS morning ritual at the stables, Nacho, dressed in jeans, black suede Pumas, and a white zip-up jacket with his team logo across the back, slides into his white Chevy, and Hilario jumps on his lap. "He drives," Nacho deadpans. As Nacho steps lightly on the gas, Hilario turns the wheel to the right. "*Más, más!*" says Nacho, turning it more. "*Bueno.*" Hilario, bursting with pride, makes it past the stables and down the driveway, then Nacho transfers him to the backseat. "*La policía,*" he whispers.

In every city the polo players briefly occupy, they nail down a home-away-from-home routine, complete with a mandatory breakfast place. For this tournament, it's Hampton Coffee Company in Watermill. When the Chevy pulls up, a group of players and grooms is already there. As a round of bagels and eggs arrives, Nacho regales them with a story about his trip to a doctor in Greenwich the day before. In June, after a heated fight over a girl, one groom stabbed another groom eight times and left him for dead. Though the groom didn't work for Nacho and the incident took place in South Carolina, Nacho has taken it upon himself to look after the guy and pay his doctor bills. Everyone cringes as he folds a napkin and demonstrates where the surgeon had left a piece of gauze inside the guy's right arm. After that, breakfast ends rather abruptly and they head out to watch yet another game.

On the sidelines of a polo match—pretty much any match—players who are not suited up park their cars in one long row along the field. Their life is a combination of intense competition and vast stretches of tedium, usually spent simply tailgating. Their wives and girlfriends, outfitted in the latest peasant tops and Christian Dior tinted shades, look like they could have been Gisele Bündchen's high-school clique. The players and their entourage have elevated "the hang" to an art form: Sometimes they'll bring along golf clubs to practice putting (polo players are invariably impressive golfers) or keep the car stereo on while they watch. Even on a Sunday morning, when any sensible Hamptons denizen is sleeping off her hangover, the gang are out on some field with their *mate*, idly taking in the action. They're there to scout the horses and their opponents' level of play, of course, but they're also there because it's the only place they really know.

Even Nacho, who with his extracurricular modeling gigs has had a taste of a horse-free profession, does not like to be far from the field. His plan is to fit in the modeling when he can and when it interests him (and when he can stand the ribbing of his friends). "I don't do a swimsuit catalogue," he says. "You know what I'm saying?" And the work, for which he has an agent at Elite, is not entirely unrelated to his game: It has become a way for him to afford better horses. While he plays with White Birch, he's mostly riding horses Peter Brant provides, but this year he wants to score some prizes of his own and improve on his 6-goal status. "I want to be better mounted," he says. "I want ten like Tanguito."

AT THE FOURTH SATURDAY GAME, THE SUN IS blazing. Arriving guests beeline for the chilled Voss water bottles. In an eleventh-hour move, Brant has replaced himself and another White Birch player with two ringers for their match against Equuleus. Brant says he's injured, but some don't buy it. "This is called 'White Birch wants to win,' " says one polo aficionado. Immediately, it looks as if that will be so.

"It's Nacho!" says the announcer as he takes the ball long and gallops toward the goal.

"Nacho, Nacho-man!"

Far from the distracted hum of the tents, a group of diehards intent on actually watching the game has colonized the bleacher seats across the field. This time, when Aguerre lets out a gratuitously bloodthirsty wail—even with his team up by five—there are some knowing chuckles. But when one of the ringers gets a particularly brutal slam from an opponent, even veteran polo watchers flinch.

Just two days before, Matias Magrini broke his nose in three places. (The day after, word would spread of Adam Snow's nearly fractured jaw—a bloody incident involving a mallet to the face at a match in Santa Barbara.) Almost every player has endured a gruesome injury. Hirsch had had his teeth knocked out and his ribs broken. Nacho once took a ball to his right eye, but got back on the horse even before the stitches came out—only to get hit again in the same place.

There's something seductive, almost sexual, about the game that keeps them coming back. Tincho tries to explain: "When I'm running with the ball by myself, no one behind me, it feels like *freedom.* It feels like you own the world and you own the moment, and it feels like you want more. You want to go faster and faster and you want to go again and again and again."

When the game ends, with White Birch ahead, both teams are chauffeured in Mercedes convertibles over to the trophy platform, a souped-up hay wagon covered in AstroTurf. Nacho, as always, has Hilario in tow. The members of the two teams line up shoulder to shoulder, each holding a flute of champagne in one hand and a silver trophy in the other. The audience has dwindled to a smattering of onlookers and relatives—by now, most of the spectators are already halfway home.

Suddenly, the scene has the small-town feel of a midwestern beauty pageant. Lucas Monteverde, who scored thirteen out of fourteen goals for Equuleus, is named MVP. Aguerre's horse Califa gets the Best Playing Pony Award. Park Avenue dermatologist Howard Sobel has sponsored the honor, which means he gets to drape the mare with a forest-green blanket, then smile for a snapshot.

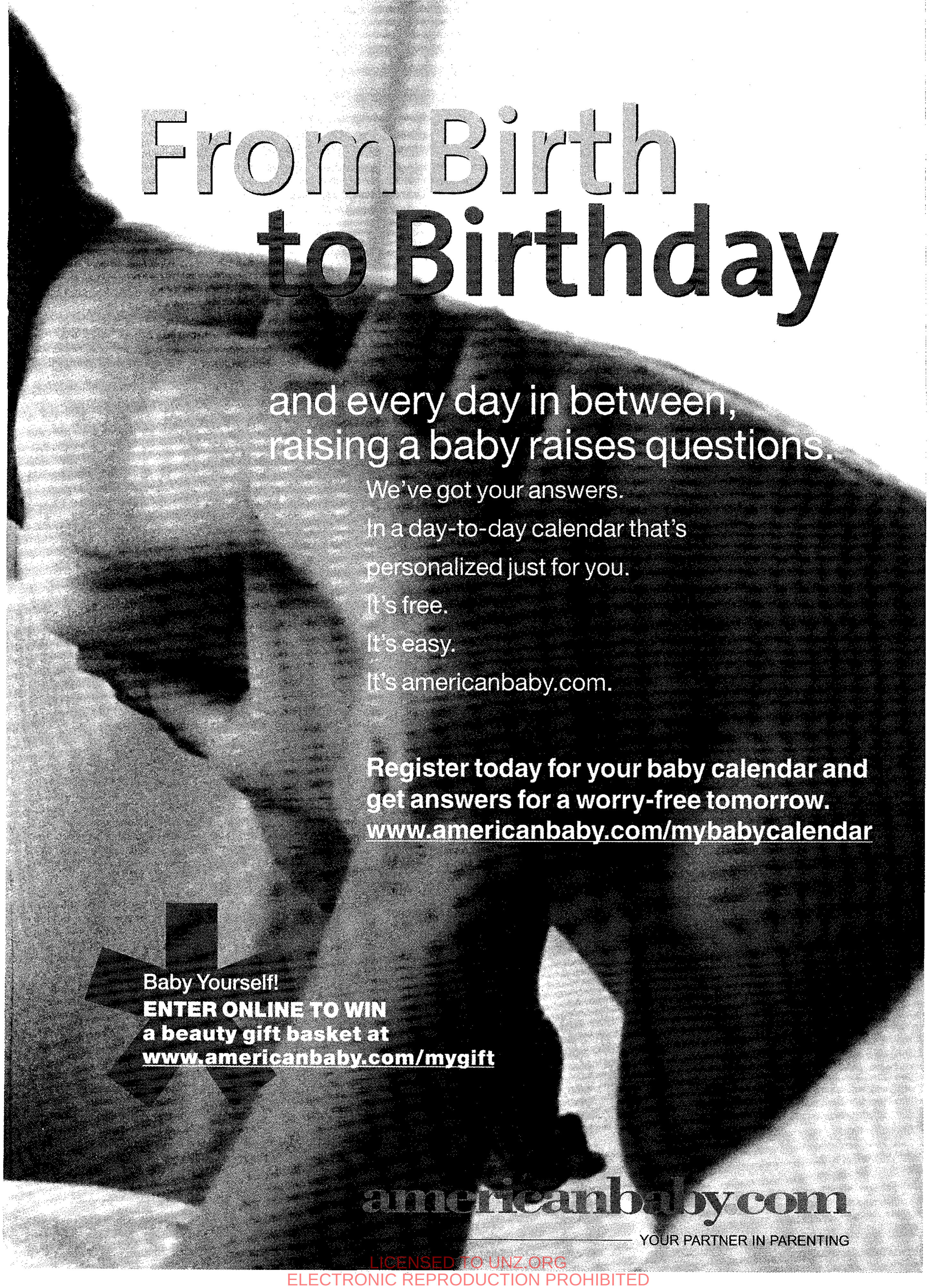
"*Ca*lifa!" says the announcer into his microphone.

"Ca*li*fa," the players exclaim, correcting him.

"Ca*li*fa!" the announcer tries again. "From the Luna bloodline; Luna played with Gonzalo Pieres. Maybe in a couple of years, when Ca*li*fa needs a little work, Dr. Sobel will give her a nip and tuck!" he says. No one really seems to be listening—his commentary is mere background noise.

"But right now," he adds, "right now, she sure looks beautiful." ■

"WHEN I'M RUNNING WITH THE BALL BY MYSELF, NO ONE BEHIND ME, it feels like *freedom.* It feels like you own the world **AND YOU OWN THE MOMENT."**



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Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

Ground Rules These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

New and Noteworthy

Alma
A stylish, Mexican restaurant on a gritty Carroll Gardens stretch that's fast becoming another Brooklyn restaurant row. Chef Gary Jacobson's (Zarela) menu spans all the requisite spicy stuff—from mashed-to-order guacamole to mole poblano—but emphasizes seafood like striped bass wrapped in hoja santa leaf. The outdoor upper deck has a lovely view of Brooklyn piers and the Manhattan skyline. • 187 Columbia St. (718-643-5400). (M)

★ Atelier
An intriguing diver-scallop-and-bluefin tartare and sensational roasted lobster with artichoke and rhubarb (on the sane $68 prix fixe) show that Gabriel Kreuther (Jean Georges's former chef de cuisine) aspires to the elite of our town's season-driven chefs. His morel soup with favas, peas, and mint oil is spring in a bowl. And tapioca balls in pineapple cream—the daring dessert-before-dessert—almost upstage the grapefruit tart and the rhubarb-strawberry soup with goat-milk sorbet that follow. • 50 Central Park So. (212-521-6125). (E)

★ Beyoglu
Beyoglu is the best Turkish cooking in town, and if you don't believe us, chef-owner Orhan Yegen will tell you so himself. His steely-eyed braggadocio, delivered tableside in perfect soft-spoken Bond-villainese, almost seems intended to cast some sort of hypnotic spell. *You are getting hungry, very, very hungry. Have a kebab.* Yegen's discourse, though, is no match for his kitchen's superb minty yogurt soup, tantalizingly good meze, and succulent doner kebab (the only entrée available) served three ways. • 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (212-570-5666). (I–M)

★ Blue Smoke
Forget what the 'cue quibblers say—Blue Smoke is an ingenious Manhattan barbecue joint with a woody barroom full of red-vinyl booths, a skylit dining room, and a hot jazz club downstairs. True, some of the barbecue isn't there yet, but each visit shows improvement, as pit master Kenny Callaghan breaks in those Missouri-made smokers. Salt-and-pepper beef ribs are terrific; so are sides and desserts, and as far as pit-smoked foie gras and salmon goes, what's the problem? This ain't East Treestump, Texas, after all. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-447-7733). (M)

Café Lebowitz
Brian McNally's Nolita take on the *fin de siècle* Viennese *kaffeehaus* is more French than Austrian, and more McNally than either. Which is to say, it possesses a crew of impossibly slim belly-baring gamines; a star-studded clientele that included, at one recent brunch, a bespectacled Robert De Niro; and a crowd-pleasing bistro menu of burgers, croques monsieur, and steak-frites, not to mention the spectacular graham-cracker-crusted "Lebowitz cheesecake," named, like the café, in honor of humorist Fran. • 14 Spring St (212-219-2399). (I–M)

Celeste
A flower-decked terrace leads into country-cottage quaint with gingham and sky-blue plates and exactly what you'd eat in Naples: deep-fried buffalo-mozzarella balls (soft and creamy). Savory seafood fritto misto. And classic free-form pizzas out of the wood-fired oven. Quite a trick for Teodora's Giancarlo Quadalti, staunch partisan of Emilia-Romagna and chef-partner here. He's mastered the mantra of Upper West Side eats, too: big portions, small prices. • 502 Amsterdam Ave., near 84th St. (212-874-4559). (I–M) ($)

Da Silvano Cantinetta
Although this annex to Da Silvano has a bar—a convenient place to sip a drink (or three) during the inevitable wait—it's not serving bar food. Instead, there's a serious menu of codfish carpaccio, taglierini with sea urchin and avocado, and fusilli with sausage and string beans. The narrow sliver of a room has French doors, Italian straw-bottomed seats, tea-stained stucco, and a vintage hand-cranked Italian slicer, promising perfect prosciutto—even if it's just for show. • 260 Sixth Ave. (212-844-0282). (M–E)

Epicerie Café Charbon
A second venture from the Flea Market Cafe team, this elaborately concealed restaurant and bar poses convincingly as a contiguous crèmerie, tabac, and épicerie (grocery store)—a trompe l'oeil Main Street from pre-supermarket France, transported intact to the Lower East Side. But the real draw is moderately priced bistro fare like escargots, beef tartare, and pâté maison—and for smokers, the dark, wood-beamed bar next door. • 168–170 Orchard St. (212-420-7520). (M) AE

Fiamma
This ultrasleek Soho triplex equipped with two bars and a glass elevator shuttling between them is Stephen Hanson's bid for Soho stardom. He's enlisted chef Michael White, a veteran of high-profile kitchens in Chicago and Emilia-Romagna, to mastermind a multiregional modern Italian menu of dishes like pan-roasted sea scallops with crispy artichokes, garganelli with prosciutto ragù, and sheep's-milk-ricotta beignets. • 206 Spring St. (212-653-0100). (E)

Fresh
After supplying fresh fish to star chefs like Alain Ducasse and Gray Kunz, the owners of Early Morning Seafood have opened a Tribeca restaurant of their own, turning their clients into the competition. Former Gotham chef de cuisine Martin Burge makes the most of getting first dibs on the day's catch with Ipswich fried clams, "Kobe beef" of bluefin toro, and an array of "prime cuts" like baby-back halibut ribs steamed in kelp. • 105 Reade St. (212-406-1900). (E)

Gonzo
Chef-owner Vincent Scotto's cooked his way downtown, from Fresco to Scopa to this Village brownstone, where he's serving up classics culled from his Italian-American repertoire like grilled-onion salad, Venetian-style bar snacks called cicchetti, salumi and cheese plates, and hearty entrées and sides meant to be shared. Don't miss his famous grilled pizzas (a recipe he learned at Providence pie mecca Al Forno). • 140 W. 13th St. (212-645-4606). (M)

Grand Sichuan NY
This chili-pepper-powered chainlet has blazed a trail from Chinatown, up Ninth Avenue to Chelsea and Hell's Kitchen, and now crosstown to Murray Hill, where the newest branch features all the old favorites, from wontons and dan dan noodles to beef tendon, spicy double-cooked pork, and potatoes with vinegar sauce. Regulars will gravitate to the section called "Mao's Home Cooking." • 227 Lexington Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-679-9770). (I–M)

industry (food)
What do you get when you mix a chef who worked for Jean-Louis Palladin and Jean-Georges Vongerichten, bartenders and managers from Bungalow 8 and BondSt, and a treehouse-for-grown-ups rustic design? An instant hot spot, judging by the crowds getting back to nature in this wood-paneled rec room. Chef Alex Freij offers bistro fare (mussel stew, grilled skate wing, braised short rib) at neighborhood-friendly prices. • 509 E. 6th St. (212-777-5920). (M)

Jimmy's Downtown
We're betting that the low, lean, and sexy intimacy of Jimmy Rodriguez's sequel to Jimmy's Uptown and Jimmy's Bronx Café will lure grown-ups on the prowl to this unlikely eastern shoal of 57th Street. Slither through the all-white, candlelit lounge and settle into a booth out back where servers lyricize over yuca-crusted scallops, a huge juicy pork chop, and luscious grilled sturgeon on creamy avocado mash. And don't leave without indulging in lush coconut flan. • 400 E. 57th St. (212-486-6400). (E)

★ Patio Dining
Sara Jenkins, late of Il Buco and I Coppi, has taken over the range at this tiny closet of an East Village restaurant formerly known as Mugsy's Chow Chow. Rebelling against years of strictly Italian cooking, she changes her menu daily, forging her own seasonally inspired identity with dishes like cauliflower soup, spring rabbit stew, and pan-seared duck breast with fennel three ways (roasted, shaved, and pollen-dusted). • 31 Second Ave. (212-460-9171). (M)

Plantain Café
This bare-bones cafeteria-style restaurant has some surprising names attached to it: Former Chicama and Pipa chef de cuisine Raymond Mohan rustles up a steam-table full of greatest-hits Caribbean and Latin specialties including jerk chicken, roti sandwiches, roast suckling pig, mofongo, and unusual breakfast items like a porridge made with plantain flour. Giovanni Campos, a former floor manager at Chicama, works the front of the house, such as it is. • 20 W. 38th St. (212-869-8601). (I)

Salt
The short-lived Stella has acquired a lighter, brighter look, communal seating, and a seasonal menu that empowers diners to customize dinner: Pick your protein (poached arctic char, say, or tamarind-marinated lamb on skewers) and any two sides, like grilled corn on the cob or braised baby fennel and feta. Or play it safe with a pre-accessorized "chef's entrée," like steamed halibut with edamame and kumquats in miso broth. • 58 Macdougal St. (212-674-4968). (M)

Supper
Supper is polpettone kingpin Frank Prisinzano's attempt to do for northern-Italian cooking what he's

OPENINGS

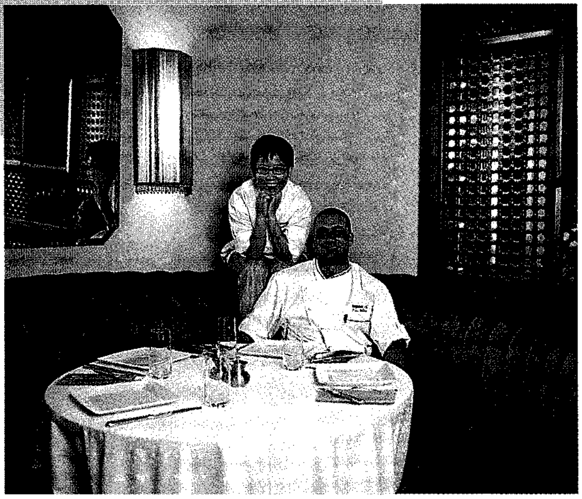
Custard Beach
Ever since New York's premier purveyor of old-fashioned, Coney Island-style custard closed last September, downtowners have been bereft of the lusciously eggy, delectably dense stuff. A makeshift outdoor cart has been selling a few flavors for the last month or so, but on August 15, the shop reopens, Belgian-waffle sundaes and all. • 2 World Financial Center (212-786-4707). (I) ($)

Pico Café
Prompted by the sluggish economy—and inspired no doubt by the success of two-tiered places like Gramercy Tavern—chef John Villa has turned Pico's former bar area into a café, where he's serving less-expensive versions of his pricey Portuguese fare. The opening menu features light bites like oysters, portobello mushroom tart, and a pressed suckling pig sandwich with spiced fries, plus ten wines by the glass and three kinds of sangria. • 349 Greenwich Street (212-343-0700). (M)

Opening

Marco Polo, If You Dine

According to AZ chef Patricia Yeo, there's a lot of similarity between Mediterranean ingredients and Asian ones: tortellini and wontons, salami and Chinese sausage, fritattas and egg foo yung. And now, with the opening of **Pazo**, Yeo and co-chef Pino Maffeo (pictured) get a chance to explore the similarities firsthand as they shuttle between their acclaimed Asian-fusion kitchen and their new coastal-Mediterranean one. The menu features house-made bacon and chorizo, inventive surf and turf, and witty variations on familiar themes like vitello tonnato of tuna carpaccio and harissa-braised veal shank. Nancy Mah's vaguely Moorish redesign of the former Sono space is equally whimsical and dappled with light. (106 East 57th Street; 212-752-7470.)



done for southern at his perpetually packed Frank and Lil' Frankie's. The crowded, convivial space is decked out with wooden communal tables, a bustling open kitchen, and floral-pattern plates that evoke Sunday supper at Grandma's house. The real attraction, though, is what's on those plates: an herby minestrone Genovese, perfectly thin veal Milanese, a luscious chocolate-hazelnut custard pudding, a daily risotto, and bollito misto on weekends. • 156 2nd St. (212-477-7600). (I-M)

★ Washington Park
Not since Dolly Levi descended the steps of the Harmonia Gardens has a return to a restaurant been so boisterously chronicled. The reason there is cause for high-kicking and strutting is that rather than bring us back down memory lane, eighties icon Jonathan Waxman reveals that his passion for market produce like dragon beans and ramps and his breezy touch in dropping them in pastas and alongside juicy duck confit is as vital as ever. • 24 Fifth Ave. (212-529-4400). (M-E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Bread
The 34-seat café's raison d'être is, as the name says, bread, and all that can be crammed between two slices and deliciously smooshed in a sandwich press. Neighboring Balthazar supplies the crusty building blocks for a dozen or so terrific combinations, like Sicilian sardines with tomato and "Thai-pepper mayonnaise," aged Genoa salami with nutty Taleggio, and rich Italian tuna with lemon dressing. • 20 Spring St. (212-334-1015). (I) ($)

★ Danube
David Bouley's outrageous, lacquered, velvet-swathed little dining room is beautiful, fun, funny, and romantic. And, via his chef de cuisine, Mario Lohninger, the bone-marrow dumplings, the Tyrolean wine soup, the braised beef cheeks, and even the Wiener schnitzel manage to be Austro-Hungarian but not too. • 30 Hudson St. (212-791-3771). (E)

Delmonico's
Eat with the Big Boys at this sprawling, beautifully restored New York City icon. Start the feast the way Diamond Jim would have, with oysters Rockefeller and clams Casino, and end it with baked Alaska; in between there's lobster Newburg, rack of lamb, and, of course, the classic Delmonico's steak. And don't forget your jacket—or your wallet. • 56 Beaver St. (212-509-1144). (E)

Ecco
Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classically prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

Find a restaurant. Search hundreds of listings by cuisine, price range, and location.

★ The Harrison
With its long, bustling bar, commodious beamy interior, and friendly neighborhood vibe, the Red Cat's Jimmy Bradley and Danny Abrams's new hot spot feels like it's been part of the local landscape for years. There are all sorts of dining options—you can spend a week snarfing the spicy fries—but we like the big dishes best: the crispy chicken served on a fat mattress of scallion mashed potatoes, calf's liver smothered in a sweet sherry sauce, and the house shell steak drizzled with crisps of pancetta. • 355 Greenwich St. (212-274-9310). (M)

★ Nam
Nam, with its pale-lemon-and-celadon walls and its illuminated bamboo poles, is a pristine haven just north of the eerie lights of ground zero. Sample wonderful bo bia (soft rice-paper rolls filled with jícama, shrimp, and sweet sausage), luscious shrimp-chicken-and-bean-sprout-filled coconut crêpes, and street-food-inspired thit nuong cuon (lemongrass-beef-and-sesame rice-paper rolls), all lovingly prepared by a trio of talented Vietnamese cooks. • 110 Reade St. (212-267-1777). (I-M)

★ Omen
The most singularly uncommon Japanese meal you can clear your senses with is to be found at this rustic home to Kyoto-style country cooking. The food looks coarse—little bowls with mackerel and daikon radish, or a quail egg oozing over a chunk of toro—and the first swallow is likely to be eerie and sharp. But the aftertaste provokes instantaneous acceptance followed by a craving for more. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M-E) AE only

★ Théo
The vanilla-and-caramel décor is cool but not chilly. Sound levels are buoyant but bearable. The appealing menu—call it international comfort food—doesn't rely on steak-frites to render it affordable. Waiters who are cute enough to intimidate newspaper critics don't forget you. And no velvet rope. Theo is startling because it is so deliberately of the angst-free moment, a hip hangout that instigates no anxiety. • 325 Spring St. (212-414-1344). (M)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Banjara
In spite of its location amid all those cookie-cutter curry cookers, Banjara is an oasis on Little India's restaurant row. The room and adjoining lounge are cliché-free. And chef Tuhin Dutta's unusual dishes like juicy clay-oven chicken marinated in wine and cream, and dumpakht (think supercolossal Indian potpie) should dispel any worries that the street's mythical underground shared kitchen has taken on a new client. • 97 First Ave. (212-477-5956). (M)

★ BondSt
The crowd is too cool, the rooms too cozy, the waiters way too pretty. No way is this anywhere you're going to get chirashi worth much more than a can of Bumble Bee. Boy, are you about to be surprised. With food this fresh, original, and vibrantly spiced, the kitchen can easily take on most traditional midtown sushi houses and wouldn't have to walk out of a room backwards if Nobu's troops were in attendance. • 6 Bond St. (212-777-2500). (M-E)

★ Jewel Bako
The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where the sushi chef reigns over a piscatory realm of rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M-E)

★ Lil' Frankie's Pizza
The irresistible offspring of Frank is distinguished by its custom-built brick oven, a tool used to sublime effect on everything from torpedo-size eggplants and lasagne alla Bolognese to whole fish and terrific thin-crust pizza. The earthy fava-bean soup teeters deliciously on the edge of oversaltiness, but cut it with a juice glass of Montepulciano, or get your vegetables the traditional way—in the unfailingly fresh Lil' Frankie's house salad. • 19 First Ave. (212-420-4900). (I-M)

Mexico Magico
A huge carved Technicolor calendar, colorful serapes, and faux-paving-stone walls and ceiling inhabit a storefront not much bigger than a postcard. This is a family affair. The food is uneven: watery black-bean soup, fabulous cactus salad, decent guacamole, crunchy flautas. But remarkable mole—wondrously rich and bitter—cloaks a chicken paillard, prices are gentle, and combo plates are colossal. • 438 E. 9th St. (212-477-5522). (I-M) ($)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Prune
There's not a wrinkled plum in sight. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose bar menu includes Triscuits and sardines alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. The menu gives as prominent placement to vegetables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to entrées like pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. An inspired brunch menu outdoes even dinner for sheer quirky genius and originality. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

Below 14th Street, West

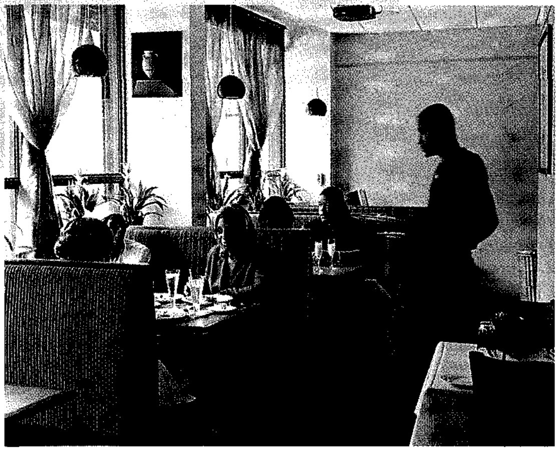
★ Annisa
Deft designer tricks like a raised dining space in sooth-

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

Ask Gael

Are you charting signs of Harlem's renaissance?

Rupa Mehta and her architect husband, Parag, live downtown but proudly styled **Revival** with its trellis of pinlights outside, flickering votives and bright-hued globes spotlighting tables and booths, to bring warmth and life to a desolate patch of Harlem still waiting to blossom. The ambitious storefront evokes memories of the first Chanterelle, aglow on a not-yet-gentrified Grand Street eons ago. Sad to say, no one need rush here for the amateurish fusion—"French American cuisine . . . Caribbean and Creole," the menu advises. Still, locals with kiddies in tow seem happy enough at this gift to the neighborhood, and the lovingly overwrought cooking is gently priced. Cream is definitely in revival: Crusted seafood (too thoroughly cooked for me) has that chicken à la king creamy rush I sorta liked. On its second try, the kitchen gets our steak and lamb chops rare. Apologizing excessively, our amiable waitress treats us to dessert—wonderful apple pie and ice cream we devour. A good bet if you stop by after the show at the Apollo. (2367 Frederick Douglass Boulevard [Eighth Avenue], at 127th Street; 212-222-8338.)



ing shades of off-white give this room a dignified grandeur, and the food backs it up. Chef Anita Lo finds inspiration everywhere from Shanghai (soup dumplings crowned with seared foie gras) to Provence (chickpea-stuffed zucchini blossoms with tomato and saffron sauces). The name means "women" in Arabic; note the gender-specific wine list. • 13 Barrow St. (212-741-6699). (M–E)

Burrito Loco
The house burrito comes with three sauces and a choice of beef, pork, or chicken. There's a rendition stuffed with roasted lamb and lots of vegetarian options. And even though it could probably survive just by serving the hordes of marauding college students nachos and tacos, the festive cantina keeps things interesting with cactus salad and shrimp seviche. • 166 W. 4th St. (212-675-1977). (I–M)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein cooked at China Grill and El Teddy's before settling in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively crowd, which seems delighted to have found such a fun, quasi-exotic neighborhood place. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ Isla
With its cool-blue Formica tabletops, Miami Beach tile, and white Naugahyde booths, Isla is Diane Ghioto's sexily lit invocation of fifties Havana. Good-looking and savvy scenesters share the seviche sampler, the mussels perfumed with smoked tomato and garlic chips, seafood paellita, or a mammoth stuffed pork chop with sour-orange mojo. • 39 Downing St. (212-352-2822). (M–E)

★ Lupa
We love this down-home Roman trattoria and not just for Mario Batali's celebration of odd animal parts and Italian delicatessen, or for partner Joe Bastianich's bid to bring depth and finesse to a casual Village joint's wine service. We like the mood, the food, and the gentle prices, but so do legions of tuned-in New Yorkers. It's almost as tough a sanctum to crack as its pricier sibling, Babbo. • 170 Thompson St. (212-982-5089). (M)

★ Meet
With a name that plays on its increasingly trendy location, this onetime meat locker is now inhabited by a D.J. booth, an illuminated catwalk, ostrich-leather banquettes, coconut-wood tables, and, according to consulting master Tin Sun, fine feng shui. Plus a menu that hits all the right contemporary notes, from dorade stacked on warm fennel shavings to white-chocolate ice-cream sandwiches. Next door, Meet Café features panini, crostini, and pizzette. • 71-73 Gansevoort St. (212-242-0990). (M–E)

Tio Pepe
Can't decide between Mexican and Spanish? This Greenwich Village kitchen has been doling out both for over three decades, and to judge by the liquor supply, the bar's been stocking a new brand of tequila every year. That sort of variety contributes to the general merriment, as do a heaping paella Valenciana and bicultural tapas like garlic shrimp and nachos, which many seem to enjoy in the skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M)

Titou
Titou is as bewitchingly charming as the quiet tree-lined West Village street upon which it resides. Bistro staples like an herbed-goat-cheese tart, roast chicken, and steak-frites are well done and moderately priced. The tiny sidewalk café is a lovely spot to while a way a summer evening. • 259 W. 4th St. (212-691-9359). (M)

★ Wallsé
Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Gutenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M–E)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

★ Beppe
Cesare Casella's devoted fans know him for his Tuscan cooking and his signature breast-pocket herb bouquet, both of which have resurfaced at this Gramercy trattoria. You'll also find an instant coziness, a pride of rustic Tuscan products stashed behind glass at the entrance, the warmth of a giant open fireplace. Casella's cozze are plump and sweet in a fiery broth; chewy handmade pinci noodles in walnut-tomato sauce are a triumph. We love braised black cabbage in toasted Tuscan bread, savory braised spare ribs, and desserts like sensational lemon "pudding" with candied orange peel. • 45 E. 22nd St. (212-982-8422). (E)

★ Craft
Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and similarly elegant, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M–E)

★ Fleur de Sel
Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. At lunch, the $20 tasting menu shows off his equally distinctive culinary style in the form of truffle-flecked parsnip soup with chestnut ravioli, and chicken breast with foie gras sauce. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M–E)

Heartland Brewery
A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café. Accompany your choice of microbrew with stout-battered onion rings, a buffalo burger, or sesame-crusted ahi tuna. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. • 35 Union Square W. (212-645-3400). Also, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 51st St. (582-8244). (I–M)

Metronome
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with roasted ricotta salata, and ribeye of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

TanDa
Another Park Avenue South restaurant-lounge, this one from a few survivors of the original Moomba, and featuring Hong Kong chef Stanley Wong's Southeast Asian fare. Tan Da was a Vietnamese poet who wrote, "Food and wine are the essence of life." The corresponding significance of lounges and D.J.'s eluded him, but it's a safe bet that the owners of TanDa won't make the same mistake. • 331 Park Ave. S. (212-253-8400). (M–E)

★ Union Pacific
A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin, and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. In less capable hands, mad delusions; in DiSpirito's, pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

★ Above
Don't be discouraged by the proletarian to-'n'-fro of 42nd Street. A sophisticated and handsomely designed hideaway waits in the twenty-first-floor lobby of the Times Square Hilton, and so does Galveston lobster chili, a classic Caesar, butter-poached Maine lobster, and a $23 burger. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-642-2626). (E)

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

Arno
Garment District bigwigs and pre-Garden revelers flock to this lively, upscale northern Italian restaurant. Try reliable classics like veal scaloppine and red snapper sautéed with shrimp and clams, garlic, and white wine. • 141 W. 38th St. (212-944-7420). (M–E)

★ Ilo
Though its neutral, geometric décor may appear too understated to crest the torrential wave of hotel restaurants, Ilo makes the rest of them seem like washouts. Chef-owner Rick Laakkonen's charms and talents are many: a rich lemon-thyme-scented ragout of octopus and Manila clams; pan-roasted rabbit with olives and oregano; grilled quail devilishly grounded by white hominy; and a gloriously simple roasted duck that will make you consider taking up residence at the Bryant Park. • 40 W. 40th St. (212-642-2255). (E)

Man Ray
French record producer Thierry Klemeniuk has recruited a team of noted lounge lizards for this assault on late-night, glamorama New York. An old firehouse in Chelsea has been stuffed with lots of retro-looking Pan-Asian knickknacks, and the food is sometimes better than it should be. Chef Frédéric Kieffer mixes ingredients like flamboyant cocktails. He makes a nice rack of lamb (crusted in marjoram) and several good fish dishes (we liked the turbot), but stay away from the frog legs, served in a bubbly licorice broth. • 147 W. 15th St. (212-929-5000). (M–E)

★ Mandoo Bar
Mandoo, or Korean dumplings, are the chief attraction at Mandoo Bar, where they're hand-formed in the window by a pair of nimble-fingered women who stop traffic with their engaging labors. We're partial to the steamed kimchi variety, in which the typical pork-and-vegetable stuffing is fortified with tofu and a smidgen of the cuisine-defining pickled cabbage. • 2 West 32nd St. (212-279-3075). (I)

★ Periyali
This is the restaurant that first made diners aware that there was more to Greek food than a hunk of lamb on a vertical spit. Periyali took the plates away from Zorba and set them down in a room that exudes the quiet whitewashed, salt-air scented charm of mornings in Mykonos. And while other places have reduced the novelty of combining bouzouki music and class, Periyali's succulent baby chicken, unfussily grilled fish, and uncommonly light moussaka can still surprise and beguile with their cultivated polish. • 35 W. 20th St. (212-463-7890). (M–E)

Slate
Even if pool isn't your game, you might be willing to brave this hall's not exactly tony crowd, giant TVs, and techno throb—not to mention big guys wielding big sticks—for a crack at some delectable comfort food. The big cheese-and-mushroom-stuffed burger alone is worth crossing this cultural divide, and the chewy rare hanger steak is remarkable. • 54 W. 21st St. (212-989-0096). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Caffè Linda
Caffè Linda is a refuge for homesick Italian expats as well as midtown desk jockeys hungering for good food and a warm welcome. Owner Claudio Marini graciously provides both: Every meal begins with complimentary bruschetta and ends with a stick of Wrigley's with the check. In between, there's simple, satisfying salads; sandwiches; a dozen or so pastas; and dinner specials like stewed rabbit and sautéed calamaretti with avocado. • 145 E. 49th St. (646-497-1818). (I–M)

★ Della Femina
It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: the souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in 212. There's a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole "fish sticks" with a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

Divine Bar
This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). Also, 55 Liberty St., second fl. (791-9463). (I–M)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante
Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as careful. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

Haru
Haru means "spring" in Japanese, and the design theme at this fourth and funkiest Manhattan branch of the Haru chainlet is man-made nature, from the digital-photomural-of-grass floor to the robotic fish in the aquariums over the bar. The menu features all the usual suspects, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. • 280 Park Ave., nr. 48th St. (212-490-9680). (M)

★ Maloney & Porcelli
Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstripe and hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep into it—and the service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

★ Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.
If you're looking for him, he ain't there. But if you've come for great beef, that's another story. A better slab of New York strip sirloin would be hard to find, no matter which train you board downstairs. And you're surrounded by the spectacular restoration. It's almost as exciting as sitting courtside. • 23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (E)

Montebello
Upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. • 120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M)

Nino's Positano
Upscale Italian specializing in food from the south, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Olica
The sleek space that was formerly L'Actuel has reopened with a rejiggered menu and a new design incorporating sheer fabrics, earth tones, and light fixtures made from New Mexican twigs. Happily, L'Actuel's tart flambée is still available in all its bacony glory, and so are some signature dishes from the owners' first restaurant, the late Destinée, which closed after a fire. • 145 E. 50th St. (212-583-0001). (M–E)

Smith & Wollensky
Urban cowboys herd together over big steaks with knives to match at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a salad with braised mango), foie gras (with beet sorbet), and roasted Colorado rack of lamb. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Baldoria
Everyone at Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s Baldoria toils to make sure customers stay happy enough to sing along with Jimmy Roselli on the jukebox. There's luscious veal scaloppine, aromatic spaghetti with clams, a raw bar upstairs, and best of all, 136 seats. So, if you still can't get into Rao's—Junior's father's legendary celebrity hangout—now you don't have to. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Ben Benson's Steak House
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of home-

Opening

Where's Sandro?

If Serafina on the Run's new name, **Serafina Sandro**, isn't enough of a clue, then frequent sightings of a big guy in yellow jungle-print Joey Buttafuoco pants—bolting into the dining room to sprinkle Parmesan over someone's spaghettini al limone or deliver a round of grappa on the house—should suffice. That would be Sandro Fioriti, the celebrated Roman chef who, after a falling-out with his ex-partner, left his eponymous Chelsea restaurant three months ago and all but disappeared. ("He was jealous of me," Sandro explains.) Lucky for us, Serafina's owners and Sandro's new partners, Vittorio Assaf and Fabio Granato, aren't the envious types. Not that they don't have a reason to be: Chef Sandro has brought his bag of tricks with him, and he's already drawing a lot of attention from the fabulous Upper East Side crowd with signature dishes like ravioli filled with sea-urchin roe and porchetta with broccoli rabe. "Everyone is—how do you say it?—really happy about it," says Fabio. (38 East 58th Street; 212-832-8888.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

yness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but there's a weatherproofed "front porch" and a dining room devoted entirely to the assiduous consumption of prime aged beef. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Benihana

Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the tableside cooking shows that are still the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

★ Blue Fin

How can you tell you're in a W hotel? The striking design; the Rande Gerber bar; and the upscale restaurant, like this stylish seafood house at the W Times Square. It's smart. It's handsome. Fiercely noisy with jazz to boot. Chef Paul Sale scores with splendid goat-cheese-and-beet salad, a superior crab cake with celery-root salad, and a silken, often luminous way with fish, plus sushi to match any vowel-ending raw-fish bar in town. • 1567 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-918-1400). (M–E)

Bombay Palace

This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined tandoori prawns, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri in midtown for years. Try the excellent breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Cascina

The communal farmhouse tables and equally rustic house wines, imported from the owner's Northern Italian vineyard, conspire to make this trattoria feel more Tuscan countryside than Hell's Kitchen storefront. Beyond lasagne and minestrone, the menu surprises with dishes like rabbit casserole in a bread crust, barbecued veal ribs, and whole-wheat pizza with smoked salmon and cream cheese. • 647 Ninth Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-245-4422). (M)

Cité

Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

Coco Pazzo Teatro

Tucked away inside the Time Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The casually elegant dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like mussels steamed with tomato, basil, and white wine; and grilled ribeye smothered with onions, peppers, and mushrooms. • 224 W. 49th St. (212-320-2929). (M–E)

Da Rosina

Those with curtains to make and bellies to fill find just what they're looking for in this Restaurant Row standby, a reliable source for homemade pasta, chicken and veal cutlets every which way, and Italian classics from fried clams to tirami su. A $22 prix fixe dinner and $13.95 lunch make it easy to splurge on affordable indulgences like spicy lobster frutti di mare and broiled sirloin steak. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ DB Bistro Moderne

Daniel Boulud's latest venture is supposed to be an homage to the simple bistro foods of his youth, but the great chef can't help making things fancy. Take boeuf en gelee, which Chef Boulud coats with sweet horseradish cream and serves in a dainty parfait glass. Or the $29 "DB Burger," leavened with foie gras and short ribs and a silver cup of pommes soufflés on the side. The space can feel a little hectic around theater time, but elbow your way in if you can. • 55 W. 44th St. (212-391-2400). (E)

★ Del Frisco's

Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbane steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. From the usually overrated filet mignon, whose buttery blandness gets surmounted by a brash pepper-splattered crust, to the superb 26-ounce "double eagle" strip, Del Frisco's is a silverware-clanking crowd pleaser. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

Haru

This branch of the stylish, popular Japanese mini-chain, like the others, specializes in fresh, oversized sushi, fifteen house sauces, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. Natural wood tones and a wall of tree branches separating the dining room from the sushi bar brings a little serenity to Times Square. • 205 W. 43rd St. (212-398-9810). (M)

Heartland Brewery & Chop House

With hefty hunks of prime aged beef, braised buffalo short ribs, and lobster-and-crab-stuffed ravioli, this branch of the popular brewpub chain is clearly the most culinarily ambitious. But the mood is still mellow, especially at the bar, a rare, comfortable Times Square spot to toss back some of the terrific hand-crafted brews or try the $23.95 pre theater menu on the way to a show. Private rooms are available for special events. • 127 W. 43rd St. (646-366-0235). (M–E)

Il Gattopardo

Chef Vito Gnazzo lights up this tiny spot and its ivy-draped garden with rustic classics from Naples and its surround—cabbage-wrapped meatballs, homey artichoke parmigiana with smoked mozzarella, and Neapolitan meat loaf encircling hard-boiled egg with olive mashed potatoes. Locals come by Wednesdays for suckling pig with delicious broccoli rabe, and the ricotta-and-wheat torta called pastiera is a rare find. • 33 W. 54th St. (212-246-0412). (M–E)

★ Le Bernardin

Criticizing Le Bernardin is like analyzing rainbows. Just try to describe the snapper in coconut milk or the black bass with truffles and celery root. Submit to the sorcery of chef Eric Ripert, the bewitchery of owner and co-creator Maguy Le Coze, and experience the thrilling sensation of having everything perfect. • 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E)

★ Le Madeleine

Don't sulk if you can't get into Esca across the street: This venerable bistro's gone modern under chef Bruce Beaty (whose lively flavors reflect stints with Alfred Portale and Gilbert LeCoze). We feel miles from Ninth Avenue in the quirky all-weather garden, sharing grilled lamb sausage and splendid yellowfin tartare. Lemon custard seals the deal. Grab a honey madeleine and catch that curtain. • 403 W. 43rd St. (212-246-2993). (M)

Martini's

Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

St. Andrews

In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

★ Town

A delightful sensation takes over the moment you descend into Town—that all too infrequent feeling when you know you're going to be glad you came. From a front desk actually focused on you to a room aglow in plush, sleek romanticism, Town revels in being all grown up. But the real forte is chef-owner Geoffrey Zakarian, who prepares subtle, sophisticated dishes like tuna in ramp-and-sea-urchin sauce, and duck steak with buckwheat pilaf. • 15 W. 56th St. (212-582-4445). (M–E)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro

Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

Utsav Festive India

The $12.95 all-you-can-eat lunch buffet may be pricier than some, but the setting—an elevated bridge between two midtown office buildings—is posher, with tablecloths and flowers and gracious waiters wearing chili-pepper-patterned neckties. Every day brings a selection of four vegetable and three meat dishes, plus salads, chutneys and pickles, nan, superb saffron-speckled rice, and silky-sweet Indian puddings for dessert. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

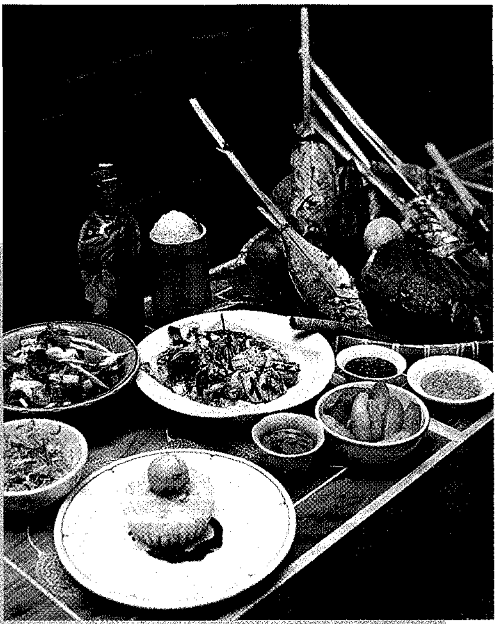
57th–60th Streets

★ Brasserie 8 1/2

At this souped-up designer bookend to the newly modish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport-lounge-style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad

Happening

Fusion Power



At **Cendrillon**, Amy Besa and Romy Dorotan's stock-in-trade is sophisticated Filipino cooking, spiked with variations and ingredients from all over southern Asia. Now, as a fund-raiser to build a school for Cambodian children in a village near Angkor Wat, they're bringing a series of celebrated chefs into their kitchen to ring further inversions on their usual fusion flavors. On August 21, the trio of Dorotan, author Regina Aguinaldo, and Nobu chef de cuisine Ricky Estrellado will prepare an authentic Filipino barbecue (pictured). On October 16, author Maya Kaimal will cook recipes from the south Indian state of Kerala—a region sadly unrepresented on the usual New York Indo-Pak menu. Finally, Amherst, Massachusetts's best (only?) Malaysian haute cuisinier, Pengyew Chin, will serve his country's refined and little-known cooking on December 4, when author Amitav Ghosh (*The Glass Palace*) will be the guest speaker. (45 Mercer Street; 212-343-9012.) PETER KAMINSKY

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. The evening scene is overcooked, but lunch at bar No. 2 (the blue-green one) is better. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M–E)

Bukhara Grill

At the second branch of a popular midtown restaurant and the fourth Indian kitchen to colonize its raita-ridden block, one whiff is pungent proof that they don't stint on the spices, which permeate the clay-oven specialties, the myriad vegetarian dishes, and everything on the sixteen-course $13.95 lunch buffet. • 230 E. 58th St. (212-339-0090). (M)

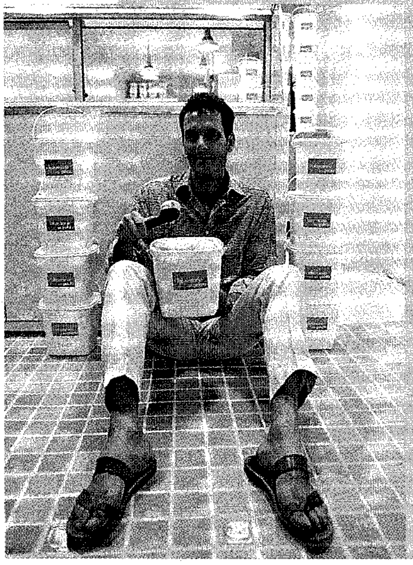
★ Guastavino's

The fab English import in the spectacularly restored space under the Queensboro Bridge has rechristened itself "an American brasserie," and you can almost hear the midwestern twang in chef (and transplanted Indianan) Daniel Orr's dishes like fried green tomatoes with Wabash Cannonball goat cheese, chicken and dumplings, and pear-huckleberry pandowdy. Upstairs, at Club Guastavino, Orr has kept his French accent and the $65 three-course prix fixe menu. • 409 E. 59th St. (212-980-2455). (M–E)

Takeout

Back Into the Cold

In the early eighties, after an influential and high-calorie summer vacation in Italy, 19-year-old Jon Snyder left college to start Ciao Bella, the little gelato company that could. Burned out after nearly six years spent cold-calling chefs and custom-blending flavors, he sold the brand to a new owner who eventually gave it a national identity and a coveted slot on just about every dessert menu in town. Snyder went off to do other things, like earn an M.B.A. at Columbia and trade equities on Wall Street. But the Bronx-born grandson of Carvel franchisees couldn't get the butterfat out of his system, and everywhere he looked, his past life called to him. "Everybody was always saying they love Ciao Bella. Every restaurant, it's Ciao Bella." New York, he decided, was ready for another premium ice cream—especially since Ciao Bella had moved its production facilities to New Jersey. "I was always proud of the fact that it was a Manhattan business," says Snyder. And since his noncompete clause expired years ago, there was nothing to stop him from importing a batch freezer from Bologna, sourcing the best local ingredients, and opening **Il Laboratorio del Gelato** in a storefront next door to the Lower East Side Tenement Museum, guaranteeing him a steady stream of nostalgic visitors. Although he expects to do mostly wholesale restaurant business, he's also opened a small café serving coffee, shakes, twelve flavors a day, and toppings like homemade hot fudge and fresh berry coulis. In times like these, even M.B.A.'s need something to fall back on. (95 Orchard Street; 212-343-9922.) R.R.



The Manhattan Ocean Club

Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ March

Expanded seating and a rooftop terrace aren't the only welcome additions to this ultraromantic Sutton Place townhouse. Wayne Nish has shed his obsession with Japan and embraced what he calls "New York cuisine," luxed up with a little more cream and butter. A typical tasting menu begins in a truffly, buttery haze of vegetable fricassee, then segues into Muscat-scented lobster and moist chicken in spice-mulled pear cider, before climaxing in rustic lamb shoulder with fennel purée. • 405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E)

★ Norma's

Anyone who equates French toast or biscuits with Mom and unconditional love might agree that the Parker Meridien's spiffy Norma's, with its exuberant all-day breakfast, is worthy of an award. Pancakes by a mom on Prozac. Complimentary fruit-smoothie shots and a duo of croissants oozing smoked-salmon-flecked scrambled eggs. If there really can be too much of a good thing, then breakfast here ought to be against the law. • 118 W. 57th St. (212-708-7460). (M)

ONEc.p.s.

Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

★ Shelly's New York

The latest Shelly Fireman production inhabits an old Automat space, ergo the "Horn & Hardart" creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese. Only the assimilative Fireman (of Brooklyn Diner fame) would offer towering shellfish platters and stone crabs flown in daily from Joe's in Miami Beach alongside miso-glazed halibut, chicken schnitzel, and a 50-ounce porterhouse steak cooked "Brooklyn style" and make it all work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Tao Asian Bistro

The team behind Rue 57 has transformed the old Palace movie house into a place where the indecisive can share spicy lobster roll with black caviar, Shanghai-style soup dumplings, $10-an-ounce Kobe beef with wasabi, and Peking duck. Book the "sky box," a private room where the projectionist's booth used to be, and gaze down on the sixteen-foot Buddha, keeping the peace. • 42 E. 58th St. (212-888-2288). (M)

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse in Central Park

Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass. • E. 72nd St. and Park Drive N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

★ Cafe Boulud

Most chefs have one menu to worry about. At Daniel Boulud's beige-on-beige bistro, Andrew Carmellini has four. For "Le Voyage," he globe-trots from Vietnam to New Orleans. Mixing and matching is encouraged, so there's no reason why you can't begin with fresh- and smoked-salmon latkes from "La Saison," segue into potato-crusted sea bass from "La Tradition," and conclude with a warm fig tart from the menu called "Le Potager," nirvana for the vegetarian gourmet. • 20 East 76th Street (212-772-2600). (E)

★ Café Sabarsky

Museum Mile is full of museum cafés, but none quite like this elegant evocation of a Viennese-style kaffeehaus at Ronald Lauder's Neue Galerie New York. The artistic sensibility permeates the café, with its reproductions of Josef Hoffmann sconces, Adolf Loos bentwood chairs, and Otto Wagner fabrics. And the theme continues with tortes (Sacher and Linzer), Bavarian ham for breakfast, cod strudel for lunch—and Friday nights only, dinner service until 9 P.M. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-288-0665). (M)

★ Fred's at Barneys New York

Normally, the stuff served in department-store eateries is the gastronomic equivalent of the final clearance bin. Not so here. The menu's an amalgam of au courant Italian (lovely pasta), guilt-ridden dietetic (chicken soup rendered fatless), and size-6-be-damned deli (chicken livers and pot roast to plotz from). The airy new ninth-floor location features a serpentine granite bar, leather chairs, and, unlike the old subterranean space, daylight. • 660 Madison Ave., nr. 61st St. (212-833-2200). (M–E)

Haru Sake Bar

Very fresh sushi, sashimi, tempura, plus Japanese fusion fare, and an expanded selection of sake and sake cocktails are the draw at this popular uptown branch of the Japanese mini-chain. Take-out service too. • 1327 Third Ave., at 76th St. (212-452-1028). (M)

Isle of Capri

Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 45 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. • 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M)

★ JoJo

This is where it all began, where Jean-Georges Vongerichten first stunned gourmands with his herbal essences, vegetable sauces, and gossamer desserts. The once-staid townhouse has been rendered nearly unrecognizable with a fin de siècle French-bordello remake and a hip-hop soundtrack, but in his reigning wisdom, the megachef still lets them eat cake—specifically, his signature molten Valrhona-chocolate masterpiece. • 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E)

Kai

Downstairs is the Ito En tea shop; upstairs, an elegant restaurant serving food inspired by *kaiseki*, the Japanese meal served after a tea ceremony. And some of the dishes on the four-level prix fixe dinner menus ($55 to $110) are flavored with the key ingredient including salt-crusted black cod with tea

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

Trend

Hamburger Helper

Has Frenchman Daniel Boulud irrevocably altered the all-American burger? Inspired by a shaky economy and (we'd wager) the huge success of Boulud's $29 Big Mac gone mad at his bistro DB, **Rouge**'s David Ruggerio has come up with his own signature all-beef patty. It's a slightly less colossal DB burger minus the truffles and foie gras but filled with shredded braised short ribs and portobellos, and layered with roasted tomato and frisée. The bun's too chewy, but the accompanying pommes frites are perfect, and, at $11.95, you won't mind winning the tug-of-war for the check. Can a Quarter Pounder stuffed with chopped chicken liver on a brioche bun be far behind? (135 East 62nd Street; 212-207-4601.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

leaves and dill, and green-tea noodles with tofu. Lunch is offered à la carte. • 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (212-988-7277). (E)

Mark's

Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows. Fine French-American cooking (roasted beet salad with goat cheese, thyme-crusted tuna with tomato and black-olive vinaigrette), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Mo's Caribbean Bar and Mexican Grill

Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. Close enough. This spot with an MTV-beach-party vibe serves Caribbean and Mexican-American fare like jerk chicken burritos, enchiladas, and fajitas—all in a dining room with real palm trees. Reserve for Monday's Lobster Madness night. Leave with a suntan. • 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (212-650-0561). (M)

Nino's

Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe

A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ Payard Patisserie & Bistro

You'll never shiver and blush the way François Payard's Nôtre Dame, Fontainebleau, St.-Honoré, or devilish chocolate tart make you when they hijack your taste buds. If all this sweetness weren't enough, Payard's chef Philippe Bertineau concocts first and second courses that match François's touted thirds. • 1032 Lexington Ave., nr. 73rd St. (212-717-5252). (M–E)

★ The Post House

How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Rain East

Like its Upper West Side sibling, the spices at this East Side branch are slightly tamed for American consumption, more fragrant than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like Thai chicken-and-coconut soup, pad Thai, and curried beef. • 1059 Third Ave., near 62nd St. (212-223-3669). (M)

Trata

With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

Alice's Tea Cup

Rebelling against the notion that tea must be confined to the afternoon, this Upper West Side wonderland serves breakfast, lunch, dinner, and dessert. All that plus 100 teas, a takeout counter, a private party room, organic baby food, and enough tchotchkes to drive any Hatter mad. • 102 W. 73rd St. (212-799-3006). (I–M)

★ Calle Ocho

Who'd a thunk it? That the West Side could ever boast a restaurant as uncalculatingly sexy as Calle Ocho, with its far wall's spectacular Caribbean sunset of glazed terra cotta and its jewel-toned banquettes curving through the space like waves along the gulf? Let a staff so winning you at first suspect they're a few mojitos ahead of you steer you towards tangy lobster seviche, seafood paella, and terrific yuca fries. • 446 Columbus Ave., near 81st St. (212-873-5025). (M–E)

★ Compass

It didn't work as Marika, not even when talented Neil Annis took over. With a shift of partners, the newly dubbed Compass has finally found a winning West Side mojo. This time around Annis's tweaked menu (a clever chopped salad, luscious vichyssoise, shimmering halibut, a first-rate veal chop, short ribs on fingerling purée) should garner as much attention as the design. • 208 W. 70th St. (212-875-8600). (E)

Jean-Luc

Ed "Jean-Luc" Kleefield aspired to bring downtown uptown, and he started out by recruiting former Raoul's chef Eric Le Dily, whose menu supplements standards like steak au poivre and lobster bisque with such newfangled notions as bison carpaccio and crab-crusted Chilean sea bass. The room is equally eclectic, mixing brick-red velvet banquettes and Biedermeier chairs with second-century mosaics. Bar menu, too. • 507 Columbus Ave., near 84th St. (212-712-1700). (M–E)

★ Ouest

After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M–E)

★ Picholine

Terrance Brennan doesn't want to be the Upper West Side's best chef. He's got the whole city in his sights, which explains why his French-Mediterranean menu aspires to such lofty heights. Rustic nightly specials like cassoulet and seven-hour lamb shank are earthy counterpoint to menu selections like sea-urchin panna cotta and truffle-steeped poached halibut. The wild-mushroom-and-duck risotto has its own fan club, as does fromager Max McCalman. • 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E)

Restaurant 222

Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The new prix fixe Italian steakhouse menu ($20 at lunch, $39 at dinner) and $29.95 pretheater menu are particularly good deals. • 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E)

Scaletta

A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks is the tranquil setting for refined Northern Italian fare, from smoked salmon and beef carpaccio to a selection of risotto and veal dishes. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. • 50 W. 77th St. (212-769-9191). (M)

@SQC

At Avenue, Scott Campbell reacquainted New Yorkers with the often overlooked pleasures of brunch, and now he's brought his rich repertoire of soufflé pancakes, scallion-and-Montrachet scrambled eggs, and pudding-thick hot chocolate thirteen blocks south. Later in the day, there's fragrant stuffed chicken, and an apple tart with caramel and ice cream in three acts that's wondrously good. Ditto frites in parchment. • 270 Columbus Ave., near 72nd St. (212-579-0100). (M)

Brooklyn

Nick's Lobster

This is the kind of family-style restaurant you'd expect to find in Maine or Montauk, not downstream from the Kings Plaza shopping center in southeastern Brooklyn. In good weather, dine on the canopied deck, which overlooks Mill Basin, and order lobster with corn and steak fries off the no-frills seafood menu, and a pitcher of Miller. Sit as close to the railing (and as far from Flatbush Avenue) as possible, and contemplate the coastal quiet—at least until the next Jet-Skier comes blasting by. • 2777 Flatbush Ave. (718-253-7117). (I–M)

Queens

★ Nick's Pizza

Nick's light, fragrant, superbly charred crusts contrast beautifully with creamy fresh mozzarella—melted but not boiled over—and bright tomato sauce and basil. No wood, no brick, no coal—how do they achieve pizza greatness with a conventional gas oven? The mystery is part of the allure. That, and a wine list that goes beyond the basic pizzeria house red and white, plus killer cannoli that will change forever your perception of the Mulberry Street staple. • 108-26 Ascan Ave., Forest Hills (718-263-1126). (I–M)

JACOBSON *Continued from page 31*

was the reason he was prompted to testify.

Once, Budd was willing to duke it out in the Lion's Head about his testimony and call nemesis Lillian Hellman a Stalinist "toad" who'd scream about betrayal and then read about Soviet authors "stretched out on the rack at Lubianka Prison and go back on the ferry to Martha's Vineyard." Acknowledging it "would be inhuman not to express doubt" about naming names, especially to "that sleazy committee," he remains unapologetic.

But clearly, the testimony has taken its toll. "It follows you around, it is such a fixation," Budd says. Such was the case in 1999 during the uproar over Kazan's Lifetime Achievement Oscar. "There were a lot of calls; TV shows wanted me to comment. Most of it was stupid, celebrity junk. None of them knew or cared much about what the real issues were. They talked to Rod Steiger, who said he would have never taken the Charley role in *Waterfront* if he knew I would testify—when I'd actually testified eighteen months before we ever asked him to be in the picture." In contrast to many of the former forties "radicals" who would turn up as post-sixties neoconservatives, Schulberg remains what he says he's always been, a liberal activist. Indeed, within days of the 1964 Watts riot, he was down in South Central, offering himself as a writing teacher to anyone who wanted to show up. The Watts Writer's Workshop, which Budd founded, and its off-shoot, Harlem's Frederick Douglass Creative Arts Center, continue today.

So it was a tenser moment than you might encounter at a typical book party—Budd and Navasky meeting in the penthouse of the old McGraw-Hill Building. In his book, Navasky puts forth the often-echoed, hard-to-ignore contention that Schulberg and Kazan used the testimony of Brando's Terry Molloy against Johnny Friendly to justify their own actions. "That just infuriates me," Budd says, still hot about it, pointing out that his original script did not have a testifying scene and it was only after longshoremen appeared before the Waterfront Commission that it was added. But even if the hatchet will never be sufficiently buried, everyone was far too civil to bring it up at a book party. From across the room you could watch Navasky and Schulberg, these two old lions, chat a moment, shake hands, go off to perhaps more felicitous conversations. Later, Budd said it was fine, he'd talked to Victor several times over the years, it had always been cordial—and besides, they were both boxing fans. Still, he didn't mind getting into the car and driving away.

OVER IN RED HOOK, THESE OLD ACRIMONIES quickly faded. In the late fifties, with the rise of ILA local 1814 under the strong-arm/smash-nose thumb of the Anastasia brothers—Albert, Tough Tony, and Gerry Bang Bang—the Brooklyn "finger piers" supplanted Manhattan as the power on the New York docks. The majority of city cargo moved through here. These days, however, aside from the Columbia Street container depot and seemingly endless discussion of the federal "home port" designed to return the city to shipping prominence, the Brooklyn waterfront is a desolate stretch of collapsed piers, live-chicken dealers, and FedEx drop-offs. The vibe is still here, however (the Brooklyn U.S. attorney's office filed most of the current indictments), and Budd, who haunted the Red Hook and Sunset Park docks back in the day, wanted to check out what was left.

Pleased to see that his favorite old bar on Conover Street was still open for business, albeit only one night a week, Budd inquired about the barge, freshly painted red, that was moored out at the street's end. Told the barge was actually a waterfront museum, Budd was intrigued. A knock on the giant door brought a little girl, a lovely 11-year-old tomboy type. "Dad," she yelled, "someone's here."

The barge owner, David Sharps, appeared, took one look at Budd's white hair, and asked, "What year were you born, sir?"

"Nineteen fourteen," Budd replied.

"Why, that's the same year this barge was built," said Sharps, with some wonder. "Well, then, you'll have to come aboard."

Sharps, who lives on the barge, in addition to curating the Waterfront Museum, is also a circus juggler. It was during a demonstration of his prowess, while his daughter drove her bike in circles over the plank floor, that Sharps was told his visitor was the author of *On the Waterfront*. This caused the juggler to drop a pin. "That is my favorite movie," Sharps exclaimed. Once, he had shown a print of the film on the barge. "We opened up the doors, screened it under the harbor stars . . . If you were here, it would have been perfect."

Genuinely touched, Budd said that if Sharps showed the movie again, he'd love to come. A great idea, Sharps said, except that there would be no movies this summer. The barge was showing wear and tear; it was to be floated to dry dock for some patch-up. "Yes," Budd said. At 88, you always needed some patch-up.

"Come look at this," Sharps said, opening the back end of the barge. The full expanse of the harbor was out there, the Staten Island coastline out to the Narrows. "Except for the bridge, it's pretty much the way it must have always looked." Sharps said he often stood at this door and imagined the old waterfront, a thousand boats coming and going, a mecca of commerce, the hub of the world. Budd peered out and said he knew what Sharps meant.

It was pretty late by then, and Budd wanted to catch the Jitney back to Quogue, where he has lived on Aspatuck Creek since the sixties. He loved walking around New York, he said, but the proximity of "all those hearts beating, those lungs breathing," got to him. The country suited him better these days. There was time enough for one more slice of waterfront, so we drove over to the Bayonne docks.

The Jersey piers have always been rough, from the days of the ILA 1235, the Porter local, so-called on account of the large number of Portuguese members, and Carol Gardner's all-black ILA 1233. It is the same today, to judge from the recent arrests of several alleged Genovese-family associates in the ILA 1588, including 66-year-old Sonny Aniello, 70-year-old Nicholas Furina, and 67-year-old Carlo Bilancione, among others. The charges involved "work-for-money schemes straight out of the Marlon Brando classic *On the Waterfront*," said the Jersey *Journal*.

"IT REALLY IS A TOTALLY DIFFERENT FEELing," Budd marvels as we drive up to the gate at the Global Terminal, where most of the arrested men worked. Looming above were several huge towers hoisting stacks of containers marked CHO YANG, CHINA SHIPPER, and MITSUI. "Now it's just a couple of guys and some computers." We want to get a closer look but we're stopped by the gatekeeper.

"Where you think you going?" the guy asks, bounding out of his booth in his Tino Martinez Yankees T-shirt. Maybe 25, the gatekeeper wears his hair swept back in the old style, and there is a familiar bounce to his swagger. The way he cocks his eyebrows, you could say there is some Terry Molloy in him, at least Molloy without the sweetness that got to Eva Marie Saint. Maybe the guy is imitating Brando, or more likely he is imitating his longshoreman father imitating Brando. Told we want to get inside, he shakes his head. "No, can't happen. Absolutely not."

Has the guy seen *On the Waterfront*?

"On the what?"

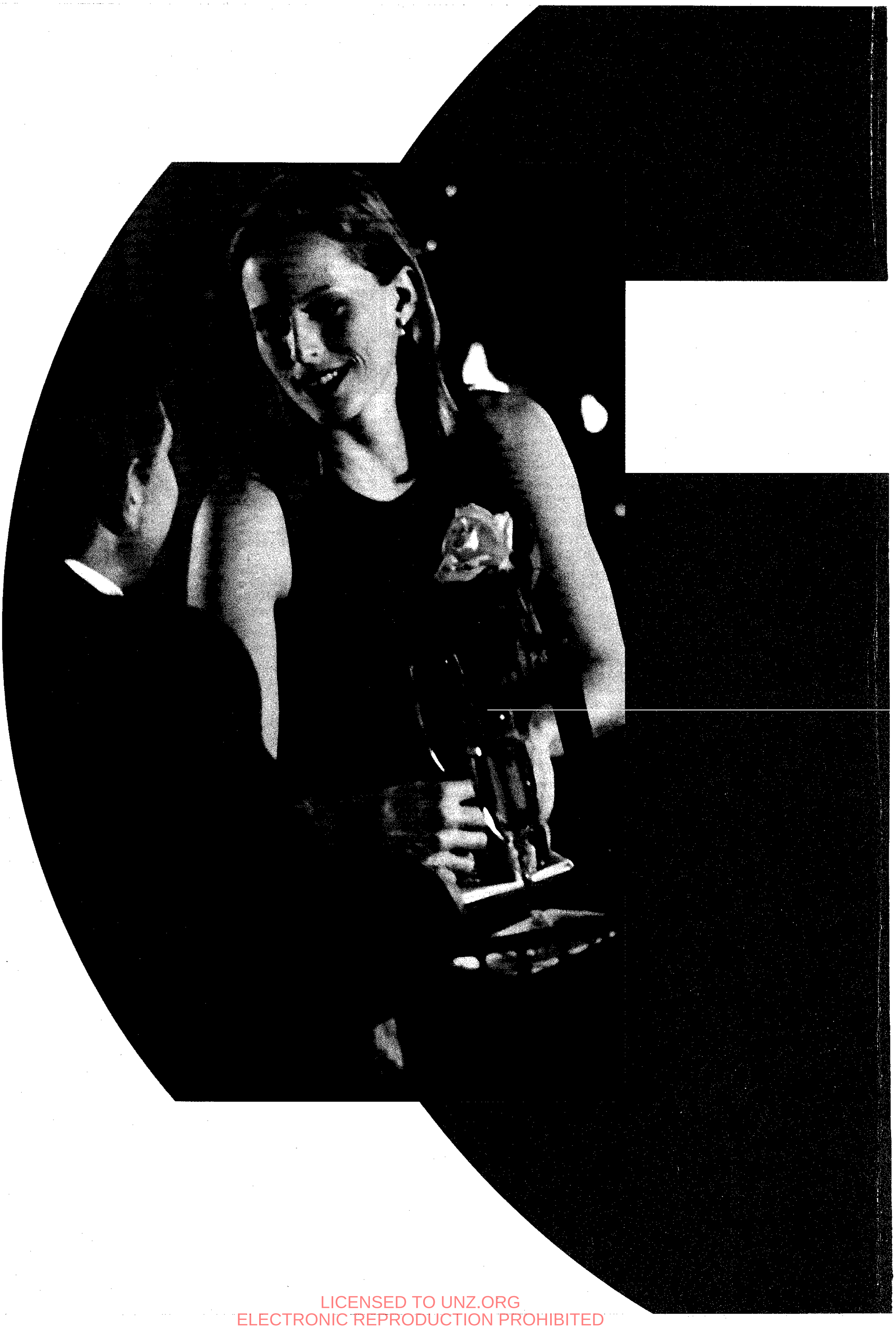
"*Waterfront*."

"Yeah, maybe, so what?"

"Guy here wrote it."

"No shit?" The dock worker smirks. "Big fucking deal. Get out."

To which Budd says, "See, that's the same—there's no respect for writers." ■



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Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Classical Music

★ Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival
Concerts run the gamut from Scarlatti to Dvořák to Steve Reich to unusual suspects Beethoven and Bach. Through 8/18. Call for details or visit bcmf.org. • Presbyterian Church of Bridgehampton, Bridgehampton, N.Y. (212-741-9403; after 7/25: 631-537-6368); $30.

★ Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors
Presents "Two Siberians": Gypsy violin meets twentieth-century rock, 8/14 at 6:30 (rain date: 8/15). More than a *thousand* participants—choral, percussion, and samba ensembles—salute Charles Ives in *Convergence: Some Parades for Charlie's Dad*, a series of parades based on an idea of Ives's father. Begins at the Amsterdam Houses and ends up on the plaza, 8/18 at 4:30; chamber-music ensemble Relache, 8/21 at 6:30. • Lincoln Center (212-875-5108); free.

★ Mostly Mozart Festival
The Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, the Dessoff Choirs, and soloists join the Mark Morris Dance Group for Handel's *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, 8/14–8/17 at 8. Gabrieli Consort and Players, with soloists including countertenor Daniel Taylor, perform Handel's *Esther*, 8/18 at 5. Quartetto Gelato plays a free outdoor concert of works by Rossini, Ravel, Piazzolla, and others, 8/20 at 6:45. The festival orchestra, no longer on strike, will give two free concerts at Avery Fisher Hall, 8/20 and 8/21 at 8. Tickets are available at the box office, 8/19 at 10 A.M. Limit two per person. Visit lincolncenter.org. • Lincoln Center (212-875-5399); $20–$50.

Music at Grand Central Terminal
Chamber ensembles perform at Grand Central: the jazz quartet NY Express, 8/14 at noon in the main concourse, and the trio J.J. Baroque, 8/15 at 6:30, and the Aurora Trio, 8/18 at 6:30, in the lower-level dining concourse. • Grand Central Terminal (212-340-2347); free.

★ Bargemusic
Chamber music on the water: Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Dvořák, 8/15 at 7:30 and 8/18 at 4, and Poulenc, Brahms, and Debussy, 8/16 and 8/17 at 7:30. Call for details. • Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $35.

Concertante
Chamber ensemble performs Schubert's Octet in F major. 8/15 at 1. • Trinity Church, 74 Trinity Pl. (212-602-0768); free.

Locrian Chamber Players
New-music ensemble performs three William Bolcom works: *Spring Trio*, *Celestial Dinner Music* for flute and harp, and *Dedicace* for piano four-hands; also, the U.S. premiere of South African composer Kevin Volans's *Akrodha* for solo percussion. 8/15 at 8. • Riverside Church, 91 Claremont Ave. (718-458-4864); free.

Bronx Arts Ensemble
Performs tangos and other music from Latin America, with soloists and dancers. 8/11 at 2 and 4. • 2 P.M.: Van Cortlandt Park, Rockwood Drive Circle, the Bronx. 4 P.M.: Fordham University, McGinley Center, the Bronx (718-601-7399); free.

Michael Bulychev-Okser, Piano
Recital includes works by Schumann, Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, and Liszt as part of the Juilliard artists series. 8/20 at 12:30. • The Continental Center, 180 Maiden Ln. (212-799-5000, ext. 313); free.

★ Composers Collaborative, Inc.
Presents "Non Sequiter 2002," a round of collaborations between five composer-writer duos in experimental works that break the fourth wall and combine spoken word, high-tech chant, minimalism, and ancient instrumentation. 8/19–8/21 at 8. • Bowery Poetry Club, Bowery at 1st St. (212-663-1967); $20 ($15 advance).

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra
Program includes Stravinsky, Purcell, and Mozart. 8/20 at 7:30. • St. Peter's Church, 346 W. 20th St. (212-691-6263); $10.

Dance

★ New York International Fringe Festival
Twenty troupes perform throughout the city. Among the offerings: Zimbabwe-based Iyasa's *Africana-Americano*; Venus Fly Trap's *Stalking Christopher Walken*; Spencer/Colton and Blue Man Group's Randall Jaynes's *Billy Nijinsky*, about a man obsessed with the legendary Russian dancer; Eva Dean Dance's *Bounce*, a sequel to last year's *Balls, Balls, Balls*; KDNY's *autoportraits*, a metaphorical take on women and fun-house mirrors; and Decadancetheatre's *Heroin(e)*, a raw look at the world of addiction. Through 8/25. Call for details or visit fringenyc.org. (See box.) • Various theaters (212-420-8877); $12.

★ "Swango:The Fusion"
Choreographers from Broadway's *Swing!* and *Forever Tango* combine the playfulness of one form with the passion of the other. Thursdays and Fridays through 8/30 at 8:30. • Swing 46, 349 W. 46th St. (212-262-9554); $35 with drinks, $50 with dinner.

★ Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo
Flamboyant as ever, the renowned all-male dance troupe dons tiaras and tutus for New York premieres of Agnes de Mille's Degas-inspired *Debut at the Opera*, Peter Anastos's *La Trovatiara*, a new *Don Quixote*, and company classics. Through 8/24. Call for details. • The Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $38.

★ Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors
The modern company Philadanco, 8/14 at 8; Roger C. Jeffrey's company Subtle Changes presents a program called "Celebrating Diversity" featuring a solo performance by guest artist Rasta Thomas, tapper Ayodele Casel in the trio *Images*, and Kerri Edge's *The Wrath of the Negro Spiritual* with music by Sweet Honey in the Rock and Michael Jackson, 8/15 at 6; Obo Addy and Okropong perform traditional drumming and dancing from Ghana, 8/17 at 4:30; D.C.-based KanKouran West African Dance Company, 8/18 at 8; the American Repertory Ballet, 8/20 at 5:45; and the Trisha Brown Dance Company, 8/21 at 8. Call for details or visit lincolncenter.org. • Lincoln Center, various outdoor stages (212-875-5108); free.

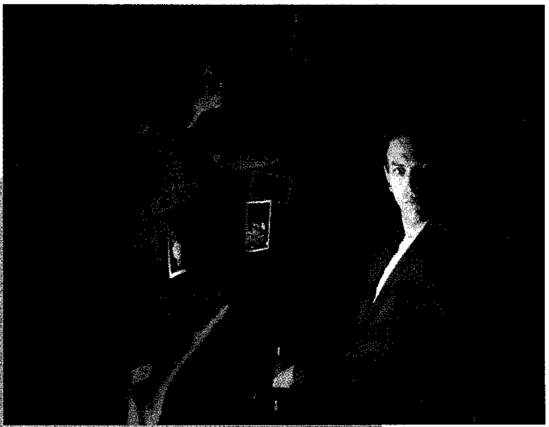
★ Mark Morris Dance Group
Joins the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, the Dessoff Choirs, and soloists, for Handel's *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, the Mostly Mozart Festival's first-ever staged piece. 8/14–8/17 at 8. • Lincoln Center, New York State Theater (212-875-5399); $25–$65.

Hudson River Park Trust
Live music and free dance lessons along the Hudson with Latin band Mo' Guajiro, 8/11, and swing band George Gee's Jump Jivin' Wailers, 8/18. Lessons begin at 6:30. • MoonDance, Pier 25 at N. Moore St. (212-533-7275); free.

Ground Rules This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Performance

Walken Dancin'



"When we would ask people what they knew about him, everyone's reaction was always so strong," recalls writer-director Gabriel Grilli, referring to Christopher Walken. "You know, it was always, *Whoa, he's so weird; oh, I love that guy.* We never got anything neutral about him. If we found somebody who didn't know who he was, we showed him a picture, and they'd be like, *Ohhhhh, that guy!*" The brand-new performance collective Venus Fly Trap takes an imaginary trip into the enigmatic actor's subconscious—à la *Being John Malkovich*—in Grilli's original dance-theater piece **Stalking Christopher Walken** during the New York International Fringe Festival, a cauldron of experimental performance now in its sixth year. After sorting through three decades of Walken interviews and watching a good deal of his 70-odd films, Grilli describes an image of "this loner who sits home and sort of waits for the phone to ring—he just lives for his work." Dana Ruttenberg's choreography, says Grilli, is in the vein of Pina Bausch. Twenty of this year's nearly 200 Fringe shows are dance works, among them *Africana-Americano* (a fusion of African music, dance, rituals, and costumes); *Body Maps*, with body painting, stories of profound pain and joy based on a social worker's interviews; *Garüng*, about dangerous and seductive women of myth; a Yugoslavian production of *The Josephine Baker Story;* and five women dancing with large rubber balls to a boing-boing accompaniment in Eva Dean Dance's *Bounce*. One very cool Fringe benefit: Volunteer for a box-office or phone-room shift and get a voucher for a free ticket. (See "Dance.") A.Z.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL BYRNES.

cue

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Concerts

Goo Goo Dolls
8/16 at 7:30. Successful just about every single time at the plate, but with numbing predictability. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $25-$35.

★ Hall & Oates
8/15 at 8. Their ballads ("Sarah Smile") were soft rock so soft they could have been administered instead of nitrous oxide at the dentist's office, and their soul-boy posing (see *Live at the Apollo*) could be embarrassing, but they had a strange gift for coming up with innovative beats and rhythms, many of which have been sampled by dance-music and hip-hop producers. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $29.50-$39.50.

★ "Sprite Liquid Mix Tour"
With Jay-Z; 311; Hoobastank; N.E.R.D.; Blackalicious; more. 8/20 at 3:30. (See box.) • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $20-$45.

★ The Strokes; White Stripes
8/15 at 8. An obviously excellent bill, but the real surprise here is just how great the White Stripes are live: Onstage, Jack White conjures up a sense of foppy eccentricity not often seen since the days of Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis. • Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (212-307-7171); $25.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
8/15: Rebirth Brass Band. 8/18: The Persuasions. 8/19–8/20: Brian Wilson. 8/22: The Nelsons. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
8/16: "Jazz Is Dead." 8/17: Steve Forbert; Lynn Miles. 8/21: Leon Russell. 8/22: Neshama Carlebach. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
8/15: Bob Scheider. 8/16: Hot Snakes. 8/17: Ben Kweller. 8/22: Umphrey's McGee. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

"Celebrate Brooklyn"
8/17: Benefit concert with Capleton and friends. 8/18: Saw Doctors; Gavin DeGraw. • Prospect Park Bandshell (718-855-7882, ext. 45); $3 suggested donation, except for benefit concerts.

"Central Park SummerStage"
8/15 at 7: They Might Be Giants; Moldy Peaches ($10 suggested donation). 8/16 at 7: Disco Biscuits; Soulive (benefit concert, $25). • Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, enter at Fifth Ave. and 72nd St. (no phone; www.summerstage.com); all shows free except for benefit concerts.

Irving Plaza
8/20: Jennifer Knapp; Tait. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
Mondays: New-music showcase. Tuesdays: D.J.'s Beverly Bond and Belinda spin hip-hop and R&B. Wednesdays: World music. Thursdays: Editors, writers, photographers, and all sorts of other non-D.J.'s take to the decks for the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: D.J. Johnny spins hip-hop, house, and soul classics. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
8/15: Particle; Tea Leaf Green. 8/16: Particle. 8/17: RockFour; Say Hi to Mom. 8/20: Brand New. 8/21: Baby Steps. 8/22: DaVinci's Notebook. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
8/15: Northern State. 8/18: The Zen Tricksters. 8/20: Ari Heist. 8/21: Ten O'Clock Classics. 8/22: Susan Werner and Eric Schwartz. • 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).

Mercury Lounge
8/15: Tom Kitt Band. 8/16: Lettuce and Friends. 8/17: The Cherry Valence (see box). 8/19: Instant Death. 8/20: Pete Miser. 8/21: Keith Urban. 8/22: Josh Joplin. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Northsix
8/15: Mike Doughty. 8/16: The French Kicks; the Natural History. 8/18: All; Wretch Like Me. • 66 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-5103).

S.O.B.'s
8/15: "Basement Bhangra." 8/16: Jimmy Castor. 8/17: Brazooca. 8/18: Camp-Lo. 8/19: Oscar De Leon. 8/20: Morgan Heritage. 8/21: Bongo Maffin. 8/22: Chuck Brown. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

Performance

Cherry Pickings

Retro-rock is all the rage, but too many bands looking backward confine themselves to the sixties-garage-rock *Nuggets* era. Thankfully, when the Raleigh, North Carolina–based act **The Cherry Valence** (pictured) plumb the depths of rock history, they come up with unfashionable influences like Sweet and Alice Cooper. So it goes on their latest CD, *Riffin*, where the group offers up completely unself-conscious rock like "Sweat, Sweat, Sweat (All Over You)." This sort of head-banging stuff is made to be heard live, so prepare to raise your lighter when the band plays Mercury Lounge on August 17. (See "Small Stages.")

Southpaw
8/15: Ted Leo Pharmacists; Palomar. 8/16: Freedy Johnston; Kristin Hoffmann. 8/18: The Lonesome Organist. 8/21 Castro. • 125 Fifth St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-230-0236).

Clubs

APT
An apartment-themed lounge with a surprisingly good lineup of hip-hop, soul, and house D.J.'s. Mondays: Bobbito Garcia. Tuesdays: Jaymz Nylon. Wednesdays: *Fader* magazine presents Rich Medina. Thursdays: Small Change. Fridays: Ursula 1000. Saturdays: Chairman Mao and Citizen Kane. • 419 W. 13th St. (212-414-4245).

Arc
Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive-house maestro D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: "Made Saturdays," trance and progressive house spun by the likes of Deep Dish. 8/17: Sander Kleinenberg. 8/18: Victor Calderone. • 6 Hubert St. (212-226-9212).

★ "Bang the Party"
Lori and E-Man's sweaty Friday-night house party returns to Manhattan after several years at Frank's Lounge in Brooklyn. Expect lots of tambourine-toting dancers and plenty of house and disco classics. • Opaline, 85 Ave. A (212-726-1322); $10.

Centro-Fly
Thursdays: Eclectic music with "?" Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. 8/16: D.J. Punk Roc. 8/17: Terry Mullan. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-627-7770).

★ Club Shelter
Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's long-running deep-house party "Shelter." 8/15: Carl Craig. • Club Shelter, 20 W. 39th St. (212-439-4141). $.

Luxx
Fridays: "Mutants" with D.J. Larry Tee. Saturdays: D.J. Larry Tee spins electroclash at "Berliniamsburg." Sundays: "House Music Sessions" with D.J. Raji K and D.J. Gomi. Sundays: More Larry Tee with "NYFC." Mondays: "Cult Movie Mondays." Tuesdays: DJ. .Miss Guy spins rock and metal at "Hell Bent for Brooklyn." • 256 Grand Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-1000).

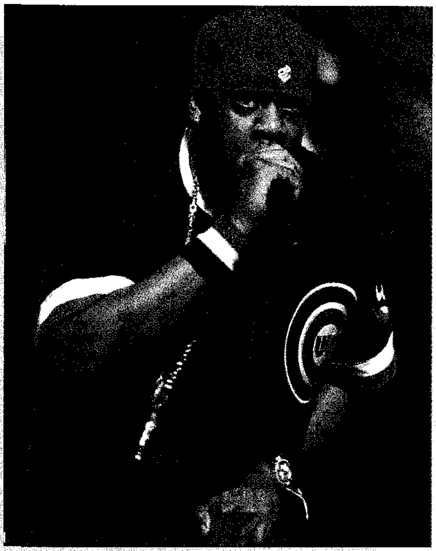
The Roxy
Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotat-

Ground Rules In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start later than promised. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. $ = cash only.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KRISTINA MAMMEL.

Performance

In the Mix



Corporate-sponsored package tours get a lot of flak from the music press, but are they really any worse than the likes of Moby's "Area: Two," which disseminated mediocre rap and dance music to stages around the country? Not necessarily: The **Sprite Liquid Mix Tour**, which unites mainstream hip-hop dons (Jay-Z, pictured), underground lyricists (Blackalicious), and pop music's most out-there act (N.E.R.D.), brings a mostly solid bill to the Jones Beach Theater on August 20. (You will have to sit through Hoobastank, but that's a small price to pay.) Best of all, the Spritemongers seem to have tapped into the recessionary mood: Ticket prices top out at $45. (See "Concerts.")

ing set of house D.J.'s, including Razor of Razor and Guido. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Jazz

Birdland
Mondays in August from 5:30 to 7:30: Scott Whitfield Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays from 5:30 to 7:30: David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Fridays from 5:30 to 7:30: Lew Anderson's All-American Big Band. Through 8/17: Barry Harris Quintet. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note
Through 8/18: Charlie Haden and Brad Mehldau Duo. 8/20–8/25: Ron Carter Sextet. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cajun
Mondays and Thursdays in August: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks. Tuesdays: Stanley's Washboard Kings. Wednesdays: Eddie Davis and His New Orleans Jazz Band. Thursdays: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks. Fridays: The Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Saturdays: The Red Onion Jazz Band. Sundays: Peter Eckland Quartet. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

Iridium
Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Through 8/18: Ahmad Jamal Trio. 8/20–8/25: McCoy Tyner Trio. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

Jazz Standard
Sets at 7:30 and 9:30. Through 8/18: Monty Alexander Trio. 8/20–8/25: Richard Bona Group. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)

Rose Center
In August: Norman Hed's Tropique. The Rose Center is open until 8:45. Suggested admission price is $10 for adults, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for children. Performances take place every Friday from 5:45 to 6:45 and 7:15–8:15. Sets at 7:30 and 9:30. • Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100).

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Smoke
Sundays in August: Chris Washburne and the Syotos. Tuesdays: "Hammond B3 Organ Grooves." Wednesdays: Hot Pants Funk Sextet. Thursdays: Jim Rotondi and David Hazeltine's Electric Band. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Tonic
Sundays: "Klezmer Sundays." 8/15: The Louie Belogenis Quartet. 8/16: Abaton. 8/17: Barbez. 8/20: Tim Barnes, Toshio Kajiwara, Okkyung Lee, Alan Licht, Raz Mesinai, and Marina. 8/20: Tim Barnes. 8/22: Steven Bernstein. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Village Vanguard
Mondays in July: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 8/18: Bill Frissell Trio. 8/20–8/25: Paul Motian, Bill Frissell, Joe Lovano. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Carolines on Broadway
Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 8/16: Tracey Morgan. 8/19–8/22: Angel Salazar. • 1626 Broadway, nr. 49th St. (212-757-4100); $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar
8/19–8/25: Colin Quinn; Nick DiPaolo; Godfrey; Tom Papa; Jim Norton. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Dangerfield's
Through 8/18: Gregory Carey; Rob Magnotti; Gregory Rogell; Al Ducharme; Billy Burr; Nancy Redman. 8/19–8/25: Paul Mercurio; Billy Burr; John Rizzo; Nancy Redman; Richie Byrne. • 1118 First Ave., nr. 61st St. (212-593-1650).

Gotham
8/15: Gotham All-Stars. 8/16–8/17: Ted Alexandro; Mitch Fatel; Al Ducharme; Greg Carey. 8/18: Gotham All-Stars. 8/22: "Comedy Salsa." • 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

Stand-up New York
8/16–8/17: Jim Norton; Jim Gaffigan; Andrew Kennedy; Mike Estime; Brian Callan. • 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Cabaret

Don't Tell Mama
Thursdays in August at 6: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Saturdays at 8:30: Ron Poole's "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

John Drew Guild Hall
8/17: "Billy Joel's Fantasies and Delusions," performed by Richard Joo. • John Drew Guild Hall Theater, 158 Main St., Easthampton (212-307-7171)

THOMAS *Continued from page 16*

table, he seemed the very picture of the happy corporate man. To be sure, he had much to beam about: a beautiful wife, his surging stock hitting new highs every day, brand-new art on his brand-new walls, and a board seat at the Vanderbilt-family museum.

As for the Whitney board members, they, too, were beaming: Kozlowski had agreed to a corporate grant of $4.5 million to fund traveling Whitney art exhibits. It was a stunning number—10 percent of the museum's endowment. In addition, Kozlowski had Tyco sponsor the entertainment at the museum's fall gala, a deluxe affair held on October 15 at the museum's Marcel Breuer building at 945 Madison Avenue.

It was a glorious night: Designer Todd Oldham spun discs as the D.J., and Sandra Bernhard cracked jokes for the crowd. Many of the top trustees were there—including Lauder and Hurst. But one man who wasn't there was Kozlowski himself. Following his appointment that October, he did not attend a single board meeting or museum event.

For, as would soon become clear, he had much larger concerns to address. After Tyco's stock peaked at $59 on December 28, it began its plunge in January 2002 as doubts about the company's accounts emerged. Suddenly, an all-day board meeting at the Whitney seemed quite unimportant. Kozlowski unloaded his last chunk of stock—$14 million worth—on January 30, and then called once again on Hurst and the Goldman bankers, to unravel his thousands of deals and restructure the company. The markets would have none of it—Tyco's stock sank to the low twenties, and after Kozlowski's arrest on June 2, it sank even further.

As for the $4.5 million grant, it does not officially kick in until next year. Talks are now ongoing between museum and Tyco officials as to how much, if anything at all, the Whitney will be able to collect. Kozlowski still sits as a member of the board and has given no indication as to what his future intentions might be with regard to his trusteeship.

"We need to ask ourselves: What is the motivation for these people to join the board, particularly if they are not interested in art?" says one trustee. "I'm not sure that we need this tainted money. I really think we can work harder to raise money in more creative ways." ■

E-mail: landon_thomas@newyorkmag.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY TARA CONOVA/RETNA, LTD.

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

"Selected Shorts"
Another broadcast of the Symphony Space series of stories read by actors has Joseph Wiseman reading Isaac Babel's "Awakening" and Don Stephenson reading Shirley Jackson's "Like Mother Used to Make." • 8/17 at 3 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM; 8/18 at 4 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Bookworm": Jonathan Safran Foer
The young author of the moment talks to host Michael Silverblatt about his acclaimed first novel, *Everything Is Illuminated*. • 8/18 at 2:30 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

Carol Gilligan
The author talks to the eponymous host of "The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show" about her new book, *The Birth of Pleasure*. • 8/18 at 8 P.M. WPAT, 930 AM.

"Radio Lab"
This week's episode of the new show of experimental sound and storytelling features the noises and tales of the Middle East, from the bazaars of Fez, Morocco, to the restless youth of Iran. • 8/18 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

Lectures and Panels

Bob Braine
The Brooklyn-based artist talks about his mixed-media work exploring our relationship with our surroundings—part of a lecture series in conjunction with Mark Dion's ecological-art project, "Urban Wildlife Observation Unit." • 8/14 at 12:30 P.M. Madison Square Park, near Broadway and 23rd St. (212-980-4575); free.

Lynne Withey on Abigail Adams
The historian and author of *Dearest Friend: A Life of Abigail Adams* talks about the first lady who figured prominently in the American Revolution. • 8/15 at 6:30 P.M. Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (212-425-1778); $3.

"David to Cezanne"
Marie Trope-Podell, the manager of the library's gallery programs, gives a wide-ranging talk to accompany the current exhibition of nineteenth-century French drawings. • 8/16 at 6 P.M. The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (212-590-0333); $8.

The Written Word

Adam Davies
The survivor of the New York publishing industry reads from another snappy inside-dope novel, *The Frog King*, and signs copies. • 8/14 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Dan Mahoney
In two outer-borough locations, the suspense writer and retired NYPD captain talks about and signs copies of his latest New York–based crime thriller, *The Protectors*. • 8/15 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 23-80 Bell Blvd., Queens (718-224-1083); free; 8/20 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2245 Richmond Ave., Staten Island (718-982-6983); free.

Of Moths and Men
Judith Hooper talks about her new book, the definitive story behind the controversial peppered-moth studies and their supposed evidence of "evolution in action." • 8/18 at 3 P.M. American Museum of Natural History, 2 W. 77th St. (212-769-5200); $30.

"Cuba: Enduring Revolution"
Contributors to the journal *BigCityLit*'s issue on Cuba—Angelo Verga, Daniela Gioseffi, Stephanie Dickinson, and a few others accompanied by twelve-string guitarist David Francis—read their work at a mojito-fueled evening to be broadcast next week on WNYE 91.5 FM. • 8/18 at 6 P.M. Cornelia St. Cafe, 29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319); $6 and one-drink minimum.

Evan T. Pritchard
The author of *No Word for Time* talks about his new book, *Native New Yorkers*, about the Lenape Indians who followed the Mohican Trail (now known as Broadway). • 8/19 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Yona Zeldis McDonough
McDonough reads from *The Four Temperaments*, her new novel of love and romance set inside the New York City Ballet. • 8/20 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 65th St. (212-595-6859); free.

Elizabeth Mitchell
The journalist talks about her acclaimed new book, *Three Strides Before the Wire: The Dark and Beautiful World of Horse Racing*—whose central story is Charismatic's pursuit of the Triple Crown. • 8/20 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

John Miller
The Emmy Award–winning broadcast journalist talks about his book, *The Cell: Inside the 9/11 Plot, and Why the FBI and CIA Failed to Stop It*. • 8/20 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Catherine Cantrell
The author reads from and signs copies of *Constance*, her new novel about an editor's almost unhealthy adoration of an uncompromising poet. • 8/20 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Special Events

Tours

"Lighthouse Cruise Getaway"
An LIRR-sponsored tour sets out early for Fire Island to catch a buffet-lunch cruise on a paddle steamer through the Great South Bay, followed by a climb to the top of the Fire Island Lighthouse and a walk along the beach. • 8/15, trains leave Manhattan 9:42 A.M., Brooklyn 9:33 A.M. Call 718-217-LIRR for details; $57, $47 children.

Brooklyn Waterfront Railways
Anyone who's ventured to the fringes of Brooklyn's gentrification—industrial Dumbo and Red Hook—will have seen the ghosts of tracks that used to run all the way to Sunset Park, connecting Brooklyn's once-vital waterfront industries. Their path is traced on a tour of the borough's shipping legacy. • 8/17 at 11 A.M. Call 718-694-5139 for reservations and meeting place; $20.

Astoria
The Greek neighborhood that now holds thriving Egyptian, Colombian, Filipino, and South Asian communities provides a dizzying variety of ethnic restaurants and shops. • 8/17 at 11 A.M. Meet at Athens Square Park, 30th Ave. at 30th St., Queens (212-222-2243); $15.

The Birds of Summer
A tour of the Queens Botanical Garden led by the American Littoral Society's Don Riepe reveals a wealth of birds and shows how you can entice the same ones into your own garden. • 8/17 at noon. Queens Botanical Garden, 43-50 Main St., Queens (718-886-3800); free.

Romantic Film Locales
Breakfast at Tiffany's is the main focus of this wide-ranging tour that extends far beyond the namesake midtown shop. • 8/17 and 8/18 at 12:30 P.M. Call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

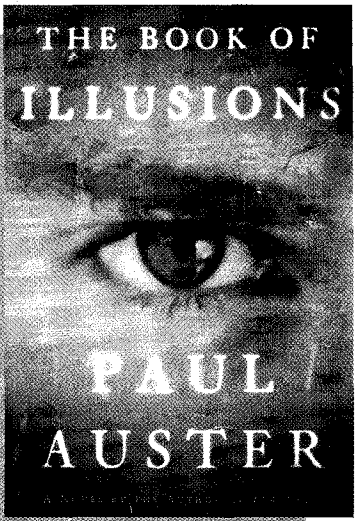
Literary Greenwich Village
The list of literary reputations made in the Village is practically endless—enough to hold the attention of Victorian buffs, mystery fans, and Beat followers alike on a leisurely visit to old homes and haunts. • 8/18 at 1 P.M. Meet at the southeast corner of Fifth Ave. and 12th St. (732-270-5277); $12.

Benefits

Bobby V's Dinner
Bobby Valentine's restaurant not far from Shea hosts a benefit dinner and silent auction of memorabilia (with Bobby and other Mets slated to attend) that benefits the 25-year-old Quality Services for the Autism Community. • 8/15 at 3 P.M. Bobby V's, 37-10 114th St., Queens (718-7-AUTISM, ext. 16); $40.

In Print

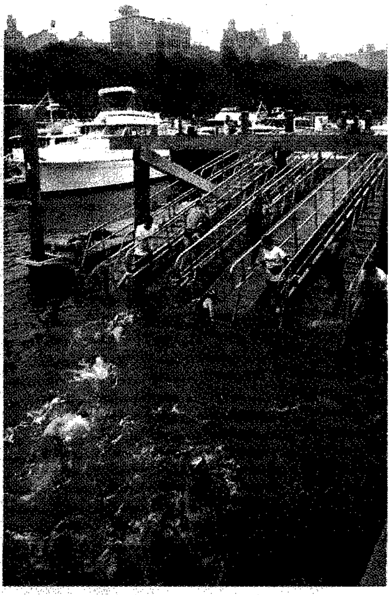
Auster's Auteur



"I grope my way toward consciousness as I'm working," says the Brooklyn writer **Paul Auster**, explaining how his tenth novel, *The Book of Illusions* (out next week from Henry Holt, $24), wound up so different from what he'd originally intended. The story of a recently widowed professor's entanglement in a silent-filmmaker's mysterious 1929 disappearance was meant to be a novella, followed by transcriptions of the vanished director's (fictional) movies. Though Auster wound up with a more conventional narrative, the novelist best known for his screenplays of *Smoke* and *Blue in the Face* manages to squeeze in one full film. "It's a very daunting challenge to present purely visual material in words," says Auster. "It's a two-dimensional form within a frame." Director and friend Hal Hartley, for one, was impressed: He called to say he might prefer written films to real ones. ("There are no bad performances in a written film," Auster explains.) Though the central idea came to him years ago, *Illusions* is a book that Auster, now 55, insists he couldn't have written a decade back. "It's finally about grief and loss, not about the movies at all," he says. "By the time you get to be my age, many of the people you've loved are dead. I spend a good part of my waking life talking to ghosts, as much as I do with living people. So you just go into a different place when you get older. And I think my work is going there with me." B.K.

Happening

Triple Threat



Cyclists often argue that their sport is the world's most physically demanding, a claim long-distance swimmers and marathon runners probably scoff at. There's no question, though, that the event combining all three is the province of the certifiably insane overachiever—the kind of striver New York produces in spades. So it's only natural that the **New York City Triathlon** (now in its second year) on August 18 shows all the signs of becoming a tradition. Beginning with an early-morning dive into the Hudson (!), the race ends with a 10K run into Central Park around noon (followed by speeches, a concert at the bandshell, and severe leg cramps). Fourteen hundred athletes will push themselves to the limit this year, starting at two times: 6:30 A.M. for the amateurs, and 8 for the completely gonzo competitors in the USA Triathlon's Elite National Championship. (See "Sports.")

Transport Group Benefit

The theater group inaugurates its second season with a benefit reading of William Inge's disturbing play *Come Back, Little Sheba,* featuring a number of Broadway stars. A reception with the full cast will follow. • 8/19 at 8 P.M. the Lark Studio Theatre, 939 Eighth Ave., at 55th St. (212-560-4372); $30.

Exhibits

Four 9/11 Shows at the NYHS

The institution hosts four new segments of its ongoing series "History Responds." In "Twin Towers Remembered," photographer Camilo Jose Vergara's comprehensive collection chronicles 31 years of the WTC, from construction to destruction. "Pilgrimage" records New Yorkers' early trips to ground zero via the photos of Kevin Bubrinski. "Beyond Ground Zero" explores the science of disaster investigation and recovery. And finally, "In Light of Memory" features artist Christopher Evans's detailed painting of a panoramic view from Tower Two on a 24-foot sphere. • Through 10/20. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

Manuscripts and Printed Books

The transition from illuminated material to the beginnings of mass media is covered in the library's showcase of sixteen prize books, including late handwritten manuscripts and a 1455 Gutenberg Bible. • Through 10/26. Edgar Wachenheim Gallery III, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-869-8089); free.

"The City of K."

Photos, manuscripts, books, and evocative multimedia environments attest to the indispensible role of Prague's culture and architecture in the work of Kafka. • Through 1/5/03. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3271); $8 museum admission.

"Consuming Places"

Normally showing work in the Brooklyn Bridge's Anchorage, Creative Time has been exiled to Dumbo's Water Street due to national-security concerns. Site-specific art installations now play off the skyline and waterfront, and the exhibit runs through the fall. • 8/15 through 10/27, Thursday through Sunday, 1 to 6 P.M. Water St. bet. Main and Dock Sts. (www.creativetime.org); free.

Other Events

"On the Waterfront"

Korean Night is next in this series of outdoor film screenings accompanied by food, music, and other tokens of the featured culture. Im Kwon Taek's experimental romantic epic, *Chunhyang*, begins at dusk. • 8/14 at 7 P.M. Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819); free.

SummerNights: "Crime Scenes"

The museum's series of pay-what-you-wish Thursday evenings continues with a night of Mediterranean music from Sarah Aroeste and screenings of classic crime television shows from *The Defenders* to *Law & Order.* • 8/15, 5 to 9 P.M. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); pay as you wish.

Sports

New York City Triathlon

This second annual contest sponsored by the city's 2012 Olympic bidding committee features two separate start times—6:30 A.M. for amateurs and 8 A.M. for world-class athletes. The swim goes for almost a mile, followed by a 40K bike race up the Henry Hudson Drive and a 10K run into Central Park. Speeches and a concert follow. (See box.) • 8/18, 6:30 A.M. to noon. Starts at the 79th Street Boat Basin on the Hudson, ends at the Bandshell, Central Park at 72nd St. (504-454-6561 or www.nyctri.com); free to watch.

GHI Bronx Tennis Classic & Family Festival

You'll be the first on your block to know the name of that dude eating Sampras's dust in the U.S. Open quarterfinals after watching young male and female upstarts battle it out for a $100,000 purse in the Bronx's precursor to Flushing's main event. Oddly, this preppiest of amusements is paired with an international rodeo taking place across the street. The rodeo features a petting zoo; bareback, bronco, barrel, and bull riding; as well as steer wrestling, calf roping, and a tribute to firefighter-cowboy Thomas Foley, who died on 9/11. • Tennis Classic: through 8/18, 11 A.M. to sunset; rodeo: 8/15 and 8/16 at 1 P.M., 8/17 at 4 P.M., 8/18 at 5 P.M.; Kids' Day: 8/15, 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. (718-786-7110 x167). Tennis Classic: free through 8/17, 8/18, finals $10; rodeo: $6 advance, $8 at gate.

54th Artists & Writers Celebrity Softball Game

Word is that this Hamptons tradition—whose official roots go back to a 1968 benefit for Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign—actually began with a forties game between locals like Willem de Kooning and Jackson Pollock in Syd Solomon's backyard. These days, anyone with a house in the Hamptons shows up—which qualifies Alec Baldwin, Kristen Davis, and the Berras (Yogi and son David). Proceeds benefit three local charities: a battered-women's shelter, a hospice, and a day-care center. The French's Mustard sponsorship means free hot dogs for all. • 8/17 at 3 P.M.; Herrick Field, Newtown Ave., East Hampton (631-725-1294); $8.

STEVENS *Continued from page 43*

the most important "artist." New York constantly composes and recomposes itself, and its electric vitality comes from the churning crowd.

Kozloff emphasizes "street" photography. New York is not, in other words, simply the still life of the skyline. It is a kaleidoscope of fragmentary glimpses. It is not just moneyed power. It is the ever-changing face of daily struggle. Jewish photographers—often sympathetic to those on the margins of society—have made a strong contribution to the genre of street photography. But the images themselves do not particularly invite thought about "Jewish" sensibility (and not all of the photographers in the show are Jewish). The city of flux cannot be confined to one perspective. It encompasses whatever the moment gives. Over the course of the century, the city obviously evolved in various directions, and the exhibition delineates particular angles and themes that preoccupied succeeding eras. The way Lewis Hine depicts immigrants has a very different tone, for example, from the social activism of later photographers. The manner in which Edward Steichen renders the glossy sheen of penthouse society in the thirties differs from Dan Weiner's El Morocco in the fifties or Larry Fink's buzzy Elaine's. Such differences—of individual sensibility, subject, and historical era—give the city a kind of metaphysical density. What's remarkable, however, is how these sharply observed shots of New York come together to create a powerful general impression of the city. "The more specific you are," Diane Arbus said in a quotation the show highlights, "the more general it'll be."

Although modernism has its share of utopian dreamers, many artists of the past century have instead celebrated the fragmentary and the glimpsed. They prefer a mongrel vitality to a purebred stillness, a jumbled collage to a more settled composition. "You have to change to stay the same," said de Kooning, a Dutch New Yorker who called himself a "slipping glimpser." Often, the fragment has stood for a lost or imagined whole. When MoMA reemerges on 53rd Street, the story of modernism will have to change to stay the same. And as New York considers what to do with the gap in its skyline left by the destruction of the World Trade Center, it should follow the same principle. Don't repeat the past. Make a rhyme—even a broken rhyme. ■

Mark Stevens's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/stevens.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF NEW YORK CITY TRIATHLON.

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Events

For Children

Fair Game
Using all the senses, kids can explore the sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and touches of summer fairs, from Coney Island and beyond, at the Brooklyn Museum of Art. • 8/17 at 4 P.M.; Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (718-638-5000 or www.brooklynmuseum.org); $6 grown-ups, $3 students and seniors, free to kids 12 and younger.

With a Great Big Hug
Barney, the beloved purple dinosaur, is celebrating his tenth year as the effervescent leader who mesmerizes toddlers into good manners. Along with his friends B.J. and Baby Bop, the trio performs a free half-hour concert at Battery Park. • 8/17 at 11 A.M.; Battery Park at the intersection of Battery Pl. and Whitehall St. (800-862-2763 or www.barney.com); free.

Berkner's Back
Kids' performer Laurie Berkner does a fund-raiser with her new CD, *Bumblebees & Googleheads*. Buy the CD or a pair of Elefanten shoes at Harry's Shoes (2299 Broadway, nr. 83rd St.) and receive four free tickets to Berkner's 8/17 concert at Columbia University. Proceeds will go to Americans for the Arts to fund art education at the preschool level. • 8/17 at 11 A.M.; Columbia University, Alfred Lerner Hall, Broadway and 114th St. (212-874-2035 or www.elefanten.com); free with purchase.

Surf on Turf
Time for sand and water games for preschoolers at Alley Pond Environmental Center. Go for a day of digging, eating, and pretend fishing. Meet sand and water wildlife close up and create sand-art sculptures to take home. Preregistration suggested. • 8/17 from 10 A.M. to noon; Alley Pond Environmental Center, 228-06 Northern Blvd., Queens (718-229-4000); $16.

Jiminy Meets Lumière
If Long Island beckons, then stop off at Westbury Music Fair for the kids. August theatrical performances are *Pinocchio* and *Beauty and the Beast*. From the State Farm Children's Series. • *Pinocchio* through 8/14; *Beauty and the Beast* 8/20–8/21; Westbury Music Fair, 960 Brush Hollow Rd. (516-334-0800 for the box office, or 631-888-9000 for Ticketmaster); $12.

Ink and a Quill
Gather wild berries from the Wyckoff Farm and make handmade berry ink. Create a document written with the ink and a real quill pen. • 8/17 from 1 to 3 P.M.; Wyckoff House Museum, 5816 Clarendon Rd., Brooklyn (718-629-5400 or www.wyckoffassociation.org); $3.

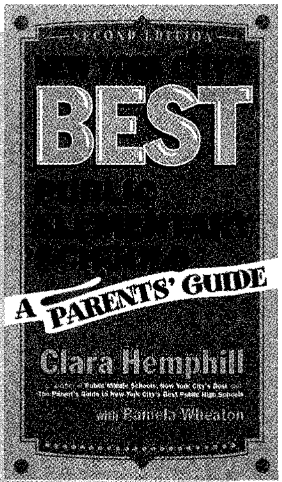
Movies by Moonlight
The Lower East Side challenges Bryant Park to evening film wars: 8/14 is *Gulliver's Travels*, the 1939 classic about the giant who finds himself in a land of little people. 8/28 is *Monsters, Inc.* BYO lawn chair. • Films begin at dusk, around 8 P.M., Seward Park, corner of Essex St. and East Broadway (212-226-9010 or www.lowereastsideny.com); free.

Lincoln Center, Kids-Style
More than 100 free performances are scheduled for this year's Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival, most of which is family-oriented. 8/15 is Philadanco, a dance company from Philly, at 10:30 A.M.; 8/16 is storytelling from around the world, also at 10:30. • Through 8/25; on the plaza at Lincoln Center (call for the daily schedule, 212-875-5108 or www.lincolncenter.org); free.

Broadway Babies
Back for an encore performance, Broadway Theater Thursdays are back at the Children's Museum of Manhattan. Up-close-and-personal entertainment comes to 83rd Street, with the next program on 8/15 featuring Lee Maria Golde, a 10-year-old singer who belts out a set of familiar show tunes. • 8/15 at 1:30 and 3 P.M.; Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. (212-721-1234); $6.

In Print

School Book



Clara Hemphill says it's harder to get kids into a good public school in New York City than it is to be on the front lines during wartime. And she should know—she's a journalist who covered battles in Lebanon and the Mafia in Sicily and is now firmly entrenched at Advocates for Children, helping parents conquer the Board of Ed's competitive, sometimes inexplicable maze. With the release of the second edition of **New York City's Best Public Elementary Schools** ($19.95, Teachers College Press), Hemphill offers step-by-step instructions on how to navigate a system that works equally hard to keep parents at arm's length. "There are three ways to get into schools," she writes, "1) Follow the rules; 2) lie; 3) stretch the truth, cajole, and pull strings." (While she doesn't condone lying, Hemphill acknowledges that it's not uncommon.) Some 50 new schools have earned a place in the book, including one that requires two hours' musical-instrument practice every night and another that runs a dual curriculum in English and Chinese, over a school day running from 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Surprisingly, there are plenty of choices (Hemphill is betting on District 15 in Brooklyn to become as coveted as Manhattan's District 2). "What's structured and strict for one family is too oppressive for another, and what's hippie-dippie and disorganized for one is delightful to another," she muses. A companion Website—www.insideschoolsnyc.org, which also lists the worst schools in the system—will be up by Labor Day. S.A.

GOLDMAN *Continued from page 19*

The returns show that the trust spent nearly a quarter of its income on support costs and management, and Mills took £10,000 as repayment for an unexplained loan she'd given the charity.

In order to sort out these puzzling inconsistencies, I e-mailed questions to Mills's publicist. "Whatever she's done with her charity is utterly, utterly by the rule book," Noakes assured me.

Still, when I broach the subject at Lotus, Heather casually mentions that the last newspaper that raised questions about her charity was in deep shit. "I can't say who it is right now," she says. "Only one paper has slagged it off, really crossing the line, and normally I don't bother suing. But this time I went all the way, and they are just totally being drained of all funds. Like huge. *Huge!*

"I can handle as much bad press on me as they want to do," she adds, "but when they cross to my charity, *God help them,* because I will go all the way! Paul was like, 'Screw them!' "

She admits she doesn't have accounts for her charity for 1994 to 1999, saying she had thrown them out because British law stipulates that records need be kept only five years. "I don't keep them," she says, "because I'm totally honest and I'm trustworthy." But she refuses to provide any more recent records.

Everybody, she moans, is getting her story wrong. The ring-tossing incident? "Absolute rubbish—we were messing about!" Resistance from the McCartney kids? "I am *so* close to the daughters you have got absolutely no idea. I speak to Heather, the eldest, especially, 40 minutes every day. Every day! And Stella and I get on brilliantly." Two weeks before, she adds, Stella had even issued a press release saying how much she liked her new stepmother. As for the ongoing libel case, she tells her sister to put me in touch with her barrister. Then Heather also instructs her to put me in touch with the trust accountant and their contact at the Charity Commission.

The next day, Noakes tells me the offer has been withdrawn. It turns out Mills's new IMG agent is busy negotiating to sell her book's first serial rights, along with an interview and photo shoot, to "a major glossy American magazine."

Oh, and just for the record, Mesh Chhibber, Stella McCartney's publicist, denies the designer ever put out a press release about Mills. "No," he says firmly. "*No.* Stella never discusses her private life, so a press release would *never* have been issued." ■

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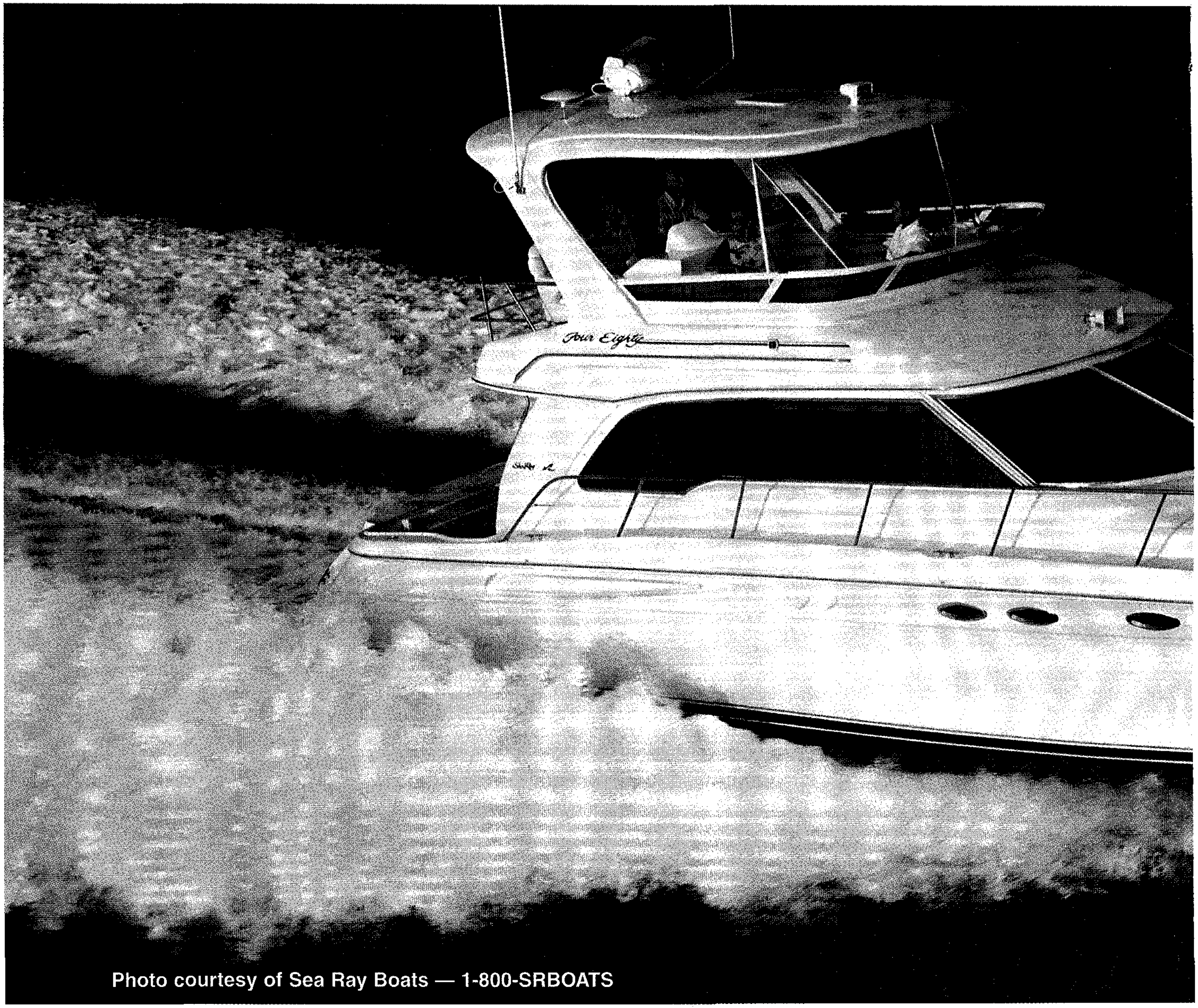

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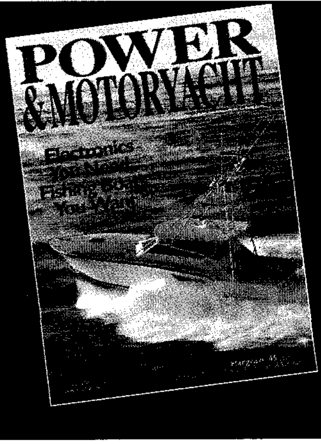
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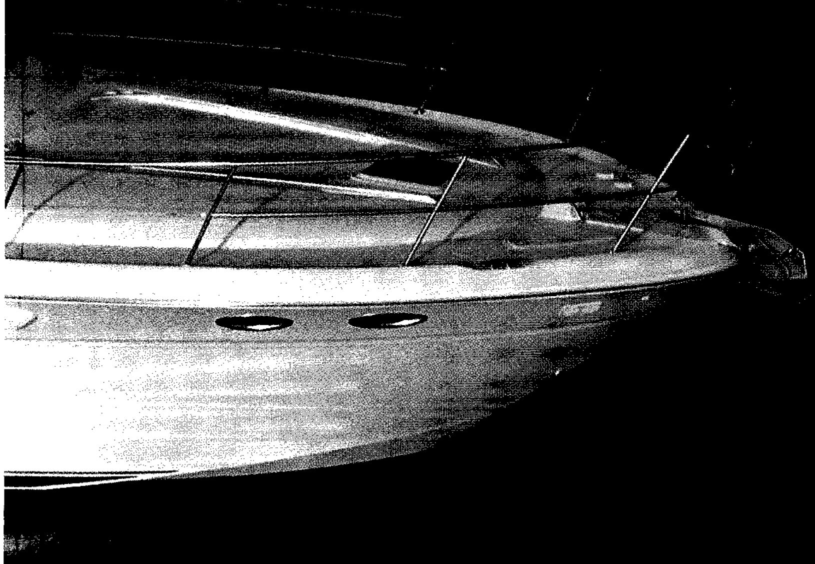

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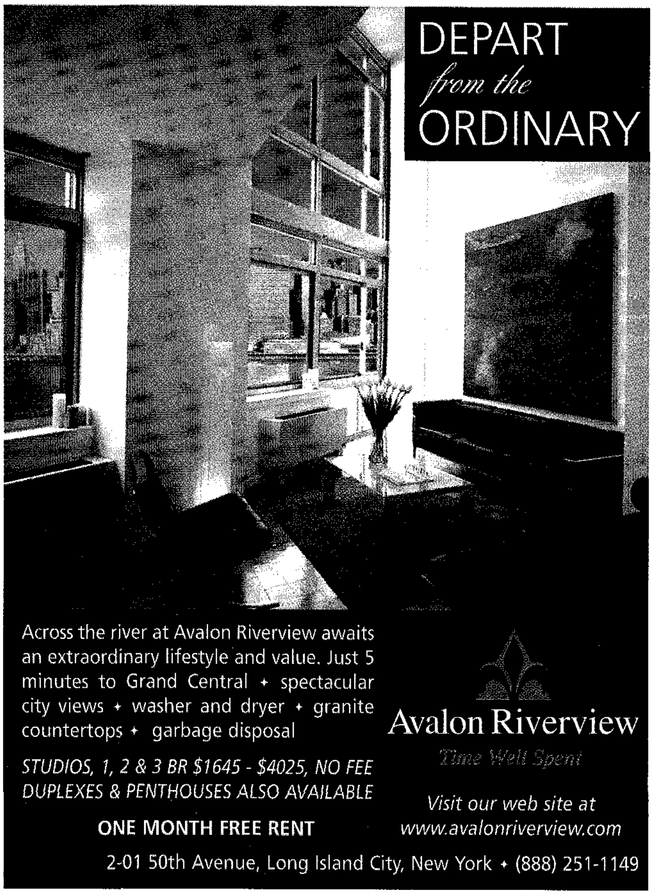

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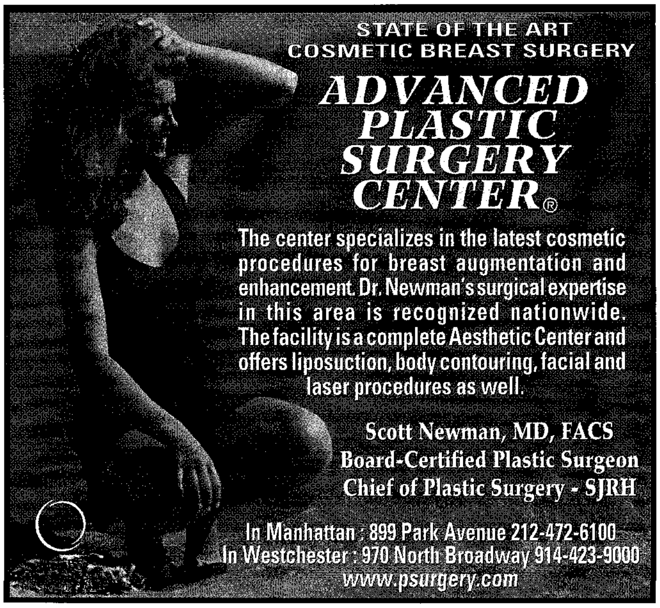

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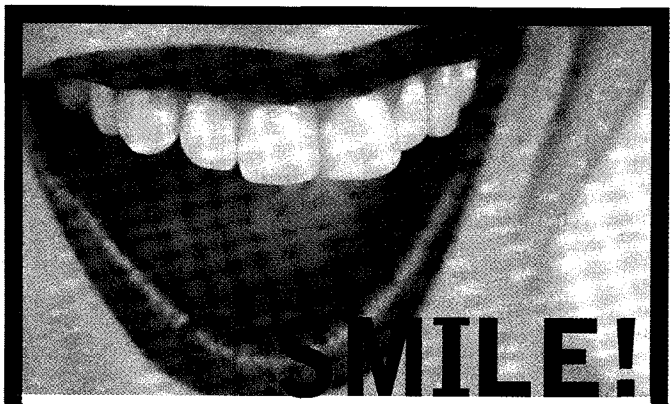

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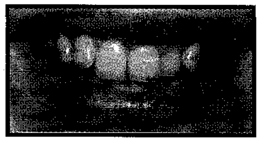

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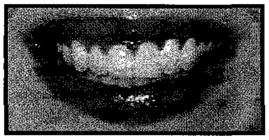

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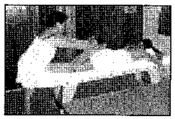

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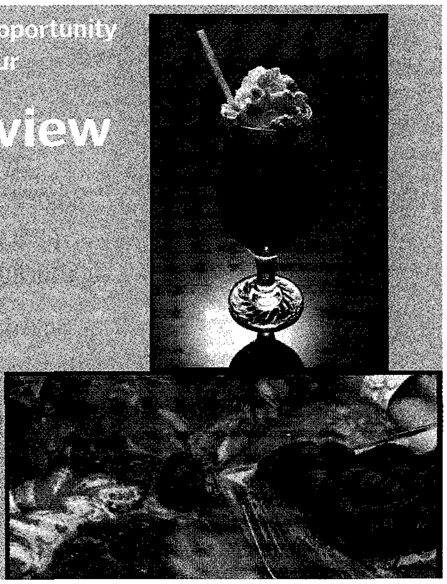

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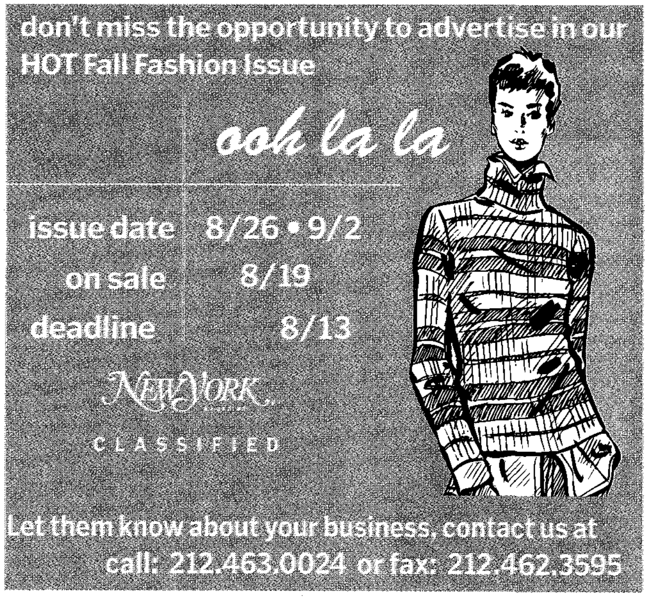
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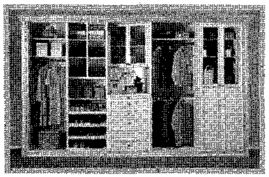

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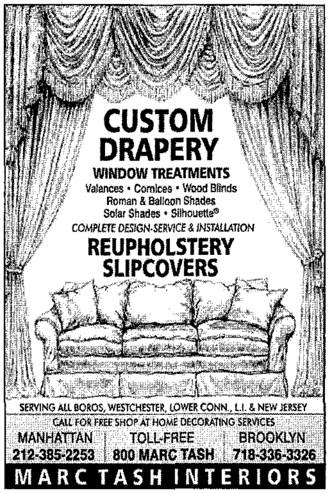

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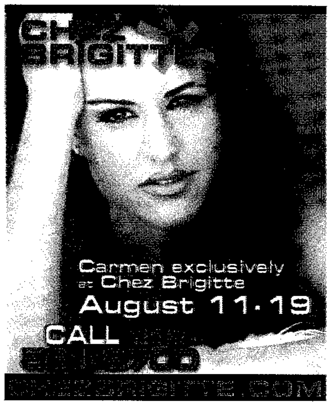
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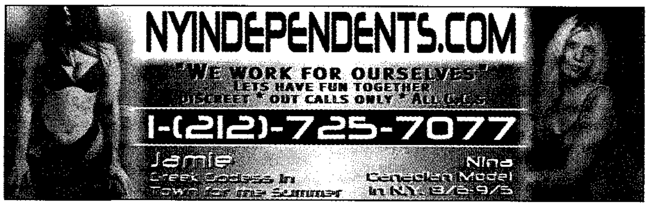
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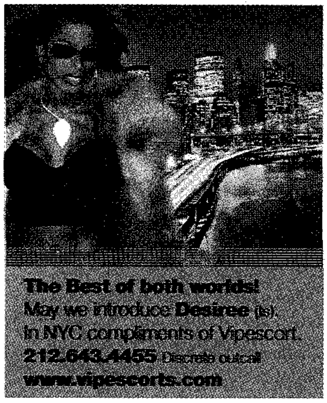
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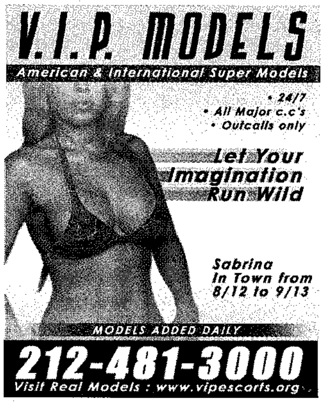
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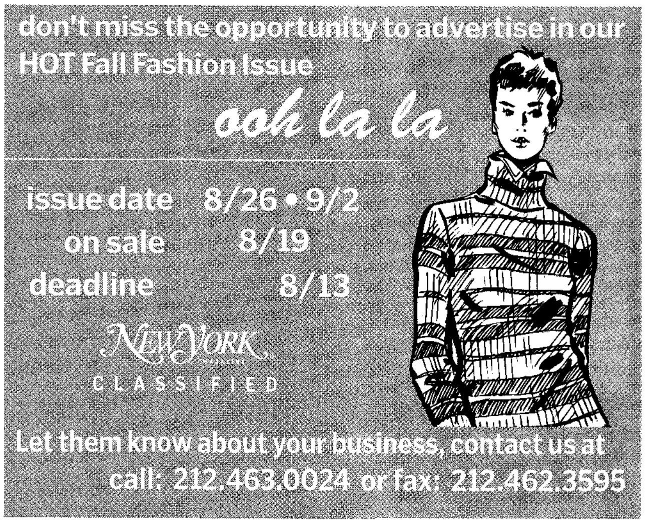
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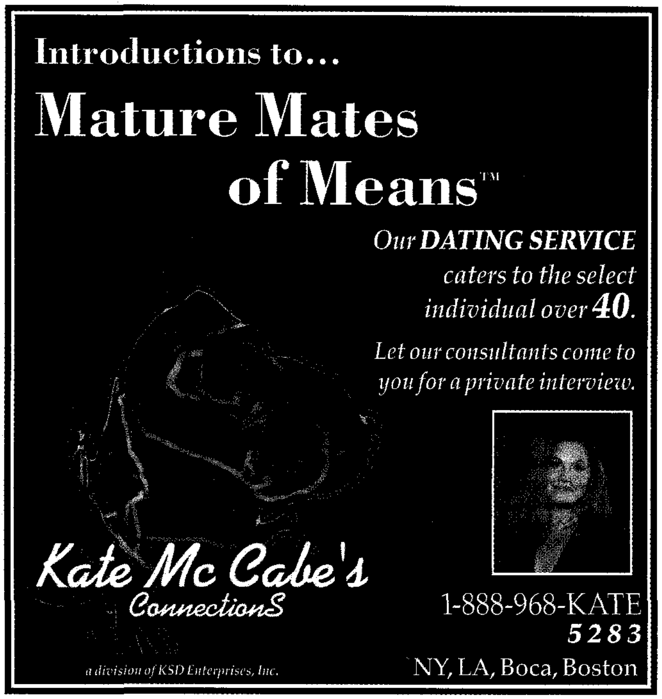
Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. *Cost is $32.00 per line,* two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. *Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date* (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-463-0024, fax 212-462-3595 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: *Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 249 W. 17th St., 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.* All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. *New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.* Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.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Fun NJ Male—Jewish, divorced, lawyer, 55, 5'7", fit, nonsmoker, cute. Likes: spur-of-the-moment fun, movies (staying through the end of the credits), idea of driving anywhere without a set itinerary, beaches (Hamptons, Caribbean, LBI), street fairs, noodling around the Village/Soho, my kids (27 and 25), jeans on weekends, Times crossword (still not too successful on Fridays), a bunch of magazines (from New Republic to Rolling Stone), dance music. Seeking upbeat, fit, cute, whimsical, warm, bright woman, 42-56, Jewish, who is intrigued, I hope, by at least some of the above. Photo/phone, please. 2850✉ Email: FunNJLawyer@hotmail.com, or write.

Great-Looking Brunette—Upbeat, bright, young, dynamic 50s, shapely, petite, talented in music business and fun-loving. Where is the tall, well-built, kind, attractive guy, 40s-50s, I've been waiting for? 2826✉☎

Wanted: Gentleman, 60-70—Cultured, tall, successful, warmhearted, courtly, fit, witty, for romantic, fun relationship - travel to Europe with this cosmopolitan, like-minded Manhattan lady. 2813✉☎

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Pretty Asian Female—Cultured urbanite seeks male, 50 plus, for life. 2812✉☎

Gorgeous, Sexy, Sensual—Highly intelligent. Is that you? Single white female under 35. I am a very handsome, single white male, 41, never married, tall, athletic, great build, multimillionaire - seeking exceptionally attractive, open-minded, adventurous woman desiring an exclusive connection of mutual enjoyment/benefit and travel. Photo and description a must (will reciprocate). 2848✉

Looking For A Two-Way Street?—Single Jewish male shrink seeks single Jewish female to talk, become passionate best friends, love, marry and create a family. 42, 5'11", 175 lbs, handsome, beautiful eyes. PhD psychologist, private practice, no kids, not religious. Bright, empathic, funny, loving. Enjoys city life, plays, offbeat movies, NPR, museums, dogs, ethnic food. Note and photo. 2852✉

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Young Man With Down Syndrome—Seeks woman with same, 22-35, for dating and companionship. 2830✉☎

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Have You Ever Been—In a relationship with someone you adored? Looking for that special person. Divorced, white Jewish male, 46, 5'11", fit, attractive, Family Practice physician in Albany. Caring, sensitive, sensual. If this moves you, please respond. 2859 ✉☎

Garbo Type, Green Eyes—Light straight hair, long legs, 5'8", dancer's build. Foreign female, 38, looking for a soccer player-type man with career, energy, ambition. 2838 ✉☎

Successful, Kind MD—47, from central NJ, Jewish, nonreligious, handsome, athletic and sweet, seeks charming, attractive, nonsmoking female for happily ever after. 2849 ✉

2 The Beach—Single black man, 6'2", 38, well-toned, Wall Street type, Michael Jordan looks, seeks slim, active lady for dining, dancing, Fire Island beaches. Race unimportant. Photo/phone. 2821 ✉☎ Dex2020@yahoo.com

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Successful, Cute, 33—British-born gal, full-figured, well-educated and traveled, independent, strong-willed but a lively, playful core - looking for strong-willed, disciplined yet affectionate chap for long-term relationship. Photo, please. 2832 ✉☎

Successful Professional—Jewish, not religious, easing into retirement. Enjoy reading, tennis, the NY scene, theater, ballet, etc., the Hampton scene, walking on the beach, seaside dining. Seeking a bright, attractive woman, in or about her 50s, with a youthful demeanor. Spirituality a plus. Photo. 2845 ✉☎

Good Woman Wanted—25-38, for Jewish guy with heart of gold, outgoing. Photo. DMH0311@aol.com 2831 ✉☎

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Very Pretty Blond—Manhattan, fair, slender, 50, 5'7" (Protestant - Slavic), size 8, gym-fit, leggy, well-educated, stylish - www.fitandfair.com - retired, amiable, no kids. Seeks white male (Christian background), successful, fit, 55-68. *2816* ✉☎

Italian-Looking But Jewish—48-years-young banker, works hard and plays hard. Enjoys travel, the beach and quiet romantic evenings with the right person. I am affectionate, passionate and romantic. Looking for single, Jewish professional female, 30-42, for fun, romance, relationship and more. Also, looking for someone interested in having children. Note/photo/phone. 2833 ✉☎

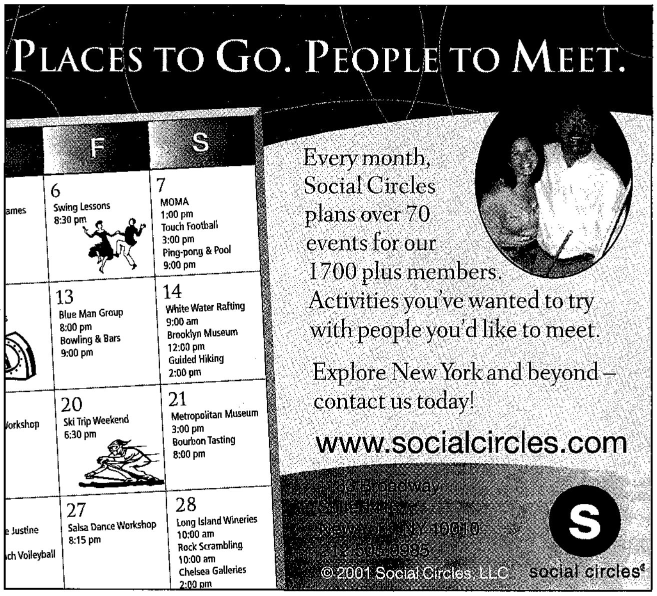
Christian Widower—Good-looking, solid financially - seeks pretty Christian woman. Tall, thin, animal-loving blond would be nice - but brunettes okay as well. Photo, please; will exchange. 2846 ✉☎

Do You Believe in Magic?—Effervescent, pretty, petite professional seeks refined, single Jewish professional male, 41-48, for love, laughter, family and forever. 2836 ✉☎

She: Beautiful, Classy, Interesting—5'5", vivacious, romantic, in (212)/Boca. He: mensch, 60ish, lover of all things cultural, foreign born a plus. Ready to travel. They: enjoying love, fun and adventure together. meetehs@aol.com 2854 ✉☎

Divorced Jewish Male—51, no children, would like to meet a pretty woman for a serious relationship. I'm nice-looking, financially secure, like to dine out, and desire someone to share my life with. Note/photo. 2809 ✉☎

Beautiful Asian Professional—5'6", 100 lbs, 36, long hair, warm, honest, well-educated, very successful, seeks a gentleman - tall, educated, sincere, confident and successful. asian212@aol.com 2835 ✉☎



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Male, 47—Sensitive, intelligent, emotionally in-touch, communicative, great sense of humor - seeks a woman with similar qualities. 2842 ✉☎

Great Guy—Handsome Jewish doc, 49, looks 39, dark, hazel, athletic, seeks pretty, petite, fit, fun, great girl, 35-45. HIMDC@aol.com 2817 ✉☎

Red, White And Blue, Attractive—Single white male, 5'9", 170 lbs, green eyes, light brown hair, NYPD officer, good shape, creative, open-minded. Seeking attractive, 32-40, single white male - NYFD/construction, 5'10" or taller, good shape, good sense of humor, open-minded, adventurous. No bisexuals, no married men, no games, no drugs. No hang-ups. Nonsmoker. Casual friendship first, and possibly long-term relationship. No photos, no home numbers. 2844 ✉☎

Avid Lady Skier Wanted—By divorced Jewish physician, mid 50s. You must be able to live in Nassau County. Also, it would be ideal if you play tennis and are interested in cultural activities. Should like Vermont. Please send letter/recent photo. 2855 ✉☎

Good-Looking Man—Financially secure, lives and works in NYC, single, slim, 47 years, 5'10", Guyanese-Indian. I like to travel, dine out, etc. I am looking for a woman for friendship and possible relationship. 2853 ✉☎

Beautiful Latina MD—Fit, fun, energetic, mid 40s, seeks successful professional, fit NYC male. Spanish a plus. 2827 ✉☎

Search For The Real Thing—Creative, successful and handsome man, just passing 50, who's been there and done that, seeks female, 35-49, with rare blend of heart, wit, beauty, sense of humor and intelligence. Why leave any stone unturned in this special quest? Photo/note. 2856 ✉☎

NYMESSAGE

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Miracle Of A Baby—45 years old, single white male, shy, gentle, heart of gold, disposition of a saint, seeks female (race, age unimportant), for long-term relationship with the intention of creating a miracle baby. Photo/birthday appreciated. 2851 ✉

Seeking Chinese Lady—Judge, attractive, educated, divorced, grown kids, 6', 180, 60, brown hair, blue eyes, Irish/English, Catholic. Art, museums, NYC, travel, boating. Seeking Chinese lady, educated, with good heart, for serious relationship. 2818 ✉☎

Good-Looking Guy, 39—Attorney, 6', athletic, never married, seeks very attractive, slim, 28-37-year-old woman for relationship. Note/photo. 2824 ✉☎

Seeking Special Black Woman—Slim, attractive, creative. I'm European, caring, fun and 40. Looking for real connection. Please send picture and brief words. 2858 ✉☎

Teacher, Divorced—Jewish, 54, 5'8", nonsmoker, seeks nicely-shaped female, 40s, for long-term relationship. Photo. 2811 ✉☎

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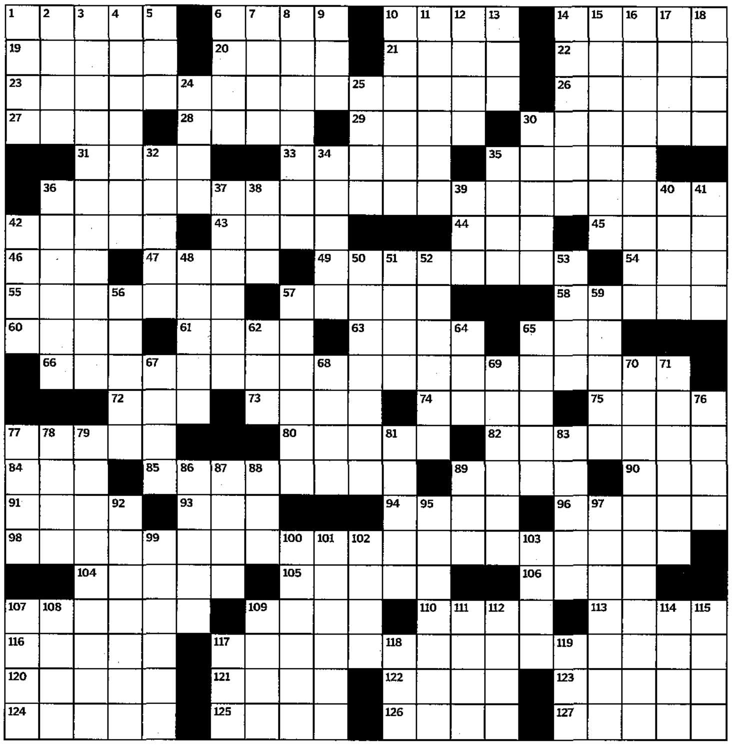

ACROSS

1 Repair a ship
6 Apropos of
10 Splice film
14 Less of a risk
19 Refrigerator brand
20 "Last of the Mohicans" heroine
21 "Gilda" star Hayworth
22 Amo, translated
23 Falstaff's order to a waitress
26 Showed concern
27 Wimbledon champ, 1975
28 Cheese from Holland
29 Pot covers
30 Publishes slander
31 Enraged
33 Kind of geometry
35 La Scala's city
36 Desdemona's question
42 Palindromic belief
43 Sketched
44 Soap ingredient
45 First-rate
46 Volga tributary
47 Adam's address
49 Results of weathering
54 Monastic lady
55 Do nursery duty
57 Car stopper
58 Rodeo rope
60 Singing Fitzgerald
61 To —— (exactly)
63 "Threepenny Opera" knifer
65 Between ready and fire
66 Caesar's warning to Cassius
72 English cathedral town
73 Hardens, as gelatin
74 Tear canal
75 Zeus's mate
77 Well-known New York restaurateur
80 Like Elvis's blue shoes
82 Tattles
84 Shade of color
85 Dissertation
89 Oliver Twist's request
90 Winter clock setting in L.A.
91 Lupino and Tarbell
93 Hockey great
94 Aladdin's possession
96 Indian clan
98 Yorick's fate
104 Pats down
105 Partner of hotsy
106 Alley Oop's girlfriend
107 Skyline sights
109 That Hari spy
110 Purl's reverse
113 On the summit of
116 On —— (winning)
117 Lady Macbeth's urging
120 Covered on the inside
121 Malaria symptom
122 Filled tortilla
123 Big sandwiches, New York style
124 Hard outer coat of a seed
125 French-Belgian river
126 Singleton
127 Positive trait

DOWN

1 Bombay blueblood
2 Ostriches' relatives
3 Modish
4 Hospital rookie
5 Rat-a-——
6 Served perfectly
7 Convertible furnishing
8 Tread heavily on
9 Morsel for Dobbin
10 Valuable weasel
11 Kind of crown
12 Take —— it comes
13 Skye cap
14 Largest island in the Mediterranean
15 "Heart of Dixie"
16 Mornings
17 Stuntman Knievel
18 Cincinnati team
24 Lamarr who played Delilah, 1949
25 Serb, for one
30 Flax product
32 Feminine endings
34 Take down a peg
35 Short-order dressing
36 Illinois city near Aurora
37 "Swan Lake" role
38 Keats's Grecian item
39 Nickname of Bush's alma mater
40 Burden
41 Nevada divorce mecca
42 Soliloquy start
48 Personal journal
50 Famed pharaoh
51 Give the go-ahead
52 Withdraw from an alliance
53 Of slender build
56 Sailed off course
57 Urgent prompting
59 Boy of a Menotti opera
62 Aliens, to Spielberg
64 Sunflower State coll.
65 Grimm closing
67 Dismounted
68 Toiletries kit
69 Eight-armed sea creatures
70 Breathing devices
71 Hope's "Road" companion
76 Room or bellum prefix
77 Switchblade, slangily
78 BMW competitor
79 Responses to stimuli
81 Secluded valleys
83 Turn loose
86 Cavorts
87 Greek Cupid
88 Barking sound
89 Roman 2,500
92 Hollywood hopeful
95 Third husband of 21-Across
97 Inserts new shoestrings
99 Ferdinand Marcos's Mrs.
100 Liberty Island attraction
101 TV's "Welcome Back, ——"
102 Ogden is there
103 Hun's foe
107 Table staple
108 Kneeling bench, with "dieu"
109 U.S.S.R. aircraft
111 Congenial
112 Composer Stravinsky
114 Branch of the Sioux
115 Attention-seeking whisper
117 Farm stack
118 WW II arena
119 —— Na Na

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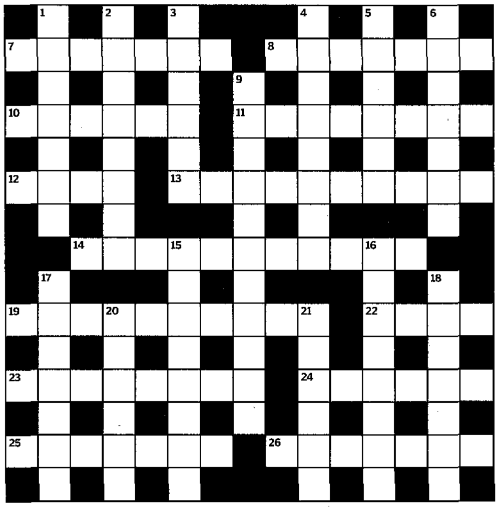

ACROSS

7 One who smashes cars—on the circuit? (7)
8 One is supposed to look better for eating them. (7)
10 An infant rock-and-roller. (6)
11 One's fiancée proposed. (8)
12 Great honour conferred on an Arab sultanate. (4)
13 Generally helpful, he has the odd idea to abscond. (4-2-4)
14 Documents required when handing over vehicles. (11)
19 A cut above the other ranks? (10)
22 They are driven from the river. (4)
23 Sort of story that may be touching? (4,4)
24 Used in a sewing machine, it goes round a screw. (6)
25 Discipline gained since conversion to church. (7)
26 Touching sympathy. (7)

DOWN

1 Are there three bank holidays for the rest of its crew? (7)
2 Cool chap with energy for the dance. (8)
3 Information a girl found in Switzerland. (6)
4 A mammoth beast disposed to stand and moo. (8)
5 Sarcastic driver, maybe, in charge. (6)
6 Masses of people moving about in the morning in the streets. (7)
9 Game for some drunken flirting? (11)
15 Explorer whose name lives on in America. (8)
16 Rent hall in order to mesmerise people. (8)
17 Not a subject put on in advance. (7)
18 Mother checks out but doesn't leave. (7)
20 New demand put out of one's mind. (6)
21 Subordinate gives name and number. (6)

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SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES APPEAR ON PAGE 58.

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